Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memorialtributes00burtuoft

D. L. Harris.

"MEMORIAL TRIBUTES"

TO

DANIEL L. 'HARRIS,'

WITH

BIOGRAPHY AND EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

EDITED BY

HENRY M. BURT.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.:
PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY FOR PRIVATE PRESENTATION.
1880.

CT
275
H387
B86
1880

HENRY M. BURT, PRINTER,
Springfield, Mass.

LIBRARY
JUN 1 1976
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Daniel L. Harris.

Born in Providence, R. I., February 6, 1818.
Died in Springfield, Mass., July 11, 1879.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Introduction.	7
Funeral Obsequies.	9
Eulogies of the Press.	21
Personal Tributes.	39
Resolutions of Corporations.	55
Letters of Condolence.	63
Mr. Harris's Sickness.	103
Last Letter to His Wife.	139
Biographical Sketch.	141
Letters to His Brother.	242
His First Visit to Boston.	298
Letters to His Father.	315

INTRODUCTION.

THIS book has been prepared and printed solely for private circulation, and to the many good friends of Mr. Harris who have tendered precious tributes to his memory, and have manifested so much sympathy and kindly interest, the family acknowledge their sincere gratitude, and present them this volume of facts, gathered largely from his journal and letters, which tell their own story. The steel engraved likeness is considered excellent.

The accounts of the life of Mr. Harris, published in the newspapers at the time of his death, were, of necessity, hurriedly prepared, and contained a few minor errors of statement, some of which are printed in the Eulogies and Personal Tributes in this volume without change; but they have been corrected in the Biographical Sketch by giving the true story of his life. It was the good fortune of the Editor to have met Mr. Harris frequently during the last twenty years of his life, and he felt that he knew something of his character before entering upon the preparation of this work. He now closes it after a free and full opportunity to study his inner life, with a

profound regard for the man. It is a notable fact, that those who came the nearest to him, either through a business connection, or by friendly and social intercourse, held him in the highest regard. His good name and his example of fidelity will prove more enduring than monuments of stone,—

> "A moral pyramid, to stand
> As long as wisdom lights the land.
> The granite pillar shall decay,
> The chisel's beauty pass away;
> But this shall last in strength sublime,
> Unshaken through the storms of time."

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

DANIEL L. HARRIS, Ex-Mayor of Springfield, and for nearly twenty-five years President of the Connecticut River Railroad Company, died at his residence in Springfield, at half-past three, on the morning of July 11, 1879, after an illness of more than two years.

His funeral was held at the South Church, of which he was a member, at four o'clock, Sunday afternoon, July 13th. The attendance was so large that many were unable to gain admittance to the church, and the Springfield Republican in its notice of it said that "it showed more powerfully than words, by the size and character of the audience, how strong a hold he had upon the esteem of the public, his friends and his railroad associates." The sad faces of the large audience told of the deep sorrow which every one felt and of the great personal loss that each had sustained.

The attendance included many friends from far and near, the leading citizens of Springfield, the Mayor and officers of the city government, the trustees, in a body, of the City Library Association, residents of the towns along the line of the Con-

necticut River Railroad, the officers and employes of the railroad with which he had so long been connected, and officers of other railroads in the vicinity.

A special train from South Vernon brought four car loads of employes of the railroad and others, seats for whom were reserved at the church. Mr. Harris's pew was trimmed with wheat and ivy, and the casket, and the front and sides of the pulpit before which it stood, were almost concealed by a wealth of flowers and foliage, placed there by the loving hands of friends. At the head of the casket was placed a large cross of ivy, and at the foot a sheaf of ripened grain. Ex-President Chester W. Chapin, of the Boston and Albany Railroad, and Seth Hunt, Treasurer of the Connecticut River Railroad, were honorary pall-bearers, and the immediate bearers were John Mulligan, the Superintendent of the Railroad, N. A. Leonard, James D. Brewer, William K. Baker, William Birnie and Horace Kibbe.

The ceremonies began with an invocation and the reading of appropriate selections of Scripture by Rev. William Rice; Rev. A. K. Potter then read "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which was sung by a double quartette from the Orpheus Club, consisting of Messrs. Trask, Ingersoll, King, Rogers, Kirkham, Foot, Seeger and Bond, who also, after the sermon and a prayer, sang "Asleep in Jesus," which was read by Rev. W. T. Eustis. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. S. G. Buckingham, pastor of the South church. At the cemetery a single quartette sang "Come unto me," and Rev. J. W. Harding offered prayer and conducted the burial service. The scene was sadly beautiful, hundreds of people thronging the hill-side above the new-made

grave, which was covered with ferns and flowers, both inside and out, entirely concealing all the earth. This, too, was all the work of sympathising friends.

DR. BUCKINGHAM'S SERMON.

We gather reverently about our dead, and speak tenderly of their friendship, and gratefully of their services. But it is seldom that we can speak of such service, or such friendship, as here. Our daily papers have given you the leading events in the life of Mr. Harris, and an estimate of his character, and particularly of his public services. There was also an interior life of principles and motives, best known to his more intimate friends, and which is equally necessary to a judgment of the man, and of his course of action. In these days of financial dishonesty and betrayal of trusts, it is a comfort to be able to say, as we can say of our friend, "He was a man of the strictest integrity." And considering how many and what vast interests had been committed to his charge, to say this, and have everybody respond to it, is no slight tribute to his worth.

Many have the impression, that if one has to do with public affairs, and especially with some great corporation, or with the funds of the general government, and has acquired property, he has done it somehow dishonestly. We remember to have heard one of our members of Congress say in pleasantry: "If anybody comes to Washington and makes money, he has been defrauding the government, and if he has lost money while here, he has been irregular in his habits. So I suppose I must be considered of this latter class,"— though his morals were as

unquestionable as his official integrity. Detected fraud attracts attention, and a single case of it will occupy the court and crowd the newspapers, while all the honest men and women of the land are carrying on their business unnoticed, and their names may never appear in print, save when they are married or buried,—so that integrity is by no means a lost virtue, because we hear so little of it, and hear so much of defalcations and robberies and forgeries. And though every now and then some sad betrayal of trust comes to light, and some will ask, "Is there no fidelity anywhere?" it is forgotten what great trusts are managed safely, and never heard of, because there is neither fraud nor mistake to call for publicity. There is ever so much ability, as well as ever so much integrity, managing the business of the country, and managing it for us, it may be, better than we could do it for ourselves. And there is no occasion to decry the integrity that exists, much as we have to deplore the dishonesties that are continually coming to light.

And this is not the first time that an honest man has been buried from this church, or from our congregation. We remember, when Dea. Hayes, the cashier of the Boston and Albany Railroad, was in his last sickness, we asked, "How much did the railroad ever lose by you?" "Nothing," was the reply. "We did not mean," was added, "that you had ever stolen anything, but did they never lose anything by your mistakes?" "No. The balances never varied more than a few cents, and they were always in my favor." "And how much money were you accountable for during those twenty-three years that you were in office?" "Three hundred millions, perhaps,"—and this was a modest estimate. Here was a man of such rare ability, and of

such unquestionable integrity, on a modest salary, devoting himself as faithfully to the interests of a corporation as if they had been his own, and with more conscientiousness because they were not his own, but a trust for which he was not only responsible to man, but also to God.

And here lies another, who with business connections innumerable, with individuals, corporations and governments, and with funds untold within his reach, could never be suspected by anybody of either misusing them or of neglecting to take the best possible care of them. This is claiming much for him, but we are confident that a reference to his papers, where every pecuniary transaction of his life is carefully filed away, courting the investigation of his fellow-men, as he always deemed it open to the eye of his Maker, would justify the claim. Away with this notion, that because there are so many dishonest people in the world, there are no honest ones; or that one cannot be honest and succeed in life — notions into which so many drift unconsciously, especially of the young. For here is success of the noblest kind and of every kind that can come of legitimate business — wealth, usefulness and reputation — and we all know that no one of them is tarnished in the least by any dishonesty. And now when he lays down all these trusts, this modern Aristides can appeal to the people, as Samuel did, after having judged Israel so long and so well, and with equal confidence in our verdict, "'Behold, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before His anointed; whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe

to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it to you.' And they said, 'Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand.'"

Another characteristic of our friend, was his devotion to the interests of others and the welfare of the public. His intense thought and his prodigious energy were not expended upon his own interests half so much as for the benefit of others. He recognized a duty which he owed to his fellow-men. He understood many of their needs better than they did themselves, and foresaw some of the dangers which threatened them, as they did not. And it was not consistent with his ideas of obligation to God, or to his fellow-men, to mind his own business and let others take care of themselves. God had given him rare judgment, and intuitions respecting results that were scarcely less than prophetic, and he could not rid himself of the conviction that it was a talent committed to him by his Maker, and to be used for the benefit of anybody whom he could benefit. So he championed their cause, defended their rights, relieved them of their burdens, and wrought out for them some good, which they themselves perhaps did not appreciate, but which he knew would be a benefit to them, whether appreciated or not. This is a thankless kind of work, still it ought to be done by somebody, and why not do it for duty's sake, and for Christ's sake, who gave us such ideas of duty and set us the example? So he reasoned, and at great inconvenience to himself, and at great loss to his private business, he allowed himself to be put into the city government, to be sent to the Legislature, and put in charge of public interests and private interests that involved him in endless work

and care and perplexity. It was to promote the public good, to defend the rights of others, to relieve us of our burdens, and not for any personal advantage, that he marked out his course of municipal reform, and improved state legislation, and the better management of private business, and the wiser expenditure of church funds. That remark of his, and honestly made, too: "I care nothing about my own taxes, for I can pay them, but others cannot," furnishes the key to what so often seemed thankless work and useless controversy. What if he was engaged in so much litigation, and had so many cases in court, and so many hearings before the Legislature, and so many matters to be decided by referees, so long as he could say that in his whole business life he had never sued a man or been sued, or had any lawsuit or controversy about his own private affairs. He was neither quarrelsome nor selfish, and he saw, as few did, so many questions that needed to be settled, to give security to business, and so many more that had been settled wrongly, and where decisions needed to be reversed, and so many measures that might be adopted for the public good, and so many burdens from which society ought to be relieved, that his noble soul could not be easy till something of this was done. And he threw himself into it with all the disinterestedness of a Christian and the courage of a reformer.

Reformers are not likely to deal delicately with the evils they would remedy. It requires sturdy blows and long fighting to win the field. And he who complains that such a hero is not a carpet knight can form no proper estimate of a noble character. The question is: "Was his cause a good one, and were his motives pure? Did he fear God and love his fellow-man? And

has he actually redressed great wrongs, and secured to the community peculiar privileges and conferred on them lasting benefits?" If so, all else is unworthy of thought, and will soon be forgotten in the good accomplished. And when you judge a man who cares more for others than he does for himself, and is willing to be wronged personally, but will not let others be, if he can help it, you have found about the highest type of character that is ever met with. It is pre-eminently noble and Christ-like.

Among the legends of the church is the story of St. Christopher, the burden-bearer. He was a rude giant, and only willing to serve the most powerful of masters. He thought he had found such a master; but, when he found him afraid of the devil, he offered his services to the devil. And, when he found that Satan feared Christ, he devoted himself to Christ's service. So it was made his business to help pilgrims across the river. Pulling up a palm-tree by the roots, he used it as his staff, and with it he waded back and forth across the deep and rapid stream, helping the stronger to struggle against its current, while the weak were carried across on his huge shoulders. And when he died he stuck his staff into the river-bank, where it grew to be a lofty palm, and bore great clusters of dates, with which to strengthen all who might ever be required to cross that dangerous river. As we have thought of our friend, we have been reminded of this story. And remembering the apostle's injunction: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ" we could not well see how he could have won the saint-hood better than by thus devoting his great strength to the help of the weak, as Christianity requires. If you knew how mag-

nanimous and patient he was under such burdens, you would better appreciate the spirit that actuated him. He would help to carry burdens which he was utterly opposed to creating. When others would have said: "I never believed in such a course, and warned you against it, and now you must not expect me to help you out of your trouble," he would come to our help when the burden was assumed, and do more than anybody else to lift it. Such a spirit is a rare one; the opposite to all that is mean and selfish, and the very essence of nobility and benevolence.

No sketch of his character would be complete that left out of view his domestic life. His morals had been always pure. No vices had corrupted his youth, and either tainted the blood of his children, or poisoned his enjoyment of home by the shame of earlier recollections. But he reverenced woman, and children were deemed a man's best wealth—with them he found his rest and highest satisfaction. And there were duties to his family which he deemed higher than the claims of business or of personal comfort, or of individual advantage. When invited to take the presidency of another and more important railroad company, where his personal ambition would have been gratified, and it would have been to his pecuniary advantage, he declined, because he would not disturb the pleasant relations of his family here. He could feel other motives than those of ambition, and appreciate other values beside those of money. And who shall say that there was not wisdom in such an estimate of things, as well as loveliness in his domestic character?

In that home, where happiness dwelt and hospitality waited on the door, his cordial greeting will always be remembered by

many of us. And the man of care, the man of strife, the man perhaps with whom you had just been differing so earnestly about some matter of reform, is found to cherish not a trace of resentment because of your differences, and to be as amiable in private life as you found him stern in public controversy.

But we shall do him injustice if we leave out of our estimate of his character his piety. He was a Puritan by descent, and a Puritan in his training. His convictions were distinct, his principles settled, and they all rested on the fear of God and faith in the Bible as his word. The cast of his piety was more especially that of reverence and of conscientiousness. He did try to do that which he deemed right in the sight of God. The fear of man, or the favor of man, had no such weight with him, as the approval of his Maker. Confident of this, and conscious of his own integrity of purpose, no wonder he was brave and steadfast in duty. He could be depended upon to help forward any good cause. He was a firm supporter of religious institutions. He was a generous contributor to religious charities, parish expenses, public improvements and individual applications for aid. He was always found in the house of God on the Sabbath, and in his Bible class in the Sunday-school. And faithful as he meant to be to every duty, he was humble enough before God. No "God be thanked that I am not as other men are" ever rose to his lips. He knew too well his own disposition and life. He looked gladly to the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ. Here his Christian faith and hope rested, with a singular modesty, for such a positive and sturdy character. And when his Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant," shall fall on his ear, he will be one of the first to answer, "When

saw we thee an hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink?" and be surprised to find such humble services so richly rewarded.

No nobler tribute could be paid to any man, than is paid to David, in the Scripture, when it is said of him, that "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell asleep, and was laid unto his fathers." He was a useful man in his day and generation, and useful in a religious way, just as his Maker required him to be, and then he did not die, which the saints never do, but fell asleep only to wake again for other and higher service, while his mortal remains were laid with gentle hands to rest with his kindred. All this can be truthfully said of our friend. He has been a useful man in his day, and served his generation well, and in a Christian way. And now he is not dead, in the sense of having perished and to be forgotten, but still lives for nobler service, and to be remembered here in the hearts of his friends and the gratitude of the community, while this worn-out body we shall lay to rest with old friends and neighbors who have fallen asleep before him, and where we expect to lie down around him.

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." We are not heathen, recognizing death as the end of us, and soul and body as perishing in the same grave. But we are Christians, and believe that Christ has revealed to us a future and immortal life, and that even this body shall be raised

again and made spiritual, and fitted for a spiritual state. In this Christian faith, and with such Christian hopes, we bury our dead, and comfort our hearts as we mourn their loss, and try to tread closer in their steps.

EULOGIES OF THE PRESS.

MR. HARRIS'S death called out extended notices of his life and character, which were published in nearly all the leading daily and weekly newspapers in the country, and as they show the esteem in which he was held, several are printed, as follows :—

[From the Springfield Republican of July 12, 1879.]

A masterful power for good is lost to Western Massachusetts in the death of Daniel L. Harris. As a man of affairs, as a citizen quick to see and ready to aggressively resent and combat public wrong, often at great cost to himself, Springfield has no one to fill the place of him who has gone from us. Taking him in the sphere of great practical good which he filled, recognizing the temperamental limitations which we can see were his, and allowing for the mistakes of method which often attend the controversies of men of positive convictions,—it must yet be conceded that Mr. Harris was the best product of our sturdy New England life and training, the embodiment, beyond any man who is left to us, of Puritan

strength, primitive honesty and honor, and the purpose and ability to display these old-fashioned virtues when they would avail to protect public interests. Few men ever possessed in more useful degree the courage of strong and right convictions, and Springfield has reason to remember gratefully these rare and sterling qualities of our dead friend to-day. He did not live a long life, but it was a stirring, worthy, and even a great one.

Mr. Harris was born at Providence, R. I., February 6, 1818. He was a descendant of Thomas Harris, who settled in that state with Roger Williams. Young Harris worked in the mill to secure the means for self-education, attended the Plainfield (Ct.) Academy, and then spent three years in the scientific department of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Ct., graduating in 1838. He adopted the profession of civil engineer, and was employed on the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, with James Laurie, the famous Scotchman; going with him, too, in 1839, to take part in one of the early surveys of the Erie Railroad, in the then wilderness of Allegany and Steuben counties, N. Y. From 1840 to 1843 Mr. Harris was assistant on the Troy and Schenectady Railroad, and in the latter year came to this city to survey the proposed railroad to Hartford.

He was scientific and accurate as a civil engineer, ranking with the leaders of his profession in the Connecticut Valley. Marvelously industrious he was, and pushing and foresighted enough to graduate into the wider and more profitable field which he came to fill. He was a "self-made man," and the professional civil engineer developed into the railroad president and influential and wealthy citizen, by the force of his own

ability and character. Mr. Harris resigned, in 1843, his position as engineer, and took a part in the contract for building the Hartford road. As railroad contractor and bridge-builder he made his fortune. He has been associated in the latter occupation with Amasa Stone and A. D. Briggs, continuing it up to three years ago. He built the bridges on the New London Northern Railroad, and the old wooden bridges — before the present iron structures were put up — at Warehouse Point, Ct., and over the Connecticut River in this city. The latter task was completed without interrupting the travel of the road. Mr. Harris was one of the owners of the Howe truss bridge, and has been interested in railroad and bridge contracts all over the country. He built twenty-seven bridges along the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Road, including the bridge over the Connecticut, and one of the works in which he always took pride was the great truss roof over the depot in this city. He also was instrumental in procuring the improvement of Bridge street, by raising the railroad,— an enterprise which he repeatedly urged upon President Bishop of the Southern Road.

Mr. Harris was elected a director of the Connecticut River Railroad in January, 1855, and its President, to succeed Chester W. Chapin, in March. He was equipped for this position by a thorough acquaintance with the technique of railroading, and brought to it as well a mind broad enough to command its wider office relations and complications. Ex-President Chester W. Chapin says that, in his work, Mr. Harris "had few equals and no superior," and none will dispute the claim that he was one of the leading railroad men of the country. President Harris was economical, far-sighted, failing, when he failed,

on the side of caution and conservatism, rather than of speculation; but his wise prudence has been justified by its fruits. When he took the Connecticut River Road its stock was quoted at 50, and to-day it sells for more than any other railroad stock in the state. We believe Mr. Harris once declined the presidency of the Southern Road.

Though content with the control of the railroad from Springfield to Greenfield, Mr. Harris by no means limited his work to it. Some twenty years ago he was selected to inspect the railroads of Russia, which work he performed with such characteristic thoroughness and honesty as to be made the recipient, beyond his salary, of a valuable jewel from the Czar. During the war, also, it will be remembered that at one time the United States felt compelled to take possession of the railroads near the seat of operations, and Mr. Harris was first selected as government manager, a post which he declined. His administrative grasp was further recognized by General Grant, who induced Mr. Harris, as a personal favor, to become a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad. He held the office but a short time, however, being entirely dissatisfied, as Charles Francis Adams, Jr., has since been, with the hampering restrictions put upon these representatives of the government. Mr. Harris has also been a director in the Vermont Valley Railroad, and was interested in the Ashuelot Road and other local enterprises. He was a director in the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company, the Chapin bank, the Holyoke Water-Power Company, and other corporations.

But the highest service which Mr. Harris rendered to his business associates over the country, and the best monument to

his catholic sagacity in railroading, remains in the Eastern railroad association. This grew out of a conversation with Lawyer N. A. Leonard, and was developed entirely at Mr. Harris's suggestion. Railroad men were greatly annoyed by suits for patent infringements, brought against individual corporations; the companies, rather than be put to the expense of fighting such suits, would yield to the demand for a small royalty, and great abuses were developed. Through Mr. Harris's efforts, the eastern railroads combined into an association, not only to resist improper suits, but to introduce useful patents. The value of such a combination was seen by the western railroads, and two associations resulted,—one with head-quarters until recently in Springfield—(now in Boston)—and the other in Chicago. Perhaps the crowning service of this association, and peculiarly the personal triumph of its long-time president, was the defeat of the Tanner brake suit for infringement. This was decided against the patent by the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Harris organized the opposition, and carried the fight from a defeat in the lower court. How near the railroads came to yielding, few know. When the Tanner people won their case in the court at Chicago, some of the roads were ready to make terms. Mr. Harris went to New York and spent days in fighting this sentiment in the western managers. Having a few minutes on his hands before returning, he visited Commodore Vanderbilt in the Grand Central Depot, and he, too, was ready to compromise, for $30,000, on the ground that the other roads were cutting to get good terms. Mr. Harris challenged the statement in his positive fashion, hard words were bandied for the moment, but within ten min-

utes the New York railroad magnate had agreed to stand out, Mr. Harris was on his way to Springfield, and thirty millions were saved to the railroads of the United States.

The statement will be made that Mr. Harris, in the face of crises, often became heated to the extent of losing his power of calm judgment. This is perhaps true in a small sense, but a candid survey of the results of his life will not bear out this estimate. Mr. Harris was a strong fighter, who sought to carry the point in hand, but he was possessed of powers of penetration singularly far-reaching. He was an early and always strong opponent of the Hoosac Tunnel, and the Franklin County idea that the finger of Providence had marked out a great railway line up to the Hoosac Mountain via the Deerfield Valley, and beyond it along the river valley to the Hudson River, never impressed him. He felt, with another ancient doubter, that Providence left the greatest work undone when it refrained from putting the aforesaid finger through the mountain. If there was any man in the Commonwealth who foresaw the end of the Hoosac Tunnel enterprise from its beginning, it was Mr. Harris. Twenty years ago he predicted that the great bore would dissipate as many millions of dollars before it was available for railroading. Another saying of his has lately had sterling verifications. "When it is done," said he, "they may call the money spent on the Tunnel sunk, and the Fitchburg Railroad cannot compete with the well-equipped and organized Boston and Albany Road." President Stearns has already made this admission about his property, finding that the rent paid Massachusetts for the Tunnel, is just about what his road ran behind last year. Mr. Harris took a prominent part in the

continuous war over the State appropriations for the Tunnel, and not even Frank Bird was so thoroughly posted in every phase of the history of the progress of the great enterprise. Mr. Bird owed him the celebrated expression "demoralized rock," which constituted one of the great difficulties of the work at one time. Mr. Harris, describing to him the progress of the enterprise, stuck at the word he wanted (disintegrated), and finally in an emphatic way brought out "demoralized rock," which was hailed with delight by the ardent pamphleteer as just the expression he wanted. We believe Mr. Harris bound up every document relating to the Tunnel, making a valuable collection, which, we hope, will find its way to our public library. On all New England railroad matters, including the complicated Vermont chancery questions, Mr. Harris was good authority. He held his own opinions, but his statements of fact were strictly accurate. As a pleader, either in private conversation or public debate, he had a marvelous power of comprehension, clear statement and the art of presenting his points powerfully. This was strongly illustrated in the plea before the railroad committee of the Legislature in 1869, when Mr. Harris successfully opposed the petition for a charter for the Holyoke Railroad to Westfield. Mr. Harris disdained the resort to lobbying, which was then common, and relied on his presentation of the case in person to the committee, in which he excelled all the parliamentary attorneys. Intense in his conviction that a community could support one railroad more easily than two, he overpersuaded both the committee and himself of the impossibility of building the competing line. His underestimate of the force arrayed against him in this case was perhaps the most striking error of his railroad management.

In all his career as a public man and citizen with political duties, Mr. Harris was an admirable representative of the class of men who study to serve the people. Like the late Samuel Bowles, he studied public affairs, made up his mind what ought to be done for the public good, and went forward to do it, often in advance of the suggestion of the people themselves, careless whether he met opposition or sympathy, never courting approval demagogically, and firm in the consciousness that he knew, better than those whom he would serve, what was needed for their welfare. The people never know what such men have done for them till long after the strife and controversy of the moment, when they begin to reap the fruits of the superior foresight by which they had reluctantly been guided. Mr. Harris's services to the people have been peculiar and various. In material interests he has always opposed the efforts of coal, oil and telegraph speculators to get a hold here and prey upon the community. He was solicitous to give our material, no less than our moral, interests, a substantial character. In politics, he was a republican, of independent breadth. In the early days of the party, he rendered efficient service, with his partner, Mr. Briggs, in the effort to save Kansas to the free states, and was an active member of the Kansas Emigrant Aid Association. Their office was at one time the depot for arms for the Kansas settlers, which were sent out in detached parts, the gun-barrels at one time, the locks at another, so that if either consignment fell into the hands of "border ruffians" the booty would be useless. Knowing the Springfield wool dealer, John Brown, Mr. Harris was naturally one of the first to engage in raising money for his assistance in Kansas. Mr. Harris served with credit in the Legislature of 1859, '63, '64 and '69.

and as mayor of the city in 1860. In 1872 he was elected one of the first Board of Water Commissioners and he bore a prominent part in the investigations relative to a source of water-supply, as well as in the final choice of the Ludlow reservoir, and in the carrying out of the enterprise by which the city secured its present abundant and healthful supply of water.

It was as the great economist of the city, however, that Mr. Harris rendered the most signal service, not only to the community, but to the whole country. In 1875, at the call for retrenchment, Mr. Harris took service in the common council from Ward 4, and for three years, and during all but the last year of Mayor Wight's administration, he carried the governmental burden on his soul, day and night. The shrinkage in values had then only just begun, and Mr. Harris incessantly and upon every occasion, in private and in public life, told men they would live to see Main street property selling for half what it was then valued at, and that if taxes were not reduced not only Springfield, but New York and nearly all the cities in the country, would decline into repudiation. He was regarded by many as a visionary and a dreamer; by others with dread, as they feared to face the truth, but time has proved a cruel vindicator of his judgment, so far as the valuation of property is concerned, and the retrenchment which he advised has saved us from the alternative of repudiation.

Mr. Harris devoted himself to the campaign of economy with that thorough scholarship which was his ready resource. He analyzed our appropriations for successive years, he showed precisely where the increase had been, he demonstrated the

preposterous fallacy underlying our valuations, by showing the absurdity of presuming any such increase in the accumulation of wealth per capita. He pricked the bubble of our inflation estimates, he courageously applied the knife of retrenchment to the twingeing nerves of public service, reduced expenditure one-half and taxation one-half, and placed the city early amid her cotemporaries on the hard-pan, ready to take the advantage of a new era of prosperity. He restored prudence to a spendthrift people, and stayed the hand of the tax-gatherer.

We should fall short in this review, if we did not vindicate the thoroughly public character of Mr. Harris's labors. He often seemed personal, and there was no respect in which he was worse misunderstood or felt more keenly the popular misappreciation. If he was ever personal, it was because he made the public cause his own. He was wounded by the imputation of personal spite and malignity freely made against him in connection with the controversy over the salary of a late official, who, in his opinion, forced his services upon the city and then demanded compensation for them. The settlement of the right principle involved was all he ever contended for. Not long before his death, in speaking of his amicable relationship with the men he had met in the world, he said: "I have been a man of fight. Since I was thirty years old and came to have responsibilities of my own, there has not been a day in which I have not had some controversy on my hands, some great litigation, some railroad, telegraph or insurance quarrel, or some public question; but, fighting character as I am, I never raised my hand against a man, or had hand raised against me, never sued a man or have been sued, or had any lawsuit, in my private

affairs." On public questions he fought alone as well as with a regiment, but nobody can look upon his career and associate with it any motive of quarrelsome rancor and selfishness, and the tranquil flow of his private affairs would show that such traits formed no part of his character, even if the generosity of his public bestowals and labors did not richly justify a more positive vindication. That he was always solicitous to preserve amicable personal relations with those from whom he differed most radically, has been often exemplified by his sending for opponents, after the heat of the contest, to meet him socially. He was utterly devoid of the popish pretension which sometimes accompanies great personal force. Coming into The Republican office once in the early days of the Wight administration, he was met by Mr. Bowles, in his free and easy way, with a jovial hail: "Well, how are you, Boss Reformer?" Mr. Harris's deeply bronzed and leonine features blushed like a girl's at the compliment, and his momentary embarrassment revealed the innate modesty and genuine self-abnegation of the man.

Mr. Harris was deeply associated with the city library, and was President of the corporation at his death. When the library building had been completed at an expense of $100,000, and there still remained a debt of $25,000 to clear, the task of raising the money was intrusted to Mr. Harris, and done with his usual zeal and persistence. He was able to report at the next annual meeting that the entire amount had been raised. He gave $10,500 to the library fund. He joined the South Congregational Church in 1848, coming from the First Church. Earnestly opposed to the project of a new edifice, and foresee-

ing the debts in which it would involve the church, nevertheless when he was once outvoted, he was loyal to the work and gave more to its completion than any other. He was a liberal contributor, also, to Wesleyan University, his *alma mater*, although of a different faith, and was never slow to aid any public charity which he was convinced was doing good commensurate with the outlay.

Mr. Harris married Miss Harriet O. Corson, of Canastota, N. Y., in 1843. Nine children were born to them, of whom all but two survive — six daughters, one being the wife of Edward Brewer of Hartford, and one son, Azariah B. Harris, who has assisted his father in his business affairs. Mr. Harris had a firm-set frame and a sturdy constitution, but his intense activity overdrew his vitality, his blood deteriorated, and anæmia was followed by inability to assimilate food and repair waste. His physical condition thus became critical about two years ago, and in the winter of the present year an exudation of water upon the brain paralyzed his remaining strength and brought him to death's door. He rallied, however, and has been able to resume interest in affairs till a fortnight ago, when his vital powers again sank below the point of nutrition. Dr. Austin Flint, Sen., of New York, was called in council with the family physician, but it was found impossible to arrest the slow paralyzing of his energies, although his near demise was so little expected that his son was not at home. He passed away very quietly, while sleeping, at 3 o'clock in the morning. His only regret was that he had been able to accomplish so little in life, and that he was obliged to leave so much undone. His death

removes our most public-spirited and widely-experienced fellow-citizen, a man of purity, uprightness and generosity, and of unequaled force of character, which bore rich fruit of right living.

[From the Cleveland (O.) Herald of July 16, 1879.]

There recently died in Springfield, Mass., a gentleman that society could ill afford to lose; a man of rare usefulness and commanding influence,—Mr. Daniel L. Harris, widely known as one of the great railroad directors and practical engineers of the country. For many years he was the partner of Amasa Stone, Esq., of this city, and from this gentleman we learn many interesting points in Mr. Harris's history. The Springfield Republican calls him the most public-spirited citizen of their city, "a man of purity, uprightness, generosity and unequaled force of character, which bore rich fruit of right living."

Mr. Harris was one of the best practical engineers in New England. His executive powers were remarkable, and his skill and energy beyond praise. He was an aggressive man, never satisfied to let things run at loose ends or drift along, believing that better times would come and put things right. He made war upon error, extravagance and wrong management, wherever he had the power, regardless of personal popularity or who his blows hit. He would protest as promptly against a waste of the money of the people or of a railroad corporation as he would of his own; and his emphatic denunciations of the Hoosac Tunnel enterprise are vividly remembered. From the

outset of that work he opposed it with a force, vigor, and earnestness that carried conviction to many minds. He predicted the enormous cost of the enterprise, the millions of dollars it would waste, and the comparatively moderate benefits to be gained. All his arguments are now fresh in the memory of men, and all his predictions in regard to the work have only proved to be too true.

But Mr. Harris's fame rests not alone upon his success as a railroad magnate, bridge builder, or engineer. He was a vigilant citizen and friend of the people. The interest of the public he made his own. He grappled with public evils and crushed them by the sheer force of his own will. He was honest, brave, straightforward and direct in all his ways. There was no effort on his part to court popularity, or win his way to public favor by the arts of a demagogue. He was sincere. People knew it, felt it and trusted him. He was frequently elected to the Legislature, was Mayor and member of the City Council, and always was foremost in every plan for relieving the burden of the people or advancing their well being. His services to the city of Springfield in reducing taxation and preparing the city to meet hard times, which he saw approaching, were of the highest value, and entitle him to lasting credit and honor. It is only to be regretted that we cannot have just such a man in Cleveland and other cities, to map out a plan of economy, retrenchment, reform and reduced taxation and force its adoption, regardless of mere personal popularity or the applause of men. Such leaders in society as Mr. Harris are only too rare. The breath of popular applause is so sweet, the song of the siren so soothing, floating with the stream so

easy and grateful to the senses, that most men shut their ears to what they do not wish to hear, and refuse to see the evils directly before them. But Mr. Harris was not a dreamer, or the man to see the public interests go to shipwreck without a warning. He saw the dangers of inflated values, costly improvements, high rates of taxation, and needless extravagance, and high above the clamor of interested parties, false prophets or half-courageous friends, he cried halt, and showed the people the precipice on which they were standing. Such moral courage and genuine bravery are rarely met with in these times, and thrice happy is a community to have such a man within its borders.

In all the great moral reforms of the day he was prominent and foremost. Religion found in him a firm believer, and education a sincere friend. He was benevolent, charitable and kind, and all enterprises for the benefit of mankind he urged forward with his influence and his means.

His life was a successful one, in the best and broadest sense of that term. He died possessed of an ample fortune, the love and reverence of his family, crowned with the respect, esteem and gratitude of the people among whom he lived, and left behind him the record of a pure and useful man in his day and generation. Let us hope that to him was given an abundant entrance into the better kingdom.

[From the Springfield Republican of July 14, 1879.]

The life which was so fitly and tenderly celebrated at our South Church, yesterday, ought to appeal powerfully to the young men of Springfield. Mr. Harris began his career by

self-reliant industry, at the bottom of the ladder; virtue, honesty and a wise prudence marked his way, and these old-fashioned rules of conduct graduated him into wealth, honor and a large public service, won him a model home and such a measure of respect as few men have before commanded in the history of this city. Surely, here is success worth studying, from any point of view. The Republican is very widely read by young men, and we ask their attention to what appears to us a life worthy of imitation. The world would be better for many more Daniel L. Harrises.

Mr. Harris began right. He wanted an education, and he worked for it as a factory-hand. He took hold of his profession of civil engineering by carrying chain for old Engineer James Laurie, in the then wilderness of New York state, and his mastery of bridge-building and railroading was equally from first principles. Perhaps such foundations are uncommon in these days. An incident related in the recent admirable address of Charles Francis Adams, Jun., before the Williams College students, would indicate this. A father asked Mr. Adams whether railroading did not offer a good field into which to put a son. "Admirable," was the response, "I have no doubt you could start him as brakeman on this very train." The father was too amazed to resent the suggestion. And yet the stuff which made Mr. Harris what he was can safely be trusted to master railroading from the brake up. Mr. Harris was plucky, persistent, wide-awake and genuine. He was often accused of not being progressive. This broad land is strewn with railroad wrecks, and "pushing men" have brought distress to the doors of widows and orphans, and wrought wide

ruin by brilliant "development" schemes, and careless investment in popular but ruinous speculative risks. Yes, Mr. Harris was conservative. He was careful to manage the great property intrusted to him safely, and was justly proud of taking it when its shares were quoted at 50, and leaving its stock worth more than that of any other railroad in the state. Mr. Harris was an old-fashioned business man. He knew his work thoroughly, did it with perfect faithfulness, counted the cost before he builded, aimed to see the end of a project from its beginning, withstood the craze of our national era of inflation, and moved no faster than sure ground appeared for his feet. His work stands a monument to the principles which guided his career.

The successful man did not forget the path by which he had climbed. He delighted in personal service to those deserving, no less than in performing self-sacrificing public duty. Inspiring things are told of the dead on every hand. "We are doing the same work," said he to a journalist, "helping on good things and seeking to protect the interests of the people; and when I can put in an oar with you, give you information or strengthen your hands, call on me, and if it be midnight I will respond gladly." He was helpful in little things, as in great deeds. Being told during his last illness of a promising young fellow prostrated by excessive smoking, the expressive face of the languid invalid brightened with loving purpose, as he said: "He must break off; I'll see the young man and tell him some things I have learned." Mr. Harris was not a narrow man. He found time in his busy life to cultivate good books and maintain profitable social relations.

How this man hated a lie and fought fraud has been sufficiently dwelt upon; nor need we again refer to his public work for Springfield. It is pleasant to record the universal grief at the removal of this public benefactor. It was late understanding which came to some people, who appreciated the sick lion only in his bodily decay. But such conversions were sweet to the man who reluctantly yielded his hold on life because he had done so little and was obliged to leave so much undone. A feeling of shame must come to every Springfield reader, in this connection, at the memory of the riotous demonstration made before Mr. Harris's house, on the eve of Fourth of July, 1876. The shame becomes grief when it is known that the remembrance of that disgraceful mob disturbed the last weeks of Mr. Harris's life. To him the late local holiday brought apprehensions of a possible second attack upon his property. Is there a man in Springfield to-day who will own that he participated in the midnight horning party of 1876?

These are days when the young men of Springfield should be taking solemn thought for the future. Mr. Harris's motto of caring for the people to whom taxes are a burden, ought to govern the city government, now fast drifting into the hands of the new generation. The old guard are falling on the field, and high places are becoming vacant. The young men are left to do the work which experienced hands have had to drop. Let them gird up their loins to do it soberly, faithfully and with the unselfish public spirit which made conspicuous the lives of Samuel Bowles and Daniel L. Harris.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES.

THE letters which follow, from Mr. Brinsmade, formerly Superintendent of the Connecticut River Railroad, Mr. Burt, Editor of Among the Clouds, and "H." (Rev. J. W. Harding,) were printed in the Springfield Republican, a few days after Mr. Harris's death. The refusal of the policeman to discharge a manifest duty, as related by Mr. Harding, brought that prompt action so characteristic of Mr. Harris. When he put the boy in a hack to be taken to his home, he said to the policeman, "I will take care of this boy to-day; to-morrow I will attend to you." After leaving the boy with his mother, whom he found living in poor but neatly kept rooms, he gave her a sum of money and then went to head-quarters and preferred charges against the policeman. The next day he went to the hearing and had the satisfaction of seeing the policeman discharged from the service.

This was a case that most people would not have taken the necessary time to inquire into so as to bring official remissness of duty to the notice of the proper authorities, but Mr. Harris regarded this a duty that he and every one owed the public.

He believed that if there were more promptness of action even in redressing minor wrongs there would be fewer wrongs committed. Hence he was willing to go out of his way to maintain a principle and secure justice to the most obscure citizen.

MRS. HARRIS, *Dear Madam*:—

For a quarter of a century it was my lot to hold intimate business relations with your husband, the Hon. Daniel L. Harris, and to enjoy, during the same period, his personal friendship. To have had his confidence while I was holding the responsible trust of Treasurer of the corporation over which he presided, has been encouraging and gratifying; the more so, from the fact that his standard for the discharge of such a trust was high and broad. I am glad, therefore, of an opportunity to put on record a few words in token of my esteem and gratitude towards my honored and lamented friend.

A slight acquaintance with Mr. Harris was sufficient to impress one with the conviction that he was a man of great mental capacity and immense energy. His was an originating mind, that went back to causes; a mind that could grasp and hold up at one view a multitude of facts bearing upon a problem. Work to him was play. He loved it. And such a worker! Before his iron will and prodigious force, hills went down, valleys rose, and crooked places became straight. He let no obstacles deter him from undertaking what he had decided ought to be done. By great industry and diligent improvement of his many talents, he worked his way up from

humble position to places of honor and great responsibility, so that by individuals in their private affairs, by stockholders of great corporations, by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, by the Emperor of Russia, by the President of the United States, and others in high station, his counsel and aid were sought in important matters. And yet he was not puffed up by his honors and prosperity. He liked official positions, so far as they afforded him opportunities for usefulness, but he cared not for their tinsel and trappings. His taste ran in the line of the plain, the substantial and the useful.

In business matters Mr. Harris saw so clearly what should be done, and was so eager and able to do everything well and promptly, that it was hard for him to bear with the slow movements of others less competent than himself; so that, at times, he was led to enforce his commands with sharp, if not stinging words. But those who knew him well, could understand that those rebukes came from the overflowing forces of his strong will and active mind. Underlying all this physical and mental power was a rich vein of benevolence. While stern in his reproofs of the wrong doer, he was graciously forbearing, whenever there was a return to the path of duty.

The life of such a man as Mr. Harris cannot be measured by years. It must be computed by deeds. Reckoned by this standard, we find he lived very long. If there be fields of usefulness in the sphere into which he has gone, we may be assured he is there, what he was here, a valiant and useful worker.

SETH HUNT.

Springfield, Mass., December 1, 1879.

To the Editor of the Republican:—

Daniel L. Harris was a man who made his mark especially as an upright and successful business man, and his peculiarities and general characteristics were well known to all with whom he came in contact, as would be true of any public man who possessed so positive a character. But I would like to speak of his social qualities and the worth of his acquaintance as a friend. I was associated with him intimately for fourteen years, in the management of the Connecticut River Railroad, besides enjoying his acquaintance to a greater or less extent previously, in our engineering experience, and I had favorable opportunities for gaining an intelligent idea of the prevailing bent of his character and disposition. Mr. Harris was not a success as a politician or as a legislator, in the popular sense of those positions. He had certain positive convictions on all subjects which engaged the public attention, and he never cultivated the faculty of disguising his feeling from motives of policy or even to avoid disturbing the feelings of others. As a railroad manager he was successful as long as Massachusetts roads adhered to legitimate business and kept themselves clear of legislative interference. With strict integrity, large brains and a thorough acquaintance with the business, not only of construction, but of the details of operation, he easily made his influence felt in every branch under his management, but he never could learn to adapt himself to the tricks and compromises of a corrupt legislation. He was quick in decision, and prompt in action, qualities which, when guided by good judgment, made him very valuable in arbitrary positions as the

head of a railroad corporation. He was eminently a self-made man, and having acquired habits of great industry early in life, he involuntarily grew into a strange prejudice against amusements and holidays for the people, as if they interfered odiously with the proper attendance upon business duties. This prejudice was evidently acquired, and by no means natural to him, as he was a great lover of the humorous, and, with different surroundings, might have become a leader in all branches of fun. He was a true and faithful friend under adverse or prosperous skies, and his employes always found him loyal to their interests through thick and thin. From small beginnings he managed to acquire a large property, and although studiously economical, from long habit, in business conduct, he was very generous and liberal to his family and personal friends, and he always stood ready to lend a helping hand to young men of industry who lacked the means to get along in the world. He would often seek out worthy, poor young men, and offer them opportunities to show their metal, and acquire positions for themselves. He seemed to be ever mindful of his own wants under similar circumstances, and many a prominent man in the community will be found, on inquiry, to owe to Mr. Harris a judicious lift at a critical moment, on the strength of which he has been able to place himself in a position to make rapid strides to success. Such a friend should, and will, be missed by many who, in the humbler walks of life, cannot emblazon his praise. To others, whose interests he perhaps was led to obstruct, or whose ambition failed to enlist his sympathies, his death will seem almost like a relief — for while he was warm-hearted and faithful to assist

the worthy unfortunate, he was remarkably combative and ugly in a fight. His positive character made him an active partisan, and there was no milk-and-water or half-way policy in his composition. His persistence was equally a characteristic of his nature, whether it was employed as a friend or an enemy, and he will long be remembered in Springfield by those on both sides who have felt his influence to admire or condemn it.

WILLIAM B. BRINSMADE.

Washington, Ct., July 14, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN:—

I have read your biographical sketch of the late Daniel L. Harris with pleasure, and it seemed to me to do his memory justice. His parents moved from Plainfield to Providence before his birth, and when he was two years old they moved back to a place in Connecticut near Plainfield. Afterward his father moved to Plainfield, where he commenced the manufacture of cotton goods, and at a very early age, during his school vacations, Mr. Harris went into the factory, working from five in the morning till seven at night. At fourteen, in addition to his other duties, when out of school, he filled the place of night watchman, going every fifteen minutes through all the rooms in the building from eight to ten o'clock. After that he retired and slept until five, when he rose and built the fires and put the factory in readiness for the day's work. In relating this he said: "How much pay do you suppose I received for discharg-

ing the duties of watchman? Just four cents an hour; and I can safely say that no factory was more thoroughly watched than that. I still have the account books kept at that time, which will show every pecuniary transaction that I made." He added: "My father was poor, and I only received my board and clothes while in the factory, for my regular work. I used to set traps for muskrats at the pond, and when work was over go down and take out what had been caught and then reset the traps. The skins I saved and sold for twenty-five cents each, and this was my first business experience on my own account."

During a somewhat lengthy conversation, only a few months since, he entered into the incidents of his past life with a good deal of enthusiasm, as was his wont, and dwelt long on the fact that he had always endeavored to make the world better. "I have always been in the courts, but never for myself — always in the interest of the people. I knew my rights, and have ever endeavored to maintain them. Governor Andrew, with all his good qualities, was a sharp lawyer. He had some corporation books in his possession which I wished to get. I applied to him for them. He said, 'You can't have them.' I replied, 'Mr. Andrew' (he was not then governor), 'I know my rights in the Supreme Court, and I shall assert them. You can give them up peaceably if you will; if not, I shall take them forcibly.' In a half hour I had the books."

"If my life is longer spared" (this was after he went down to death's door last winter) "I shall make the Connecticut River Railroad the very best, for a short road, that there is in this country. It is my pride, and nothing shall be left undone to make it in every respect what it should be."

In referring to his near approach to death, he said: "I have much to be thankful for,— thankful to God for having spared my life, and thankful to kind friends for sympathy and interest in me. I have always worked hard and been measurably successful. Neighbor Birnie sat at my bedside, as he tells me, when he thought every breath would be my last. I seemed to go off into dreamland, and thought I was away from home on a journey; and when I began to revive some one whispered in my ear, 'Prescott has been removed.' It did me so much good that from that moment I began to get well. By the way, I am even with Neighbor Birnie. He stood by me when I was on the borders of death, and some years ago I snatched him from the fire. He was spending a few weeks at the sea-shore, and was taken dangerously sick with bilious colic. I was in the vicinity, and as soon as I heard of it I hitched up my horse and ran him all the way. When I reached the house and found that his life had been given up, I ordered a tea made of black pepper. This I applied outwardly at once, and followed it with vigorous rubbing. Soon he began to show signs of returning consciousness. In a few hours he began to improve, and this saved his life."

When cautioned against doing too much work, he said: "I might as well act as to sit here in my room and think it. I must have something to do." He then turned to his books and said: "Here is this large volume of legislative documents, that I have collected and had bound, relating solely to the Hoosac Tunnel. There are nine more just like it. In them is the entire legislative history of that 'Great Bore.' I have opposed it from the start as a needless and wasteful expenditure of the

people's money. It has been built, and now let the State make the most of it. I no longer have any desire to work against it. I only want it to be well and prudently managed for the best interests of all."

In this interview I was struck with the remarkable clearness of his mental vision, and the vigor and aptness with which he put his statements, although he was still hovering between life and death. The average business mind seemed weak and puerile in comparison. "I have treasured every scientific fact, and in time it has been useful," he said to me. "To illustrate," he continued, "when traveling in Colorado near one of the most elevated places (Central) in the State, at dinner a gentleman asked why it was that they could not get boiled potatoes at Jones's. The question went down the whole table and no one could answer. Finally it came to me. 'Tell me the elevation?' It was given. I replied, 'The reason is that water will not boil at that hight. It will bubble, but will not contain sufficient heat to cook potatoes.'" He had a clear, logical mind, always going down to the bottom fact, though in the intensity of his feelings he sometimes mistook the motives that actuated men. He was naturally aggressive, and never knew what fear was. He was bound to have peace, if he had to fight for it. I have seen him attack a car load of drunken, boisterous Frenchmen and put them into their seats as if they were so many bags of meal. He despised rowdyism and frivolousness, and would not tolerate it. One day a brakeman, while the train halted at a station, began to conduct himself in an unbecoming manner. Mr. Harris saw his actions, and, stepping up to him, said emphatically, "Young man, your career is ended. Go right to

the office and get your pay." The brakeman did it, but repentance and promise of good behavior restored him to his position. He never shirked a contest wherever he felt himself in the right, and he was as zealous in his opposition in a trifling matter as where thousands of dollars were at stake. It was the principle that he regarded, and not the amount. He used plain and strong terms when expressing himself, and his latest contest was always referred to as "my last war." In referring to his relations with newspaper editors, he said: "I have occasionally written an editorial, and sometimes inspired others to write. There is ———, he is a good fellow. Sometimes he will print what I want him to, and sometimes he will not. On a certain subject he fully agrees with me, but he dislikes to criticise the parties on the ground of personal friendship. He has what I call a 'boarding-house acquaintance' with them. Can you tell me what makes ——— attack me so savagely? I hope he is actuated by a higher motive than the $5 a column he gets for writing."

My acquaintance with Mr. Harris began a few years after he was elected President of the Connecticut River Railroad, and it has been a pleasure to meet him frequently since,—a pleasure, because he was always full of information and ever ready to impart it, if proper to be known. He was never afraid to say his soul was his own. He never agreed with a man because he stood in a high place; nor rejected the truth because it came from an obscure individual. He put great trust in his friends, and was slow to believe that they would deceive him. Some years since, when the Central Vermont and the Connecticut River Railroads were on amicable terms, he placed great confi-

dence in the management of Governor Smith. Through his own efforts a change was brought about relative to a connecting road, in which the Central and Connecticut River Railroads were jointly interested, but negotiations were conducted in the name of the Central. When completed, Governor Smith took the plum and kept it. This staggered Mr. Harris's faith in man, and it was hard for him to get over it. In referring to it, he said: "Mr. ———, I never was so mad in all my life as when I found I had been pulling chestnuts out of the fire for Governor Smith."

Hundreds of anecdotes might be related of him. He never indulged in foolish words,—he had an eye to a single purpose,—the accomplishment of whatever he undertook. He had political and religious opinions, but they were seldom alluded to—he was too much engrossed in business, and besides he believed more in actions than in words. Of the twenty or more years of acquaintance I never heard him refer to any speech or political action in Congress. He knew what was going on, but his mind did not run so much in that channel as in the management of his railroad. Latterly, however, his thoughts were turned more towards public questions, especially to those relating to the economical management of the affairs of the city, state and nation.

It would not do Mr. Harris justice to say that he was always right; but he is entitled to this much—he thought he was right, and acted from that stand-point. He never knew how to give up in any contest until he was overwhelmingly defeated. He had a remarkable mind, and he could grasp his side of the question at once. He knew the law and the evidence, and,

like a valiant warrior, never shirked a contest or a responsibility. One of his best-fought battles was in 1858, three years after he became President of the Connecticut River Railroad. The repair shops of the road were then at Northampton. Experience showed that a short road could be more economically managed from one end than from the center, hence Mr. Harris determined to move them to Springfield. Of course, Northampton objected. The late Samuel F. Lyman, then Treasurer of the road, opposed it, though he had no voice in the board of directors. He co-operated with Francis B. Crowningshields, a Boston director, who, it was understood, desired to secure the removal of Mr. Harris. It was the custom in those days for the officers of railroads all over the country to exchange passes with each other, and Mr. Lyman gave his to Mr. Crowningshields, to show in the meeting as evidence of Mr. Harris's careless and extravagant management. The exhibition came, and the passes were showered upon the table with all the dramatic effect that could be given; but Mr. Harris maintained his position and carried his point. Crowningshields wanted to be President, and that was why he sided with the Northampton interests. This triumph of Mr. Harris threw out Mr. Lyman and elected Seth Hunt of Northampton Treasurer, who has since held the place. Mr. Hunt had been Mr. Lyman's clerk from the opening of the road, and had done all the clerical work of the Treasurer's office. Mr. Lyman, after his defeat, was appointed Judge of Probate.

Mr. Harris's life has been a grand example and a great warning; grand from his fidelity to what he considered right, and for his industrious, frugal living,—an example that many

a young man might follow with profit; a warning for the neglect of his physical nature. In his zeal to work he forgot to play. He had a constitution of iron, and he never felt the necessity of husbanding his resources. Instead of dying at sixty-one, he should have lived and worked twenty years longer. He did precisely what every vigorous and well man is too apt to do—work up to the very last hour, until nature is completely exhausted, before thinking there is need of rest. Mr. Harris was a valuable citizen, and his influence must be felt for good long after he has been in his grave.

He had great faith in his road, and always did what he considered best for its interests, although his policy at times has seemed a little too conservative. He was one of the largest stockholders, and bought some of the shares as low as $44. He is entitled to a great deal of credit for bringing the road from a non-paying stock up to where it has paid eight and ten per cent. dividends—from its depressed condition to the highest selling railroad stock in Massachusetts. These facts demolish criticism as to his policy. There is another thing to be said, that there is not a road in Massachusetts that has shown so little arbitrary power, and has done so much to accommodate and please its patrons.

In all suits that Mr. Harris was engaged in, he never trusted everything to his counsel. He worked up his evidence beforehand, and then turned the case over to him. His prejudices were strong, and he frequently came out of court with the opinion that his opponent's counsel was a "bad man." He could hire a lawyer for his side of the case, but he could not quite understand how the lawyer on the other side could oppose

him and be honest. No man had a keener sense of justice and right than he, and his prejudices were common to all positive natures. He saw quickly and felt keenly, and the cause he espoused was to him all important. A valiant, brave defender of justice has gone to his reward, and left in Springfield few who are his equals.

HENRY M. BURT.

Summit of Mt. Washington, N. H., July 15, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN:—

Our lamented friend often illustrated in his disinterested good-will the apostle's injunction not "to look every man on his own things, but also on the things of others." When a member of the Legislature, in passing a certain public doorway of a street in Boston, a boy came tumbling down stairs. The result was some of his teeth knocked out, and a bruised and bloody face. "What is the matter?" asked Mr. Harris, as he kindly helped him to his feet. "Did you fall accidentally?" "No, they shoved me down." "For what reason?" "I was looking on to see a game of billiards." "Did you interfere?" "No, I only wanted to see how the game was played; they told me to leave, and because I stayed they shoved me down stairs." Mr. Harris requested a policeman standing by to look up the case. He insolently replied that it was none of his business if people fell down stairs. "You see this boy's condition, and hear his account of it. You think it none of your business to

inquire into it?" The official rudely persisted in refusing. Mr. Harris made a memorandum of his number, meanwhile giving the wounded boy $5 and sending him in a hack to a dentist to have his teeth mended. The next morning the policeman found himself before the court, with Mr. Harris prepared to state the case, and himself in trouble for his negligence and insolence. His humble plea that he did not know it was Daniel L. Harris, only brought the quick rejoinder, "What difference does that make?"

Another case was that of a railroad engineer, who, being an immoderate chewer and smoker, and withal imprudent and irregular in his dietetic habits, got so weak and nervous as one day to ask Mr. Harris for a release from his engine, and a place somewhere on the road as a restaurant-keeper to sell refreshments to travelers. "I will not do any such thing," said Mr. Harris, "you are too good an engineer." And then seeing the discouraged and exhausted condition of the man, and suspecting the true causes, "I will tell you what I will do. Will you take the advice of a good doctor, in whom we both have confidence, and agree to follow his prescriptions while I pay the doctor's bill? Under this condition I will stand by you and do better for you than you propose for yourself." The man consented, and Mr. Harris recommended a distinguished physician, to whom he privately communicated his own understanding of the case. This assisted the doctor's diagnosis, and his questions displayed such a remarkable insight, that the engineer became thoroughly convinced that his life and future pursuit of happiness depended on keeping his agreement with Mr. Harris, and following the doctor's prescriptions, which

decidedly interdicted his tobacco, and his irregular habits of eating, and put him on a *regime* that ere long restored him to good courage, a good engine and robust health.

When Mr. Harris's traveling party found that they were out of season to hear the great Harlem organ, it being a day when the old cathedral was closed, an extra and rather costly bargain was made for an hour's privilege of visiting the church and hearing the organ. Mr. Harris, though he paid the bill, cared not a whit for the music, but amused himself with the machinery, and when some of the party inveighed against the exorbitance of the price, Mr. Harris, who had the best right to an opinion on that matter, went into a cool calculation of the great antiquity of the church, the original cost of investment, the interest on that investment, and, on the whole, concluded that the rent of that church and organ for an hour was fully worth the charge. No doubt similar instances of Mr. Harris's genial interest in the things of others, and going out of his way to exercise his thoughtful wisdom in their behalf, might be multiplied to fill a volume. H.

Longmeadow, July 15, 1879.

RESOLUTIONS OF CORPORATIONS.

RESOLUTIONS of respect and sympathy were adopted by the various corporations with which Mr. Harris was connected. Those of the Connecticut River Railroad Company were written by Ex-Governor William B. Washburn; those of the Fire and Marine Insurance Company by N. A. Leonard; and those of the City Council by Judge W. S. Shurtleff.

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Connecticut River Railroad held in Springfield, July 22, 1879, Governor Washburn, of the committee to prepare resolutions with reference to the death of President Harris, submitted and read the following report, which was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:—

Resolved, That we are deeply impressed with the loss which this Corporation has sustained since our last meeting, in the death of D. L. Harris, Esq., for a period of nearly twenty-five years its President, and to the day of his death giving the highest skill and the strictest integrity to its successful management.

Resolved, That as members of this Board, in which he so long occupied the leading position, we would hold up for remembrance and imitation the example of energy, industry, order and fidelity to principle and duty, which his life so conspicuously presented.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the Corporation and that a copy be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

A true copy. Attest.

SETH HUNT,
Clerk of the Board.

Springfield, July 23, 1879.

EASTERN RAILROAD ASSOCIATION.

At a stated meeting of the Executive Committee of the Eastern Railroad Association, held on the 10th day of September, 1879, the President having officially noticed the death of a brother member, the Hon. Daniel L. Harris, a committee was appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the honor and esteem which the Association had for him.

The following resolutions were presented by the Committee, and unanimously adopted :—

Resolved, That in the death of the Hon. D. L. Harris, this Association has lost a warm friend and an untiring and earnest worker; one to whose ever watchful care and self-devotion, its great success may be largely attributed.

Resolved, That as one of the originators of this Association, in 1867, and its faithful Secretary from that time until incapacitated from active participation in its affairs by the illness which resulted in his death, on the 11th of July, 1879, he has rendered such valuable service as fully entitles him to the grateful remembrance of every member of the Eastern Railroad Association.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Association, and inserted in the Thirteenth Annual Report, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

By order of the Executive Committee,
A. McCALLUM,
Secretary, Eastern Railroad Association.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

A joint convention of the two branches of the City Council, at a meeting held Monday night, July 14th, adopted resolutions to the memory of Mr. Harris. They were introduced by Alderman Dwight, who spoke of Mr. Harris as a man whom all highly respected, who for years had great interest in the city government, and who is now universally mourned. Councilman Belding briefly referred to the loss of a benefactor, and Alderman J. F. Tapley to him as one whose honesty of purpose, energy of action, and conservative character are to be reverenced, and are an example to the rising generation. The resolutions are as follows :—

WHEREAS, It is becoming that the long-continued and important services of a faithful public servant and leader in our municipal affairs, whose death, in the midst of his usefulness, we are called upon to mourn, should have public recognition from us, the members of the City Council, and, as such, the representatives of the city, therefore

Resolved, That by the decease of the Hon. Daniel L. Harris, ex-councilman, ex-alderman, ex-mayor, ex-representative, ex-benefactor of Springfield, the city, as a corporation, and as a social, religious and business community, has suffered a loss for which it will seek compensation in vain, until there shall again combine in one of its citizens, as they united in him, that intelligence from which comes wisdom of counsel; that ability which enables wisdom to perfect its purposes; that energy that does not relax until its object is attained; that self-abnegation that disregards personal interest for the good of others; that industry that rests only to renew its strength to work; that courageousness that fears nothing but failure, and that public-spiritedness that uses all these for the common weal, as he used them, and so became a power and a good to the generation whom he has lived to serve.

Resolved, That, while methods and matters of temperament and motives are elusive of human judgment, results are absolute as measures of worth, and that, judged by these, the ends attained by him must rescind whatever

of adverse criticism of either may have been passed during the process of accomplishment, and the verdict must be wholly of approval.

Resolved, That, while the present generation is, and the coming will be, greatly indebted to him for the inception and completion of the many improvements begun when the interests of the city demanded and its financial condition justified them, which have made Springfield "first among its equals" in point of attractiveness, convenience and comfort as a home, and for desirability as a business location; they will be as largely his debtors for the great aid he rendered, when, in a changed condition of affairs, when that which had been commendable enterprise became injudicious of continuance, and municipal luxury was dishonesty, he gave so greatly of his ability, energy and time to assist in establishing the policy of retrenchment and reform in the administration of financial affairs, which, continued, has maintained the credit of the city above suspicion, and made its action an example, and the results an encouragement to other municipalities encompassed by financial perils which it has escaped.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy for their common loss to the bereaved family of which he was the loved and loving head; to the circle of friends for whom he was the hospitable host and genial companion; to the religious society of which he was a helpful member; to the institutions of learning, of culture and of art of which he was a generous patron; to the business associates whose strong reliance he was; to the many who are indebted to his counsel, interest and means for their prosperity, and to the poor whose needs his charity relieved.

Resolved, That, in token of the respect of the city for his character, and of its gratitude for his eminent services, these resolutions be spread upon the records of the City Council, that a copy thereof be transmitted to his family, and to the press for publication, and that they be printed in the Municipal Register for the year.

The above resolutions of the City Council, prepared by Judge W. S. Shurtleff, who had frequently spoken and voted in the Council in opposition to Mr. Harris, called out the following complimentary letter from the Rev. J. W. Harding of Longmeadow, which so well expresses what many of the friends of Mr. Harris felt, that space is given to it in this place :—

JUDGE W. S. SHURTLEFF, *My Dear Sir:—*

Permit me to express my hearty appreciation of the resolutions of the City Council, published this morning in The Republican, and prepared by you. It is very seldom that such an admirable portrait is drawn in this form of resolutions.

You have condensed in most thoughtful and fitting words just what should be said, and no tribute given to Mr. Harris will be more cherished by his friends. If I am not mistaken in my impression, you had occasion sometimes to differ from him sharply, in regard to public measures, and therefore the delicate and manly way of your allusion in the second resolution to "methods and matters of temperament and motives" as related to "adverse criticisms," is particularly gratifying to those who know how much our friend suffered from such criticism. If he could only read your resolutions (and who knows but that he has?) what a reward to his noble and after all sensitive spirit.

I could not well deny myself this privilege of expressing to you my great gratification with the substance and form of the resolutions.

Yours very truly,

J. W. HARDING.

Longmeadow, July 15, 1879.

CITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Directors of the City Library Association, held December 8th, 1879, it was voted that Rev. S. G. Buckingham, D. D., Col. J. M. Thompson and James Kirkham, Esq., be a committee to prepare and report to the meeting a suitable memorial paper in view of the death of the Hon. Daniel L. Harris, the late President of the Association.

The committee reported the following paper, which was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be placed on the records of

the Association, and published in the next annual report. It was also voted that a copy of the paper be sent to the family of Mr. Harris.

The death of the Hon. Daniel L. Harris, a member of our City Library Association, and one of its best friends and helpers, leads us to enter upon our records some tribute to his memory and worth.

Mr. Harris was one of the original members of the Association; the largest contributor but one to its funds, having given $10,500; the chairman of the committee who erected this Library building; who personally raised a subscription of $25,000, to pay off the debt with which we found ourselves burdened when the building was completed; the Vice-President of the Association from the beginning until 1872, and the President from that time until his death;—these few particulars indicate his interest in our work, and the value of his services in promoting it.

With profound respect for his intellectual ability, his high integrity, his Christian faith;—with a high appreciation of his public services, in contributing so largely to the business prosperity of our city, to the reform of our municipal affairs as a member of the City Government, and to the improved legislation of the State as a member of both branches of the General Court;—and with sincere and tender grief over the loss of such a friend, associate and helper, in this as well as in every good enterprise:—we make this permanent entry upon our records, that those who come after us, and enjoy the benefits of this Library, may know to whom they are indebted for them.

A true copy from the record.

WILLIAM RICE, Secretary.

THE FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

At a meeting of the directors of the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company, held August 4, 1879, the following resolutions were adopted and placed upon the records of the Company:—

Resolved, That Daniel L. Harris, who presided at the first meeting for the organization of this company, and who for the period of twenty-eight con-

secutive years has been a member of its board of directors, by his intelligent interest in the affairs of this company, and its relation with the public, by always maintaining that his habit of fair dealing should be the policy of our management, as of all other corporations with which he was actively connected, and by the careful manner in which he protected its property, greatly contributed to the prosperity of our company, and helped to place it in the front rank of the insurance companies of the country.

Resolved, That his death is a great loss not only to this company and to the officers with whom he has for many years been pleasantly associated, but to his fellow-citizens, by whom he was greatly beloved for his enterprise and integrity; for his interest in social improvement; in good government; in the wise expenditure of public money; in the growth and prosperity of our city; in the support of our public library, our churches and charities, and all things which contributed to the well-being of society.

Resolved, That our sympathies are hereby extended to his family, and the Secretary be requested to furnish them with a copy of these resolutions.

CHAPIN BANKING AND TRUST COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Chapin Banking and Trust Company, held July 16th, 1879, the following resolutions were offered by Hon. Chester W. Chapin, and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That in the removal by death of the Hon. Daniel L. Harris, a member of this Board since its organization, we recognize the loss to this Bank of one of its first and most efficient Directors, and to this community of a valuable and honored citizen.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased the sincere sympathy of the members of this Board.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the records of this Board, and also be transmitted to the family of the deceased, as a token of our real sympathy and respect.

Respectfully submitted,

J. D. SAFFORD, Secretary.

CROCKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Crocker Manufacturing Company, November 30th, 1879, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, An over-ruling Providence having called from our midst our friend, D. L. Harris, we take this opportunity to express our sympathy to his family and friends, and with a sure trust in his future bow to the will of Him who "doeth all things well."

Resolved, In the death of our friend we mourn the loss of a good citizen, a wise counselor and an honored director in this company.

Resolved, While we tender our sincere regards to his bereaved family in this their affliction, we feel they have the comforting assurance that he was of those who depart this life in faith and hope.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered the family, and also entered on the records of this company.

HOLYOKE WATER POWER COMPANY.

The Directors of the Holyoke Water Power Company desire to place upon record their feeling of sorrow in the death of their late associate, the Hon. Daniel L. Harris, and their appreciation of his valuable services in the various positions which he held, and of his eminent public and private character and virtue.

They also express to the family sympathy in their great bereavement.

W. A. CHASE, Clerk H. W. P. Co.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE.

FEW had stronger attachment to relatives and friends than Mr. Harris, and when visiting distant places he often went out of his way to call upon them, who, too, held him in high regard as an honored relative, a wise counselor, and a true friend. His death was deeply mourned by them, and their many words of sorrow and regret were a great comfort to his family. As an acknowledgment and appreciation of them and that these letters might be preserved, they are printed, as follows :—

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 11, 1879.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

We have just received the telegram, and a little later your card of yesterday. Daniel's death must have been very sudden at the last. Let us not call it death, but life to him. To him, no more sickness or pain, but life and glory eternal. To those left behind there is a great void and loss. You, my dear sister, have my most heartfelt sympathy, but of course I cannot fully sympathize with you ; only those who have passed through the same trial can do so. We suppose the funeral is to be Sunday.

William and I will go either on the eleven o'clock or three o'clock train to-morrow. We would come earlier, but I have taken a severe cold, which I wish to recover from, a little. We have notified Edward. Dear Harriet, may the Lord's grace sustain you.

Lovingly and sorrowingly,

SISTER MARY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 13, 1879.

DEAR SISTER HARRIET:—

I am with you in sympathy and sorrow in this hour of your great bereavement, and very much regret that I could not be with you this afternoon, to express my sympathy for you, and sorrow, that death has removed from our midst one whom we all so dearly loved and esteemed.

He who cannot err hath done it, and may we be enabled by His grace to bow in submission to His will. May He help us so to live that when the time of our departure comes, we may join him and all the dear ones who have gone before. May God, who doth not leave you to mourn as those who have no hope, sustain you now and give you faith to look beyond, trusting in Him.

That He may be to you more than any earthly friend, and ever have you in His keeping, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate brother,

EDWARD H. MARSH.

319 *Adelphi Street.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sunday P. M., July 13, 1879.

DEAR SISTER IN AFFLICTION :—

While I write to express my sympathy for you in this terrible trial, I suppose you and your family are attending the funeral of your good Christian husband, and I would not utter one word except of comfort, for a like pang has only so recently fallen upon myself and family that its shadows have only died away in part, and each announcement of death of a near and dear friend and relative opens afresh its realization. Well do I realize something of your loss to yourself and your family; and I trust I also have experienced something of the proof of our Father's love. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and how much comfort is there in the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God." I love to believe that all these great trials are a part of God's discipline, to prepare us for His Kingdom, and I do know, in my own case, they have loosened my attachment to things of earth, and make my attachment stronger for Heaven; and I pray our Father in Heaven to grant this great trial to be so sanctified to you, and all the dear children; and now that their father has gone before, they have one more tie to draw them there, and one less to bind them to the world. Gladly would we have been with you, this afternoon, but not hearing of it till after William Otis had left, it was not possible to get there. But you are not in want of any human sympathy. Well do I know the hosts of strong friends that are met to honor your dead; but it is not human but divine sympathy that you need to give peace, and I do rejoice to believe you have no need to be urged to avail your-

self of this source; and the glorious promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God," includes this fully, and my prayer is that you and family may avail, to the fullest extent, yourselves of this sympathy of our Lord. "What a friend we have in Jesus," is peculiarly adapted to your case. I would be glad to learn the particulars of Mr. Harris's last sickness, when you have time to write. Let me assure you that you have our deepest sympathies.

Yours affectionately,

A. C. PARSONS.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 19, 1879.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

Yours of yesterday is just received. I am so glad to hear that you are in comfortable health, after passing through such a terrible trial. God has given you this strength, my darling sister, and He has given you a great many pleasures, and made your path very smooth through life. You have very much to thank Him for; and oh! how much for such a husband as you have had,—one of the best. He has gone to begin a new life only a little while before you, and, as you say, he will be waiting for you to come. That is a beautiful thought. Oh! how thankful I am that we can say, "Our Father in Heaven," who makes us one in love and sympathy. My ever-dear sister, you and yours are remembered in all my prayers. All join in love to you. I remain

Your devoted sister,

A. BOODY.

COOPERSVILLE, Mich., July 20, 1879.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

We received a letter, the past week, containing the sad news of your great bereavement, and I feel as though I must write to assure you of our deep sympathy, though I know very well how little words will avail to alleviate these terrible trials which we are called to pass through. I have thought of you every hour, and know, by bitter experience, how sad and lonely you must be. It is now nineteen years since I, too, was left alone; and none can know what such afflictions are, but those who have passed through them. The news of Daniel's death was very sudden and unexpected to us, for we had heard, by the way of friends, that he was getting better, and were hoping to hear of his entire recovery. How little we know what a day may bring forth! We mourn with you for the dear departed, feeling that a void is left than can never be filled; yet in your great affliction we have the consolation of believing that he was fully prepared for the great change, and is now happy, freed from all sorrow and pain, reaping a rich reward for his labors here.

Do write as soon as you feel as though you can, for I am anxious to hear from you. Adelia and all join in sending love to you. Accept this as from us both.

Your loving sister,

SALLY.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1879.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—

I send you by mail to-day photographs of myself, my son, my daughter and her son. The photograph of Mary is not

good, but it is the best I have. In that of Willie you will see something of your son.

Your loss is too fresh for you fully to realize how great it is, and it is only in the contest with the world and in the solitude of your own chamber, that you will find how necessary to your peace and to your happiness Daniel was to you. But with this bitterness you will have the consolation of knowing that he is at rest — borne to his grave with the sorrows of a community sympathizing with those that are left behind, and honoring in their silent homage the honest citizen and the Christian.

I feel it was a great favor to have been able to assist at the obsequies, for a more impressive and interesting funeral I never attended. The grave is shorn of its terrors when such love and sympathy consigns the mortal remains to the dust.

With my best love to all of your family, and unfeigned sympathy for yourself,

Truly yours, etc.,

WILLIAM H. PAINE.

BRIGHTON, N. Y., July 23d, 1879.

MY VERY DEAR COUSIN :—

I received the sad intelligence of your dear husband's death. I cannot begin to tell you how sad I feel for you and your family; but your loss is his gain. I hope his mantle will fall on his son, and may he have as good a record as his father had, when he leaves the world. I hope all of his children will follow in his foot-steps, and be ready to meet him in a better

land than this. I should have liked so much to have been there to have seen him and taken the last look of one I thought so much of. I was with you in mind all day. I hope his example will be followed by all that knew him. His life will live for ages. You have a higher source to look to than many others. The One you have always trusted in will carry you safely through, and may He aid and sustain you, is the sincere prayer of your dear cousin. Write when convenient.

Good-by,

ELIZA NELSON.

FAIR BANKS, CLEVELAND, O.,
Sunday, July 13, 1879.

MY DEAR COUSIN HARRIET:—

"My heart is in the coffin there," to-day, although I cannot be with you in visible presence. I am one of the chief mourners, though I do not sit with you, in crape. Your sad and sudden message came to me Friday afternoon, and under ordinary circumstances I should have packed my satchel and gone to you at once. It would have been a mournful pleasure to have gathered with you all, at the last rites over my beloved cousin; but my leaving home was out of the question. Charlie's wife is with us, and she has another little boy, not yet four weeks old. Little Adolphe (her oldest) is but sixteen months old, so you see we are all occupied with the mother and boys; and the mother of the household could not well be spared just now. I was scarcely prepared for the mournful news, since

Lillie's last letter was so encouraging; and yet I knew that my cousin could never be a well man again. Now that the end has come, it all seems so strange that such a useful, needed life should be cut short. Well for us that we believe in Him who never errs, and whose providences, though often inexplicable, point to some wise result. I wish I could see you all. I wish I could be with you through these days of remembrance. I should love to talk of him who has gone, with those who loved him. Somehow, of late years, I had come to hold him more as a brother than a cousin.

I shall write you again soon. In the meantime have Lillie tell me something of the last days of her father.

TUESDAY.— Since I began my letter our little baby has been very ill, so that death's shadow seemed hovering over the house. He is better to-night. With all my home cares I hold you in my tender thoughts. We all send love, and share your sorrow. Write me when you can, and ever think of me as

Your loving cousin,

MARY M. FAIRBANKS.

FAIR BANKS, CLEVELAND, O.,
August 18, 1879.

MY DEAR HARRIET:—

I have been looking for a letter from some of you, or rather hoping for one, though I well know that your heart and hands have many cares and duties. I think of you often, and over again, and wonder if you are growing accustomed to the

absence of one who seemed a part of your own life. Strange, passing strange, are the experiences and vicissitudes of a human life. We build but to be overthrown; we love but to be bereaved and torn in the uprooting. It is not easy for me to think of Cousin Daniel as gone beyond our recall; nor can I quite understand how all his well-meant, much-needed work can go on without him.

Some day, when you can, sit down and write me; tell me how you are parting company with your life with him, and how you are learning not to expect him. Just now we are all in good health at Fair Banks. Charlie's little family will go back to New York in September. I have some hope of accompanying them, but cannot yet plan certainly. I no longer appoint my ways with confidence. I wish to do, I hope to do, and then I am learning to wait to see if I can do.

With a great deal of love to each of the children, C.'s family included, I am, as ever,

Yours lovingly,

M. A. F.

New Haven, Ct., July, 1879.

My Dear Mrs. Harris:—

My mind is constantly filled with you and your family. How lonely you all must be without the company of your dear kind husband and father. You are surrounded with everything delightful and pleasant, and you are fortunate in having so many

good friends and so many dear children to comfort you; but no other one can make good his place. I sympathize with you with my whole heart. * * * * * * * *

MRS. T. LESTER.

SEAVERGE, Bellevue Avenue,
NEWPORT, R. I., July 12, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

I must write a few lines to tell you of our sympathy in your great affliction, and how much we regret not being able to be with you to-morrow. Your uncle is by no means equal to going [he being in his eighty-sixth year], although in his usual health. He wrote immediately to William, and thinks he will go on.

We shall hope later to hear more particularly of your dear husband's last moments.

In the midst of your great grief what a blessing you have in the assurance that all is well with him.

With loving sympathy for you all, from your uncle and myself, I am

Affectionately your friend,

C. PAINE.

RUTLAND, Vt., July 20, 1879.

MY DEAR AUNT HATTIE:—

I wish I could speak to you some words which would comfort your saddened heart in the loss of dear Uncle Daniel. It is

far easier for me to write you, in knowing of your trusting love in the merciful Heavenly Father, who guides and directs in all that pertains to life. As heavy as your grieved heart must be, there is great consolation, I am sure, in that implicit, unvarying confidence you have in the tender loving-kindness of Him who while He afflicts, yet does all in love, and is ever willing to sustain those who look to Him, as I know you do.

I truly sympathize with you, and each of your family, who have lost so much from the home. I regret that anything should have prevented me, so contrary to my expectations and plans, from joining you last Sunday, in the last sad honors to the dear departed. * * * * * * * * * *

I wish I could tell you the very grateful love I have long felt for Uncle Daniel. His counsel to me, in letters and conversation, has always been highly prized, and I shall always think of him as one to whom I owe very much, through the valued advice he has given me.

With love and sympathy to Azariah, Corinne and all the dear cousins at home,

Very sincerely yours,

C. P. Harris.

Rutland, Vt., July 20, 1879.

My Dear Mrs. Harris:—

Allow me to join with my husband in an expression of deep sympathy for you and the members of your family. The memory of Mr. Harris's life must always be a deep source of

comfort and consolation to you; and the feeling that after many months of illness and unrest he is now enjoying that perfect peace which only the righteous may know, must bring resignation to your loss, at least.

With love and sympathy,

Very sincerely yours,

C. S. HARRIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., August 4, 1879.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—

I am very sorry and surprised that you, and so many very dear friends, have been called upon to mourn the loss of your dear husband and father to your children.

The last time I heard from you, you told me Cousin Daniel was nearly well, so as to be in his usual business. I have thought of him since as a well man, and that he would live a long time to bless his family and do good to thousands, as he has been doing for years.

The papers we received announcing Cousin Daniel's death and burial, have given a good and just record of him. It seems to me any other man in the city could have been spared better than he; but I suppose we must say in our hearts, "Thy will, O Lord, be done," as hard as it is to say it. I hope you and family are all well now, and that we may be able to hear from you as soon as you have time and feel like writing.

With love, I remain

Your Cousin,

POLLY BARTON.

San Francisco, Cal., August 4, 1879.

My Dear Cousin Harriet:—

A letter from Cousin William Paine, followed by the papers you sent me, brought me the news of Cousin Daniel's death. It was the more shocking and sad from the fact that I was daily hoping for a letter from him, or some of you, telling me that he was fully restored to health, and that he had forgiven what seemed carelessness in regard to Aunt Emma's manuscript. Did he receive my letter?

I did not know Cousin Daniel quite as well as some of my cousins, but I honored him as a man, and loved him as a dear relative, and one to be proud of; and, my dear cousin, I wish I could put my arms around you and tell you how, too well, I know how to sympathize with you to whom he was *all*, and the dear children who will so much miss his love and guidance. I pray that you may all be comforted by One whose power alone can soothe, and that He will give you that "peace which passeth all understanding." Mother, and my sister and family, all unite with me in expressions of love and honor for our cousin, and sympathy for the dear ones left behind.

As soon as you can, write and tell me all about his last illness and death. It will be a comfort to both of us. * * * *

My children are well, and were saddened by the news of Cousin Daniel's death. They have heard me talk of him and his family, appreciated his kindness last winter, and have the love of their mother for the ties of kindred.

Lovingly your cousin,

Emma M. Hay.

San Francisco, Cal., August 16, 1879.

My Dear Cousin:—

A short time since we received a letter, from Cousin William H. Paine, giving a full description of the honors accorded to the memory of that estimable man, your husband, and my good, kind cousin. We shall never forget his genial, sympathetic face; and may you and his dear children be comforted in the thought that he was a "good and faithful servant," and is now enjoying his reward.

Cousin William sent us a Boston paper, containing a review of his public life, and my sister and self received the numbers of the Springfield Republican, for which I presume we are indebted to your kind politeness. My husband remarked, upon reading the two articles, that "it would be better for our municipal welfare if we had a few such officials in San Francisco." He desires to assure you of his sympathy in your great bereavement, and his earnest desire for your welfare. With my best wishes for the happiness of yourself and children, I am ever,

Your sincere friend,

E. J. McHenry.

New Haven, Conn., July 12, 1879.

My Dear Mrs. Harris:—

I sympathize with you and your dear children in this your greatest affliction, in the loss of your beloved husband.

My first thought was, I must go to the funeral, but after thinking it over, I decided not to go. Will come up some time

when you are more alone. I should like to look on his dear face once more. George said at once he would go and represent the family, if possible. He says, "They always came to us, in such times of affliction." You have a great many relatives, on both sides, that will be with you to comfort you, though we are all poor comforters in such great sorrow.

With a heart full of sympathy,

Your loving cousin,

HARRIET LESTER.

OAK PARK, Ill., August 3, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. HARRIS:—

If I could have yielded to my first impulse upon receiving the tidings of your dear husband's death, I should have written you directly; but being from home, and with the greatly afflicted family of my niece (Mrs. Dudley, of Madison, Wis.), I could not then and there sit calmly down and pen you such a letter as my reason would have considered wise and best. But, oh, my friend, how my heart cried for you all that day, and how very often I have thought of you since, as the home made desolate by his absence comes into remembrance! I know the loneliness of such a home, and know the aching void made in your heart which friends and ever tender and loving children can never fill; but what can I say to comfort you? Nothing; for while words show a friendly sympathy, and we need it so much, still the facts are unalterable, and the loving Father alone can pour the balm of consolation into the stricken

heart. How memory turns back the leaves of our life's history, and how vividly comes back the remembrance of the childhood and early youth of Daniel and myself, as we played on the river bank. He remembered it, too, and related many little incidents in connection with those scenes, the very last time I saw him. He was a noble boy, as he was a grand and noble man, and the world was made better and purer by his living in it. The long obituary notice in The Republican was a justly-merited recital of his life's work, and I read it not only with great interest, but with a feeling of pride and satisfaction that I could number him among my friends. How grandly was his work done, and how peacefully and quietly came the angel's whisper, "Come up higher."

You are surrounded by loving children, who would gladly shield you from this heart suffering; and what a comfort they are, too. Do you not thank God for them every day of your life? and while you have so much to be thankful for in them, have you not also much to be grateful for in the remembrance of what he was to them, and the glorious record he has left as a rich inheritance for generations to come? My dear friend, I pity you more than I can tell, for I can realize how lonely the coming years will be, and how often the bitter tears will flow as you miss him from your side in the night watches. May God help you, for in vain do we seek it from any other source.

I often think, and oftentimes with great joy, that the time is short to when I shall join my loved one over the river, where there shall be no more sorrow, and when the darkness and doubt that settled so wearily upon his over-wrought brain will be banished, and the "darkness shall be light about him."

I have written much longer than I intended when I commenced, but it all wanted to be said, and I said it. I wish you would write to me, when you feel like it. I should be very glad to hear how you all are.

I remember my pleasant visit with you, two years ago. My family are all as usual.

Yours very affectionately,

F. M. LYON.

OLD PLANTATION, Texas, October 15, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS :—

The recent events in your family bring to my mind your great loss. I know that you must have had everything, in the way of human sympathy, extended; yet I cannot refrain from adding my word and dropping my tear. I had hoped, from various reports which I had had, that he was better and would get well, until the final news came of his death, which must be best, since it is God's will. It was gratifying to read of and know the man whose life-work was so well done. This must be a source of great consolation to you all, and at the same time rather increase than take away your sense of loneliness. But we know that our Heavenly Father doth not afflict his children willingly.

Mr. Yale wishes to be remembered to you and family, to which I cordially add my love.

Most sincerely yours,

E. E. YALE.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., August 15, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

I have been thinking of you most of the time, of late. I read The Republican with the greatest interest. We bought some of the papers and sent them to our friends in Texas. Annie said that she was so glad to have her little boys read the account of the life and character of, and the honor paid to, that noble man. We all sympathize with you deeply. * * But we would not lessen earth's sorrows, if by them we are made better fit for Heaven, where we hope to meet the loved ones gone. Aunt and Uncle would be very glad to have you come to Long Branch. Can't you do so?

As ever yours,

N. SIAS.

JULY 18, 1879.

DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

I have had you so much in mind since the death of your husband that I feel as if I must offer a word of sympathy, and say to you how deeply we all feel for you in this hour of your bitter sorrow. But I feel powerless to express half that I would, and, indeed, cannot do it; and yet I have been greatly comforted by the kind expressions of love and sympathy which came to us in our great affliction.

Although I had not the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Mr. Harris, I know that he was a good man, and that your loss is his eternal gain; and what an unspeakable comfort

it is to feel that all is well with those dear ones who are taken from us. We used to remember you daily in our prayers at the time, last spring, when your husband was lying in a critical state, and since the blow has fallen still pray that you may be sustained by divine grace.

Please remember me kindly to your dear daughters, and assure them of our warmest sympathy.

Very sincerely yours,

A. H. NEWELL.

LONGMEADOW, Mass., July 12, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

My only apology for an intrusion upon you just now is that, my heart and thoughts are so constantly with you, I cannot refrain from telling you how I wish I could be of some real comfort or service to you.

Memory goes back to the first of my living in Springfield, and of the uniform kindness of yourself and Mr. Harris from our first coming to the South Church to the present time. And while, during this long and tedious illness, I have been unable to carry out my intention of going to see you both, I have often wished it were in my power to show you how frequently you were in my heart. It will seem very strange to you that, as the days go by, you have no duties to perform for the invalid you have so long ministered unto; but your whole future must of necessity be crowded to the brim with pleasant memories of an unusually happy married life. I do and will

believe that if "in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage," yet the earthly love so strong and unlike any other, must be felt even then, by us. At all events, it is pleasant for us to know that we are not to be separated from our dear ones, because of the "one hope, one faith and one baptism" in which we believe. May the dear Lord Himself heal the wounds He has made, and give you all needed grace and strength for all your sad and lonely hours till He calls you to the mansions prepared for you both in His kingdom. I wish I could be of some help to you, in some way, but know you are surrounded by hosts of friends, anxious to do all they can.

Please remember me to your daughters, for too really true to me, even now, is the knowledge of their loss. My father is missed, even now, as he has ever been for the past seven years since he was taken. Believe me, dear Mrs. Harris, when I say that among all your host of friends there is no one who more sincerely feels sorrow for you than does

Your affectionate

E. B. HOOKER.

P. S.— I shall go to the church to-morrow, and also go up very soon to see you.

NEW LONDON, Ct., July 16, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

In this your hour of grief and sad bereavement, my thoughts are with you, and I must express my deep sympathy in all that afflicts you.

I know that words are unavailing to give comfort, but still they all fall gently upon the stricken heart, and I hope I shall not rudely intrude upon the sacredness of your sorrow by sending them. I know you have a source of comfort beyond and away from the things of this world, and that He who in His wisdom sends the affliction will in His own good time send the comfort and healing. You have still so much to live for in your children that you will not, I know, give up to selfish grief after time has done its part in bringing resignation, but I know from bitter experience how hard it is to see the light, through such darkness as this, dawn upon the heart under such a dispensation. May God comfort and sustain you, my dear, under this great trouble. I wish I could say or do something to ease your heart of its weight of sorrow, but I can only say how my heart aches for you and how I pray for you. With warmest love to your dear children, believe me always,

Your loving and sympathizing friend,

HENRIETTA S. CLARK.

CHICAGO, July 16, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

You have our warmest love and sympathy in this the great trial of your life. Oh, how lonely the heart is, and how little human words can do to comfort the poor, aching heart! But I fain would express to you the high regard I have always felt for your dear, good husband. I have loved him like a brother.

His many deeds of kindness have always been treasured by me; and now that he has gone, and I shall never more see his face here, my heart is sad, and I would weep with you. We had hoped he was in comfortable health — perhaps still gaining strength — though we had not heard directly for some time; and of course were deeply pained and surprised to hear of his death, which seemed sudden to us. He had been an invalid and suffered for so many, many months, but is now peacefully at rest. Can we not say, "Thy will be done. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

Lovingly your friend,

M. A. P.

GENEVA, Switzerland, August 1, 1879.

DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

I cannot find words to express the pain which I feel on hearing, from the letters which I find on my arrival here, of the death of Mr. Harris. I had felt for some time that his life hung upon a slender thread, but still was unprepared for this, to me, sudden termination of it. The intimate business and social relations which existed between us for so many years, make me feel I have lost a very true and valuable friend. Trusting that you and your family may be sustained under your great affliction, I remain

Very truly yours,

C. L. COVELL.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H., July 18, 1879.

MRS. HARRIS, *Dear Madam* :—

Allow me to mingle with the many friends of the late Mr. Harris, and briefly to express my sympathy for you and your children, at the loss you have met with in his decease. I have been associated with Mr. Harris for many years, in a business way, and have seen his industry, his ability, and sterling integrity. I know your house is desolate, but trust that the doings of Providence may be submitted to without a murmur, in the hope of a blessed immortality. Mrs. Mather wishes me to express her love.

Very truly yours,

ROLAND MATHER.

CLEVELAND, O., Sunday, July 13.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS :—

I know that no words of mine can give you comfort, or stay one throb of your aching heart. But I must tell you how sorry I am, and how deeply I sympathize with you in your great bereavement. I wish that I could go to your room, put my arms around you and weep with you. I know that you have dear friends near you, who will do that; and then, the everlasting arms of the dear Father will be around you and sustain you.

You have the greatest of all comfort and consolation in your affliction, which is, the blessed assurance that to your dear husband death is gain. He is now at rest from all pain and sickness; and the memory of all these past years will be very

precious to you. Only a few short years at most, and we shall all go to join the dear ones already on the other side.

I feared, when I parted with you a few days since, that Mr. Harris might not recover, but did not think he would go so soon. We would gladly have been with you to-day, had it been possible. Mr. Stone mourns as for a brother. If he has not already written, he will do so soon. That you may be sustained and strengthened in this great sorrow, is the fervent prayer of

Your ever loving friend,

J. N. Stone.

Cleveland, July 13, 1879.

Dear Mrs. Harris:—

I was pained to learn, Friday morning, of the death of your very worthy husband, although I had been informed of his rapid failure in health. When I learned, last winter, that he was much better, I hoped that he would be spared to his family many years. I had felt that freedom from all cares would restore him to health; but the ways of Him who controls all events must not be questioned. I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Harris some forty years ago, and from the beginning to the end I loved and respected him. I admired his unswerving honesty and integrity. I do not recollect that our friendship was ever broken by a ripple. It was long and continuous; therefore, from my own relations with him, I feel that I can realize what his loss is to you and your dear family. It always seemed to me that it was his purpose to perform every duty to his family; he also devoted much time to the interests of

others, and especially the public. In matters of public interest, when he had come to the conclusion that a reformation upon any subject was needed, he would enter upon it without regard to its popularity, or its cost to himself in labor and personal effort. He would persevere until his point was gained or the subject exhausted. I grieve that I shall never meet him again on this earthly sphere, and I beg to tender to you and all of your family my sympathy in this your greatest bereavement and loss, and hope and trust you will look to our Heavenly Father, who alone can give you consolation and guidance. Had I been in good health I should have been with you at the funeral.

Again desiring to express my deepest sympathies, I remain

Sincerely your friend,

AMASA STONE.

CHICAGO, July 19, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

Your kind letter informing us of the death of your good husband is at hand. We were in a measure prepared for the sad news; still, it was a shock to us, as we had recently heard of his improved condition. The first thought we had was, surely a "good man has fallen in Israel." We deeply sympathize with you, in your great affliction, as you know we have felt the same, and commend you to our kind Heavenly Father, who is the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God. Surely, your loss is great; but we all feel his loss, both in his private and public life — a life of such remarkable usefulness. His keen sense of honor and his benevolence to those in

trouble, will never be forgotten. They will endure longer than monuments of marble or brass, in the hearts of those he has befriended. Never shall we forget his generous thoughtfulness in sending us a check for $300, with an invitation to come to your home for the winter, at the time of our desolating fire. This was the living expression of his great heart. With you we "mourn not as those without hope," for we know that our loss is his gain, for there is a "sure recompense of reward for those who are in Christ Jesus"; and we know his heritage is sure, and he is with his Savior and Redeemer in the Better Land. Therefore, we should rather rejoice that he is free from earth's cares and trials, having witnessed a good profession, and is now waiting at the beautiful gate for his loved ones, who will soon be with him, to go no more out forever.

Again tendering you and yours our heart-felt sympathies, and praying our Heavenly Father to strengthen, support and comfort your heart, and be gracious unto you, we remain

Your affectionate friends,

R. S. PARKER AND WIFE.

NEW HAVEN HOUSE, July 17, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

I know I can say nothing to comfort you, and yet I must tell you how much my husband and myself sympathize with you.

In the death of Mr. Harris I feel that I have lost a personal friend, one who has known me from girlhood, and one who never failed to express an interest in all that concerned my

welfare. There is but one source of comfort in all such sorrow, and you know better than I can tell you where to go for strength. I was sorry not to be in Springfield last Sunday, but it was not possible. That you may have all the strength needed in your great grief, is the earnest prayer of

Your old friend,

E. P. Moseley.

Springfield, July 15, 1879.

My Dear Mrs. Harris:—

In memory of my late husband's regard for your dear departed one, I offer my sympathy in this hour of your deepest sorrow. Having had a like experience, I can mourn with you, knowing that Jesus can give you comfort. How true that words are meaningless in these hours, except the Divine word, voiced in the promises, "Lo, I am with you." "I will send thee the Comforter." You and yours, my dear Mrs. Harris, have such a rich legacy left you in the life of your departed husband, may you not truly be comforted?

One of the many who mourn with you.

Yours very kindly,

Mrs. Joseph Stone.

43 *Seventh Street.*

Bath, N. H., July 13, 1879.

My Dearest Friend:—

I have just heard of your sad bereavement. Sophie's paper did not arrive; but she just saw her neighbor's. I never go

away from home without some good friend leaves this world for a better. It was a great shock to me. I should have called to say good-by, but I was over-worked. I am very sorry not to be in Springfield to assist you in some way, and to bring you flowers. Perhaps now the last ceremonies are occurring, and your beloved one is passing from his earthly home;—his spirit already is with his God. May the Almighty Father give you strength to bear your trials. My warmest love and sympathy to Corinne, Jennie, Lilly, and all your dear ones. It must be such a comfort to you that you have so perfectly filled the position of a good and tender wife. No one ever could take your place. He has now so long been an invalid you will doubly miss him. You are a true Christian woman, and I know will nobly bear all life's burdens.

I may come home Saturday; if not, surely the first of next week, and I shall come at once to see yon.

May God, in His infinite goodness, bless you all.

Your true friend,

CARRIE L. SMITH.

BATH, N. H., July 13, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

While the holy shadow of the angel of death rests over your household, words of sympathy may fall unheeded upon your ears; but I cannot refrain from telling you how wholly you occupy my thoughts, and how deeply I grieve for you and yours, in this sad bereavement.

Mr. Johnson said, as he read the notice: "Poor Mr. Harris! he has gone the way of all flesh." But I said: "Poor Mrs. Harris and family, for them I deeply mourn! But I would rather say, 'Glorious Mr. Harris! freed from pain, freed from care, and rejoicing in that city whose walls are praise and where griefs and graves are never known.'"

This first Sunday in Heaven must be filled with joy and amazement for him. I love to imagine the wondrous glories of the Eternal City, where our loved ones are gathering, ready to welcome us when our summons comes to pass through the dark valley and to enter into the inheritance which awaits the children of God. Death should only be applied to the survivors. It comes with such a terrible shock, and

> "Not all the preaching since Adam
> Can make Death other than Death."

If I could only see you and throw my arms around you and tell you how my heart aches for you! But distance divides us, and I can only send these few words of condolence and heartfelt sympathy. Please give my kindest love to your family. Mr. Johnson desires his regards and sympathy to be given you all; and Stanley says: "Oh! I am so sorry for Baby Harris. How she will cry for her dear papa!"

Ever, with sincerest love, yours,

SOPHIE O. JOHNSON.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 23, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

As I do not feel quite able to walk to your house, please allow me, together with Mr. Grout, to express in this way our

sympathy for yourself and your family, in the great affliction which a wise and kind Heavenly Father has permitted to come upon you. We do not need to direct you to the only source of consolation, for we are sure that long ago you were led to that Fountain, and have drank sweet and healing waters from it. You are afflicted, and we, too, are afflicted, in the thought that a great light has passed out of our sight,— a great help and sympathizer in others' troubles. My daughter, in writing me, the other day, remarked that she knew of no other man in Springfield who would be missed as Mr. Harris would be. This impression she received from a very slight acquaintance. We sincerely hope, dear Mrs. Harris, that strength equal to your day will be given you under the great responsibilities that now rest upon you, and that the Great Helper will ever stand by you.

With love and sympathy, I am

Truly yours,

CHARLOTTE B. GROUT.

HAVERHILL, July 23, 1879.

DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

The pressure of work has prevented my earlier sending a line to express my sincere and tender sympathy with you, in your great affliction. Words are but poor, cold things at such a time; and yet they are all that we can put on paper to indicate the heart with which we unite with you in your sorrow.

The grief we would soothe may be but deepened by dwelling on the many and extraordinary excellencies of your husband,

on the admiration and affection in which he was held by those who knew him best, and the respect and esteem with which he was universally regarded.

But in the thought that his work for this world was done, and so well done that he was so prepared that the exchange of worlds was for him an immortal gain, I know you find consolation and fortitude, though it but reveals more clearly the greatness of your own loss.

That He who gave and who has also taken away may support and comfort you and yours in your trial, and that He may finally gather the entire family circle — with not a link missing — into that better land, where sickness, death and partings are unknown, is the earnest prayer of

Yours most sincerely,

R. H. Seeley.

Providence, R. I., Sunday, July 20, 1879.

My Dearest Friend:—

I received two papers, yesterday, containing the sad intelligence of your husband's death. How pained and shocked I was, having no premonition of his sickness; and I cannot, cannot realize it. Is it possible that never more I can behold his pleasant face and feel the hand of welcome which was ever extended to me in hospitality? Oh! how inscrutable the ways of Providence are — past finding out. "He doeth all things well;" but we finite mortals cannot comprehend His wisdom. We know He chasteneth not in anger, but in love. But to

enter this loved household, and take the loving and devoted husband and father, the joy and life of all, the prop of your declining years, the sharer of life's heavy burdens, oh! how inexplicable. Beneath this dark cloud which enshrouds you, and this bitter cup you are called to drink, what, my friend, can I say that will impart any consolation? Words are powerless. My heart is filled with unutterable anguish; I sit and weep with you; my heart-felt sympathies are poured out to each and all.

Christ alone can give the strength you need. I earnestly pray that the God of love and all consolation will be very near, to comfort and sustain, whilst you drink the bitter cup of affliction, and guide you safely through the dark valley, saying: "What I do thou knowest not now, but shalt know hereafter."

Truly, a good man has passed away. Well can it be said of him, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter the haven of rest, where a crown of rejoicing is awaiting and prepared for thee."

I read, over and over, good Dr. Buckingham's address, and said, how true, every word, of him. He dealt justly to all, and walked humbly with his God. Never shall I forget his wise counsel to me. Many times since my father's death, having business transactions, have I remembered his words, and governed my motives and actions by them. Deep are they engraved on my heart, and tenderly shall I clasp them within my memory, as all I can evermore hear from his lips.

Please tender my love and sympathy to Corinne, Jeannie, and all the remaining members of your family. I can deeply feel for them all, having lost the fondest and most devoted

father, and feel all they are passing through. I would so much love to hear all about Mr. Harris's sickness. Never for a moment did I think you would survive him. With your multiplicity of cares, and bowed with grief, I cannot ask you to write, much as I should love to hear from you. Will it be too much to ask one of the girls to write me? In September I visit my aunt in Worcester, and always see Mrs. Harris, and should hear from her all about his sickness, but am so anxious to hear now, I don't want to wait so long.

Earnestly commending one and all to the tender, watchful care of an overruling Providence, that He may bless, comfort and support you, through these heavy trials, is the wish of

Your sincere friend,

M. M. DRAPER.

62 *Benefit Street.*

WATCH HILL, R. I., September 4, 1879.

MRS. D. L. HARRIS :—

I was glad to hear from home. I call your house home because it was so pleasant for me when I lived with you. I liked it better than any other place, and I am so thankful I lived to know Mr. Harris and receive instruction from him. I am always speaking to the boys of Mr. Harris and his greatness. I miss him morning, noon and night; and I know you feel so badly, for he is missed in every department in life.

But, if we follow in his footsteps, we shall be sure to land safely on the other side of Jordan, and meet him in Heaven. I shall leave here the middle of September.

Yours humbly,

F. S. JONES.

SPRINGFIELD, September 20, 1879.

MRS. D. L. HARRIS, *Dear Madam:—*

I hope that it will not seem intrusive, or be unwelcome to you, if I yield to the promptings of my heart, and write you briefly of the high regard I bear to your honored husband. I count it one of the great privileges of my life to have known him as a friend. To meet him in a social way was always pleasant. However numerous and pressing his business cares, they seemed never to rob him of his cheerfulness, or check the kindliness of his greeting. In every relation, and on every occasion where I have met him, he has uniformly impressed me as one who took pleasure in making others happy. Many instances of his kindness come freshly to my mind.

A very noticeable trait in his character was fidelity to every responsibility that he assumed. While it was my privilege to be a member of his class in Sunday-school, he was rarely absent from his class, and his teaching gave evidence of habitual research and special preparation for the duty of the hour. His class was not out of mind when he was far from them. I remember the long and pleasant letters he wrote them when he

was away on his last trip to Europe. This was quite like him. He seemed to think more of giving pleasure to others than of seeking needed rest for himself.

There was no one trait of Mr. Harris that drew from me more sincere admiration than his strong faith in, and his unyielding loyalty to, sound principles. He firmly believed that God governs the world, including all the affairs of men, by definite and established laws; laws that men can know and ought to obey. He had little faith in prayer that is accompanied by habitual negligence of the appropriate conduct and means to secure the ends that are prayed for. He was not inclined to trust much to the hope that things would turn out well, unless he could see that such methods and means were being used as gave good reason to expect that the desired ends would follow as the effect of an adequate cause.

It was because when Mr. Harris came to study, in his thorough and exhaustive way, in the light of these principles, the financial tendencies of late years, he saw so much that promised financial disaster and ruin, that some regarded his views as depressing and morbid. But the truth was, that Mr. Harris was too clear-headed not to see, as the result of his painstaking collection of essential facts, and careful comparison of the same, that individuals and communities, towns and cities, were spending more than they were earning; and seeing it, he was too honest and true to his convictions not to say it, and call earnestly for a reform. This city, which he has served so long, and in so many ways, has great occasion to revere his memory, for the large service he has rendered it in these last years of his life, when he could ill-afford to draw upon his

over-taxed powers, to do gratuitous public work. I think that it must be evident to all who are conversant with the conduct of our city affairs, that Mr. Harris's influence was the leading force in arresting the tide of extravagance, and inaugurating measures of economy that have already greatly relieved the burdens of taxation. But his beneficent work in this matter has not been confined to this city. It has reached and helped other towns and cities all over the Union.

It has been sometimes said that Mr. Harris had little power to influence other men. I think he seldom tried to exert the influence that the trained politician seeks to wield, but that men confided in his judgment and were convinced by the severe logic of his reasoning, needs no other confirmation than is afforded by abundant and evident facts. A life so consistent, so full of work, so honest, so true to the best interests of his fellow-men, is worthy of commemoration, and will not cease to disseminate its blessings, though he who lived it has been called to a higher sphere.

With sincere regard,

Yours truly,

M. C. STEBBINS.

PARIS, December 5, 1879.

MY DEAR MRS. HARRIS:—

The sad intelligence of Mr. Harris's death has just reached me, far across the wide ocean, and has awakened all of my sympathy. I have been intending, for a long time, to write you, dear friend, and now it is with feelings of the deepest

regret that I resume my pen, to express my heart-felt sorrow for you and your children. You have lost the beloved companion of your life, who has walked by your side in the full tide of prosperity. And knowing, as I do, your devotedness to him for all of these years, I shrink from picturing to myself your grief and desolation. He was endowed with intelligence, with generous feelings, and with many excellencies of character which endeared him to all who knew him well. And we know his loss will be deeply felt, not only by his immediate friends, but by the great numbers of those who have been objects of his liberality and kindness. I had felt great anxiety to hear from you; and last winter, when we were in Rome, I met Mr. Griffin (brother of one of your Springfield editors), who loaned me The Republican to read. You can imagine how eagerly I perused the paper; and to my great delight I found in the Springfield items the very news I wanted,—the convalescence of your husband. Since that I had hoped he was getting well, or had entirely recovered, and that this great sorrow would be spared you. But we must bow submissively to God's will, and look forward, with hope, to the joyful meeting with the loved ones who have exchanged this world for a higher and better sphere of love and duty, in that "home far, far away." Three years ago last August my sweet mother went to her Heavenly home. My sister and father live in New York during the winter, and in Bennington, Vt., during the summer. My dear father is in his eighty-sixth year, blessed with health and full possession of all his faculties. We intend to leave, on Monday, for Nice, on account of my son Charles, who is now nineteen years old. He has some trouble with his throat. Nellie will

remain with her father, in Paris; but next spring we promise her that we will go to America, which is the fondest wish of her heart. All the family join with me in kind remembrance, mingled with the deepest sorrow for you and yours. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain as ever,

Your much attached friend,

M. G. STRICKLAND.

SPRINGFIELD, July, 1879.

MRS. HARRIS, *Dear Madam*:—

We, the members of the Bible Class of which Mr. Daniel L. Harris was for a long time the teacher, wish to express the regard and appreciation which we felt toward him, and our sympathy with his bereaved family. Mr. Harris's cordial and genial manner, with his ready and cheerful way of giving us the benefit of his store of knowledge, gleaned from travel and study, led us to cherish a deep regard for him as a man; and we felt that he cherished the same feeling toward those who met him here. And his letters to us when on his travels in a foreign land, are testimonials of his kind remembrance.

We share, in some degree, with you, his loss, and here express to you our sincere sympathy and the consolation which comes from those who love and cherish his memory.

Yours truly,

ALBERT HANCOX.
LEVI HITCHCOCK.
EMERY MEEKINS.
O. FRARY.
CHARLES M. LEE.
SAMUEL PALMER.
D. PROCTOR.
F. BACHOVER.
E. BLISS.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

My Dear Mrs. Harris:—

I wanted very much to come to the funeral, but could not leave. My heart is with you. I know that God has taken your best and dearest one, but you have your good children to cheer your loneliness; and may the kind Lord be with you, and be your hope and stay, in this great sorrow.

With love and sympathy for you all, I am always

Faithfully yours,

Mary M. Storrs.

Mrs. D. L. Harris:—

The last time I called to see him, he said to me: "Mr. Norton, I cannot express to you the gratitude that I feel to God for the way He has led me." It was the intense earnestness with which every word was uttered, that so impressed it upon my mind. I did not intend to inflict upon you a long letter at this time, but to express my sympathy only.

I am very sincerely and gratefully yours,

W. W. Norton.

I am at this moment informed of the death of your noble husband. He who doeth all things well, has come into your loved circle and taken the husband and father home to Himself. I regret that I cannot go to you and extend to you my heart-felt sympathies in your sad bereavement and loss of so kind and good a husband and father.

Again you have my deepest sympathy.

C. Johnson.

Dear Daniel, his memory will be a blessing to all. My heart rises in thanks to God whenever I think of him. He lived to do good.

MRS. W. H. HARRIS.

TELEGRAMS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 12, 1879.

DEAR SISTER:—I will be with you to-morrow.

WILLIAM OTIS.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 12, 1879.

We will be with you to-morrow.

A. BOODY.

MR. HARRIS'S SICKNESS.

HOW much Mr. Harris suffered in his long sickness, and how tenaciously he held to life, will be more fully understood by the statement of Dr. Calkins and the extracts from the diary of Mrs Harris, which follow:—

STATEMENT OF HIS FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

To Mrs. D. L. Harris and Family:—

The following sketch of the physical history of Mr. Harris is offered in explanation of some of the more important symptoms which occurred in his case, during his long illness. Mr. Harris was endowed with a good constitution. His digestive system, however, was not quite equal to his cerebral. His brain was unusually large and active. In persons of ordinary organization the brain, although weighing about one-fortieth of the entire weight of the body, requires about one-sixth of the entire amount of blood to nourish it. This physiological fact shows how much of the nutrition of the body must have

been needed by his active and massive brain for its sustenance. Again, the intense concentration of his mind on his work, tended to direct a portion of that nervous energy from his digestive system which was a necessity to perfect transformation of food into blood. The continuous hyper-activity of his brain, and progressive diminution of digestive and assimilative force, by which his blood year after year suffered increasing starvation, are the primary causes of his decease. During his life he was inclined to take too large quantities of fluids with his meals, to eat while his mind was occupied, and immediately after to enter upon active brain work, by which the production of healthy chyle was hindered, and its absorption retarded. Five years ago he was for several months in a measure disabled by a chylous diarrhœa, occurring early in the morning, attended with little or no pain, followed by more or less debility. Though losing in this way a portion of the material which should have been assimilated and appropriated to the needs of the body, yet, by means of his great natural energy, he continued his work as before. Under medical treatment, however, he imperfectly recovered, and worked on continuously, until two years since,—the summer of 1877—when his weakness, consequent upon the return of his dyspeptic disease, forced him to seek restoration. He decided to take a European tour, with his family and pastor. The change, however, did not restore his digestive powers. On his arrival at Queenstown the news of the riots at Pittsburg, and the general unsettled condition of our country, fell upon his mind with an intensity that amounted to a nervous shock. He passed on through Ireland, Scotland, England and Holland, thence to Paris, all the way suffering

from indigestion and consequent muscular weakness. His return ocean passage gave him no relief, but rather intensified his symptoms. On his arrival home, October 10, 1877, he was suffering from a severe catarrhal and bronchial inflammation, in addition to his general anæmia. Some symptomatic fever and difficulty of breathing were the results. From this time until the 19th of February, 1878, treatment was directed to the restoration of the blood-making process, by stimulating the liver, stomach and intestinal absorbents to greater activity, and the careful adjustment of his dietary to the needs of his condition. In directing these means of restoration, the assistance of Dr. Bowles was secured. The treatment thus directed, however, seemed to produce but very little improvement, and he determined to go to New York, and there seek medical advice and rest from business annoyances incident to his stay at home. From this time — about February 19, 1878 — until his return from the sea-shore, July 28th, I did not treat Mr. Harris, and only knew of his case through the descriptions of others. While at Watch Hill he received the advice of several physicians, one of whom recommended Carlsbad water as a very excellent remedy, and its trial was determined on, and its use persevered in during the month of August.

It is perhaps well here to describe his condition when he returned home, July 28. He then had general dropsy, (anasarca) that is a collection of certain aqueous elements of the blood in the cells, or areolar tissue of the body; and also dropsy of the abdomen (ascites), and dropsy of the chest — a collection of water between the lungs and the sides;— also water in or between the air cells of the lungs; water in the

heart-case (hydropericardium). His digestion was very feeble and imperfect; animal heat from 93 to 95 degrees, when it should have been 98 degrees; and the pallor of anæmia was everywhere apparent. These conditions caused his difficulty of breathing, his inability to assume the recumbent posture, his cold extremities and extreme weakness. It would seem that with all these effects of deterioration of the blood, no one could have lived; yet for a month he continued to struggle on, received friends, rode out frequently, even when his animal heat fell to 93 degrees, while his hands and fingers were benumbed from want of blood. During the month of August his condition remained very nearly the same. On the first and second days of September a consultation was held with Professor John Ordronaux, of New York. A more strict dietary was enforced, and mineral waters and fluid nourishment discontinued. The condition of his kidneys was ascertained, by chemical and microscopic examination of his renal secretion, to be normal. Remedies as before were given, to stimulate digestion and absorption. Under the influence of hepatic stimulants the liver responded in a free discharge of bile. Observing the dryness and inactive condition of the skin, I prescribed pilocarpine, which produced perspiration and temporary improvement. But the remedy which of all others did the most good, was elaterium. Under its influence the dropsical effusion in all parts of the body was swept away, so that in two weeks after commencing its use there were no signs of excessive watery accumulations in any part of the body. The temperature rose to 98 degrees—the natural standard; digestion and absorption improved. The blood showed its reinforcement

by an increase of red color, and the muscles, nerves and brain felt the stimulus of improvement. During this time he was for the most part confined to a milk diet. During the months of September and October, after the removal of the dropsy, he took digestive stimulants occasionally, and continued to steadily improve. During December, 1878, I made him but two visits. During November, December and January he performed much brain work, overseeing the affairs of the Railroad, entering with interest into public affairs; but while his mind was active and his intellect clear, his muscles were weak and flabby,—especially those of the lower limbs.

This muscular weakness, to the patient, seemed inexplicable. During three months there seemed to be but little accumulation of dropsical deposits, either in the limbs or visceral cavities; but during the latter part of January there appeared some œdema (bloating) of the feet, also slight puffiness of the cheeks and eye-lids and lips; a certain degree of loss of power to express his thoughts in language; more loathing of food; perversion of his sense of taste; gradual loss of hearing; and from day to day increasing debility, and finally stupor. The cause of these symptoms is assigned to the gradual accumulation of water at the base of the brain, producing loss of function of the nerves which there originate. From the 1st to the 10th of February the symptoms above referred to gradually increased until the senses were impaired in about this order: First, there was a loss of hearing and sight; then of smell and taste; then of the power of speech and swallowing. On Monday, the 17th of February (at 1 p. m.), his condition was such that I hourly expected his decease. At this time his pulse

was intermittent, respiration from seven to nine in a minute, all the senses in abeyance, and most of the involuntary muscles of the body paralyzed. All that was left was the feeble motion of the heart, and the extremely slow respiration. Large patches of extravasated blood appeared on the hands, feet, arms and limbs. For a number of days Hon. C. C. Chaffee, an educated and experienced physician, a neighbor and friend of the family, saw the patient frequently, and watched the case with the greatest interest. At 8 p. m. the respirations were a little more frequent, and other symptoms more favorable. The watching was done by Mrs. Harris, the brothers, children and son-in-law, and was most thoroughly, attentively and sympathetically carried out, records being made every hour of the pulse, respiration, discharges, the kinds and quantities of nourishment, etc. During the loss of deglutition enemas were given of beef-tea and milk. The return of the functions was gradual. In a day or two he could swallow milk; then he showed signs of taste; then could articulate monosyllables; and afterwards, in from one to two weeks, his hearing and sight had returned. In about the same time the patches of extravasated blood had faded away. His animal heat rose to 98 degrees, and he became conscious of the use of the catheter, which was found a necessity, on account of the temporary paralysis of the bladder, which subsequently was followed by a very severe and painful inflammation, from which he never entirely recovered. At first his return to intellectual consciousness was shown by his recognition, in the morning, or after rest, of some friend; but it was a month from the time of the attack before he realized the peril he had passed, and external objects appeared

to him in their true relations. During this time almost his sole nourishment and drink was from four to six pints of milk, and the whites of two to four eggs a day.

After acquiring sufficient strength, he entered upon the work of assorting his business papers, books and documents; looked after the repairs of his house, the improvement of his yard and out-buildings, and entered with enthusiasm into public interests. In his improved condition he began the use of a more generous diet. Though often warned of the peril of taking ordinary food, in usual quantities, yet the disease of his blood (its gradual starvation) caused such an intense craving, that he was strongly tempted to try articles suggested by his friends. Everything in American cookery was sent him from far and near, by those whose intense sympathy was expressed but imperfectly in these cheerful offerings. Various kinds of stimulating drinks were also suggested, all of which failed in the production of any benefit. Of these various kinds of food and drink, so generously sent, he seldom took but little; and yet, small quantities were often the cause of temporary increase of symptoms, such as nausea, vomiting, or diarrhœa. A return to the simple articles, milk and the whites of eggs, generally sufficed to improve his strength. His appetite and relish for these was remarkable, especially for milk. Once, when unconscious in bed, several kinds of drink—water, beef-tea, gruel—were offered; but when the cup of milk was presented, to it he clung and drank it with avidity.

This seemed to him his life, and when all else failed, this furnished him strength. With the approach of warm weather, during April, May and June, his food became to him more

distasteful. The sense of taste was in him so perverted that no food seemed to meet his expectations. The cause he assigned to the cooking, instead of to his disease. He tried various articles, but only to be disappointed. Every kind of tonic, iron bitters, hepatic stimulants, chemical compounds for restoring the blood, and stimulants for digestion, were tried, but to no purpose. The remedies which had previously relieved him, in the fall of 1878 and the month of February 1879, had no beneficial effect. During the last days of June slight oedema appeared on the feet and in the cheeks and around the eyelids. At times he conversed with difficulty. His muscular power gradually diminished. His food ceased to nourish him. Even milk was no longer digested, but was thrown off in vomiting. The effusion in the base of the brain gradually progressed; the effect was apparent in facial paralysis, loss of the power of speech, and at last that of swallowing. On the Saturday previous to his decease Prof. Austin Flint, of New York, was called, but could not give any encouragement. He recognized the disease as "pernicious anæmia," and existing symptoms as its effect. Tonics and blood-repairers were prescribed, but all to no purpose, as neither medicine nor food could be digested or absorded. On the night of Thursday, July 11, consciousness was entirely lost; there was complete facial paralysis; his breathing slow and irregular; his pulse intermittent. About midnight I left his bed-side, when his appearance and symptoms were very similar to those that had existed for several hours previous. Between two and three in the morning, without change apparent to the watchers, with a sigh, he suddenly expired.

The cause of Mr. Harris's decease points to the existence of these pathological changes: In the first place, he had a hereditary tendency to dyspepsia, which gradually increased, ending in chylous diarrhœa and deterioration of the blood, for want of that nourishment which his digestive and assimilative functions failed to supply. The anæmia was the cause of his muscular prostration and the dropsical effusions in the various parts of the body. The first attack wherein great danger existed, was in August and September of 1878, which was passed by the removal of the dropsical accumulations and the partial restoration of the digestion and blood. The return to brain-work ended in the more serious attack of February, 1879, wherein he had the effusion of watery substances (possibly it might have been blood) into the brain, from which he so narrowly escaped. The last, occurring in July, like the one in February, progressed with similar symptoms. Their explantion is clearly made by modern writers on nervous diseases. I make a few condensed statements of some of the German authorities, Ziemssen, Niemeyer, Rosenthal, etc.

"An attack of œdema or watery effusion at the base of the brain is known by stupor, bloating of the face, strong pulsations in the carotids, pains in the back of the head, diminution of sensibility, difficulty of swallowing, embarrassment of speech, and modified respiration." All these symptoms were present in the attack in February.

"Under the influence of trifling causes — during the existence of anæmia — the patient becomes subject to difficult breathing, nausea and prostration. Cases have been observed with sudden paralysis of the face and tongue, complete loss of voice,

and power to swallow, rapidly followed by death. The disturbance in speech does not depend on lack of thoughts, but on the uncertainty and clumsiness in executing the movements necessary for distinct and rapid articulation.

If the part of the medulla which is called the vital knot, the root of the nerve controlling the movement of the heart and lungs, is affected with sudden effusion or anæmia, sudden death results." That some of the above-indicated conditions or changes took place in Mr. Harris's case, the symptoms fully verify.

Mr. Harris called me to serve in his family in 1861,—eighteen years ago. At first my acquaintance was made with him while riding to visit and treat some of the employes of the railroad, for which he rewarded me himself. In their recovery he showed a deep interest. Except during the severe illness of some member of his family, I seldom met him at home, for his time was completely occupied in his business requirements.

Some five years ago he consulted me several times, at my office, for catarrhal attacks and derangement of digestion; but during the last two years I have seen him very frequently, and have gathered from him much valuable information. He showed the characteristics of a vigorous intellect, except when suffering from the direct effect of dropsical effusion on the brain. There was not evidence of the destruction of brain tissue, but as soon as the pressure of effusion was removed, his intellect assumed its normal and healthful activity. In the fall of 1878, and during the month of January, 1879, I thought his active brain work, in behalf of his railroad interests, was too much of a tax upon him, and so I expostulated with him. But

he replied: "I cannot stop thinking while I have my senses; and if some one writes at my dictation, I shall feel that the work is done, and my mind is relieved."

One of the last acts he did before his attack in February, 1879, was to write a letter to the Governor, relative to matters at the Hoosac Tunnel. On coming to consciousness, during convalescence, this subject was fresh in mind; and on learning that such appointments had been made by the Executive as he desired, his joy was intense, and his satisfaction frequently expressed. His interest in public affairs was always a powerful stimulus to mental activity; and this, when appealed to, drew him forth from his weakness into active, self-sacrificing work. His general character has been well and ably described; but, as his physician, I may be excused for referring to his personal habits in the care of his health. He ate conscientiously that kind of food which he thought best for his health; and it was only when the overpowering sense of hunger cried for that amount of nourishment which his digestive organs could not supply, that his appetite overpowered his judgment. He was strictly temperate, not only abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks (but for which he could not have accomplished so much), but also avoiding the use of tobacco, and even restricting himself to small quantities of tea and coffee. One day, while visiting him, I incidentally spoke of having seen a patient suffering under disease of the nervous system, caused by the excessive use of tobacco. "Send him to me," said he. "I want to speak to that young man, and point out his danger." In the subject of ventilation, sewerage and sanitary construction of dwellings, he had much interest, and made, for these pur-

poses, extensive changes in his house, a short time before his decease. His clothing was always plain, but of good quality; not so much designed for ornament as for comfort and health. In the application to the needs of man of a knowledge of the common things of life, he saw the prime wisdom; and his comprehensive intellect entered into the details, as well as the generalities, of life. He had an intense love for work, and no sympathy for shiftlessness or incompetency. The value of such a man to the community cannot be estimated, and I cannot entertain a good opinion of one who does not emulate his fortitude and energy, his faithfulness to duty and its earnest performance, his hatred of injustice, his keen insight in detecting fraud, his sympathy for the lowest as well as the highest, his love for the Puritanical faith of his ancestors, and the simple and child-like obedience he rendered the laws and requirements of the Supreme Being.

MARSHALL CALKINS.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. HARRIS'S DIARY.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

In reply to your many inquiries, I should be glad to give you all particulars of Mr. Harris's sickness, up to his death; but he having been ill two years, the story would be too long to repeat so many times; but I will endeavor to make some extracts from my diary, and give them to you in this form, so that as many of you as are interested in him can read them.

1877.

In March, 1877, Mr. Harris took a severe cold. He staid in the house a day or two; but as there was to be a meeting of the Eastern Railroad Association, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York, he was very anxious to attend it. I tried to prevail upon him to remain at home. He said, "No, I must go." Rooms were engaged for him at the St. Nicholas, by telegraph, and not being willing to let him go alone, myself and daughter Lillie accompanied him. The meeting was held, and we remained three days — Mr. Harris, meantime, not going out of the hotel. Afterwards we visited Uncle Paine, and remained there several days. His brother William came to see him, and invited us to make him a visit, at his home in Brooklyn. We went, and remained there a week or more. While there, his brother prevailed upon him to give up business for awhile, and go to Europe for rest. He came home and made preparations to go. He invited Dr. Buckingham, his pastor, myself and two daughters, Lillie and Etta, to go with him. We sailed on the 18th of July, in the Cunard steamer Scythia, and had a delightful voyage over. Governor Tilden, of New York, was one of the passengers, and on arriving at Queenstown he received a package of London papers, which gave an account of the riots in Pennsylvania and the West. It affected Mr. Harris greatly, and gave him a shock which brought a pallor to his face, from which he never recovered. From Queenstown we went to Cork, visiting everything about there; then to the Lakes of Killarney, to Dublin, Belfast and Glasgow,— through the Scottish Lakes to Stirling, and to Edinburgh, arriving at

the latter place late Saturday night. From Edinburgh we went through the English Lakes, stopping at Walter Scott's home, Abbotsford, Melrose, etc. Thence to Manchester, Leamington, Warwick Castle, Kenilworth Castle, and Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakspeare. From here we went to London, and stopped at a hotel kept by an American lady. We remained two weeks, visiting every place of interest in and about there; and then went to the Isle of Wight, where we spent a few days, after which we returned to London. At seven o'clock one evening we took the train for Harwich. On arriving there, we found that the regular steamer for Rotterdam, which we intended to take, had been taken off the line for repairs, and an old, small, uncomfortable one put in its place. We found accommodations, however, such as they were, and, an hour later than the advertised time, started on our journey across the North Sea. As we had dined at five o'clock, in London, we took no supper, but went directly to bed. We ought to have arrived in Rotterdam at nine o'clock in the morning; but when we awoke, we found ourselves still far out at sea. No arrangement had been made for a breakfast on board, so there was nothing to do but wait; which we accordingly did, until two o'clock in the afternoon, when we came to the end of our voyage. We there found that the steamer was so late, conveyances of all kinds had left the wharf; and so, tired and hungry as we were, we were forced to walk about a mile and a half, to the hotel. A dinner and a short drive through the city, exhausted our stay in Rotterdam; and that evening, after several mistakes and tedious walks, on account of disconnected trains, found us in the beautiful Hague, the home of the King

and the capital of the country. We remained here a day or two, spending the evening at Scheveningen, the Newport of Holland. Thence we proceeded to Amsterdam, where we saw enough pictures of the old masters to satisfy the most eager curiosity. Old Haarlem being near here, we spent one day in visiting the lions of that place, and especially the curious old cathedral of St. Baron, in which is the finest and one of the largest organs in the world. We were disappointed to find that this was not one of the days when it was played to the public; but when I learned that the organist would play for us one hour, for a special sum of money, I mentioned it to Mr. Harris. He said: "I think it will hardly be worth the trouble to send for him." I replied: "We have come all the way over here to see and hear all that we can, in a limited time; and now that we are here, I feel that it would be too bad to go home and not hear some music." "Well, how much will it cost?" he said. "One pound," was the answer. "Considering all things, that will be cheap," said he, "for I shall own the church and organ for that length of time." And so we listened to the most delightful music that we had ever heard from an organ. Then we went on to Cologne, and from there started on a trip up the Rhine, as far as Mayence, stopping at Coblentz, and visiting the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. The view from here was magnificent, and Mr. Harris enjoyed it very much. We spent one night in Coblentz and one in Mayence, and then went on to Strasburg and saw the big clock. We spent one afternoon in Heidelburg, and drove up to the romantic old ruined castle. That evening we went on to Nancy (one of the fortified cities of France, and which was surrendered by

Bazaine, in the late Franco-Prussian war), thinking that this would shorten our journey to Paris. We found that no one here could speak English, and the next morning, owing to some mistake, we took the accommodation, instead of the express, train to Paris. When we finally arrived there, tired and weary, and found that our trunks had arrived five hours earlier, our feelings can be imagined. We could only quote: "What can't be cured must be endured."

We spent two weeks in Paris, sight-seeing, and then left for London, arriving there the last of September. We proceeded to Liverpool, then to the old city of Chester, and thence back to Liverpool.

On the 29th of September we sailed for home, in the steamer Bothnia. We arrived in New York on the 9th of October, having had a fearfully stormy and rough psssage. Mr. Harris was ill during the entire voyage. We arrived in Springfield October 10th, Mr. Harris still feeling exhausted and weak from his journey. While away from home he had little or no pain; but he was in a very indifferent state of feeling, and did not care about sight-seeing, frequently remarking: "This is not new to me — I have seen it all before. You go and see for yourself."

The next day after arriving home he went to Brattleboro, on railroad business. Mr. Waite said to him: "Mr. Harris, you are a sick man. Go right home and stay there until you get well." When he reached Springfield, he was obliged to call on our neighbor Crocker to assist him in getting out of the cars. In talking of his condition, he said: "I never felt that I was a sick man; but as I now look back I remember that I have not

felt right for a year." Dr. Calkins saw him frequently, and Dr. Bowles was called in consultation, and both agreed that he had anæmia, or deterioration of the blood, from faulty action of the organs of digestion and assimilation ; and that he needed careful treatment and mental and physical rest, and that it would take him a long time to recover.

In December he went to New York, to consult Dr. George Gray, a celebrated homœopathic physician. He said that there was no doubt but the liver was contracted ; but did not give an opinion of the cause of it. Mr. Harris was impressed with the belief that his sickness proceeded from inhaling sewer gas. He had talked with other gentlemen who were familiar with the symptoms of disease arising from that cause, and he came to this conclusion.

Dr. Gray gave him nitro-muriatic acid and pepsin. He sent him home for thirty days, and told him after the expiration of that time to come and see him. For a few weeks he felt much better, and went to his office once a day, for a short time. Went to the dentist's and had some double teeth made, which was very tiresome to him, and took a great deal of his strength. He rode out occasionally, and one day drove his own horse to Longmeadow, to see Rev. Mr. Harding.

1878.

Up to the 13th of February he saw the men connected with the railroad, and continued to attend to some of his business. February 10th he went to New York to see Dr. Gray. He stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and showed great fatigue when he arrived there. From New York we went to his brother

William's, in Brooklyn. Called in Dr. Corbley and Dr. McClellan. Dr. Corbley was his regular physician, in Brooklyn. Dr. McClellan made only an examination. He said Mr. Harris's case was one of anæmia, and could not be cured, and that he would not probably live three weeks; that an effusion of water would take place, on the brain, and cause his decease. "If you have any business to do with him," he said, "attend to it immediately, as he will not long be capable of attending to it." I would not consent to Mr. Harris's being informed of his condition, as I felt that it would be better to encourage him, as he might have a better chance of getting well. The next day gave him physic, which changed his condition for the time, and he was decidedly better.

April 2.—Dr. Corbley came this morning, and applied electricity, as usual. His hands and feet are still bloated. He is a good deal bloated about the eyes.

April 3.—The bloat has gone down, and he appears better in every way. We take courage again. He has taken some mutton broth, farina, one egg and a cup of tea. Evening—Daniel is feeling very uncomfortable. He has had a sponge bath, rubbing, and some medicine, to relieve him from a pain in the right side. I notice that there is some bloat in and about the lungs. Deacon Merriam and A. D. Briggs, of Springfield, called to see him. He was very glad to see them. He talked cheerfully, and looked very bright. Azariah came for some checks. He drew one for the South Church and one for Azariah. He seemed to use the pen as well as he ever did. I asked the Doctor to-day what he thought of him now. He said: "Mrs. Harris, I must be honest with you. I don't think

Mr. Harris will ever get well." But I have made up my mind to look upon the bright side, and keep up his courage, notwithstanding what the doctors say, and make myself believe that I can judge of his symptoms as well as they; and as long as I can, I shall try to feel that he is getting better. I shall do the best I can to take care of him, and leave the result with our Heavenly Father.

From this time he began to get better. We rode out in Prospect Park; took the rapid transit and went frequently to East New York.

May 14.—Left Brooklyn, to-day, for home, after an absence of fourteen weeks.

June 1.—On his return from Brooklyn he remained at home only three days, and continued the same treatment he pursued in Brooklyn. His food was beef, lamb, chicken, farina, eggs, light corn-bread. For drink, a glass of milk, with lime water. He took a glass of milk between regular meals for four weeks. For the month of May he cut off the use of milk at night. Staid at home until the 29th of May, then went to Hartford. On the Monday before leaving, Mr. Harris went to the Bank and attended a Directors' meeting. He remained four hours, and when he came home he was greatly exhausted; but he insisted upon going to Hartford, that he might have a place where he could get rest. When we arrived there, Corinne had prepared a bed-room for him down stairs, in the library, which looked as cheerful and comfortable as the room he left. He said: "Now this looks cozy. Here I shall be quiet, rest my mind and gain my strength." And day after day, as he sat out on the lawn, enjoying a little chat with the friends who called

or chanced to pass — Governor Jewell, Pliny Jewell, Rev. Dr. Keepe, Roland Mather, Mr. Day and others — he enjoyed himself so much that we all took hope that he was better. In a week he was really better, and was able to ride out with his daughter.

June 5.— Brother William Otis came to see him, and he enjoyed his visit exceedingly.

June 7.— Dr. Buckingham came, this afternoon, to see him. He talked a good deal, and was real glad of his visit.

June 10.—It has rained, and Daniel has been obliged to stay in the house. His feet and hands are bloated. He is troubled with short breath, and feels badly all the time.

June 16.— This is a beautiful day. Daniel is out doors, to-day, and feels better.

June 17.— This is a cold day, and we have had a fire. Daniel is gloomy, and thinks there is nothing beautiful or lovely in this world. Have been reading him a book, the title of which is "Windsor Castle." It has interested me very much; but he took no interest in it. Also read him "Pendennis" and "Samantha at the Centennial." The latter is very laughable, and I could now and then draw a smile.

June 18.— Rev. Mr. Keepe came to see us, and told us of a wonderful liver cure in the case of Judge C———, of Hartford. He said he would ask the Judge to come and see Mr. Harris. The Judge came, and this is substantially his story: "In 1876 I had been working very hard; became nervous and weak. My skin turned a dark yellow brown, and finally dried to my bones. What I ate did me no good. I was sent to the White Mountains, Saratoga Springs, and the sea-side. I grew worse

all the time. Felt cold and shook in the sun, with the thermometer at eighty. Went home and doctored until 1877, without the least benefit. The doctors said my liver was contracted to half its usual size. The glands were closed. In fact, I was a living skeleton — frightful to my most intimate friends. I was gloomy at times, but made up my mind that I would get well. It was suggested that I call Dr. Avery, of Hartford. He came to see me. I said to him: 'Well, Doctor, what can you do for me? I am tired of drugs.' The Doctor replied: 'I am not going to give you any; but I am going to soak you in sweet oil. That is what I am going to do with you. I want some one to rub you in sweet oil, morning and evening, and you must sit in the sun all you can.' I began, and on the fourth day had the first natural movement of my bowels for five months. Since that day my habit, in that respect, has been regular. I kept up the oil rubbing for four months. I have increased in weight from 80 pounds to 132. I had little pain up to this treatment, and my suffering commenced when I began to recover. I am now better than I have been in ten years."

Dr. Curtis, my daughter's family physician, was called to see Mr. Harris. He gave no encouragement from the first. He advised his taking milk punch, dandelion tea, iron, etc. Mrs. Keepe kindly sent him prepared food, made of cereals. Dr. Curtis said he might take for food, beef tea, soup, crackers, milk, eggs and cracked wheat. Also to be sure to give him some sling, or milk punch, between meals, to bring up his spirits. I did not believe artificial spirits agreed with him. It seemed to make him nervous, and went to his head.

June 19.— The Doctor has commenced on a new remedy. He gave him one teaspoonful of chloric ether in a wineglass of water.

June 22.— Mr. Harris seems much better to-day.

June 23.— I have commenced the oil bath. Went to church and heard the Bishop of New Hampshire preach, from Matthew xxi., 22: "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Came home and found him sitting out in the sun. His head was covered with perspiration. Now I am very much encouraged, and feel truly that my prayer has been answered.

June 24.— Mr. Harris has eaten a boiled egg for breakfast, and drank a glass of milk punch after it. He also ate a little orange, which caused him to be sick again.

June 26.— Mr. Mulligan visited him to-day. He was glad to see him. Has appeared very well through the day.

June 28.— He rode over to the farm with Ned. In the afternoon went out of doors and read a book by himself. This week he has been rubbed twice a day, in sweet oil and alcohol.

July 1.— The weather has been very warm. Dr. Curtis has been in, and advised us to go to Watch Hill. The thermometer stands at eighty-five and ninety in the shade.

July 5.— Started for Watch Hill at two o'clock, on the Providence and Fishkill Railroad. Two of our daughters, Jennie and Cornelia, and Edward Brewer, are with us. At New London had to change to the boat, and then at Stonington changed to a baggage-wagon, and rode to the boat which runs across the Bay to Watch Hill. Then there was another change to the baggage-wagon, in which we rode to the Ocean

House. By this time, Mr. Harris was pretty well tired out. At the Ocean House we could get but one room, and that up one flight. It was only about ten by fourteen feet. Two trunks, bed, wash-stand, bureau, two chairs and one rocking-chair, fill it up pretty full. The weather is raw, cold and damp. The house is not in readiness for guests. The landlord has gone to New York for servants. We are altogether too early. Everything looks gloomy and uncomfortable. Don't know but we shall have to go home.

July 8.— The new cook and waiters have arrived. The house has been put in order. The weather is warmer, and the world looks bright again. Still, Mr. Harris can find nothing to eat but milk, which he lives on entirely.

July 12.— Went to the Watch Hill House. Roland Mather, of Hartford, called on us, and offered to give up his large room on the first floor. Found everything much more comfortable and pleasant. Mr. Hale, the landlord, is doing everything in his power to make Mr. Harris comfortable, even to preparing beef tea and other dishes, with his own hands, for him. Dr. Blake, of Elmira, N. Y., was called in to see Mr. Harris. He said he did not think medicine would do him any good; but would continue the application of the galvanic battery, which the other doctors had recommended. I sent to New York and got a rolling chair for him. Found it of no use off the piazza, and sent it back. Got a fluid lamp, and made granum gruel, farina and clam broth for him, in our room. Mrs. Keepe recommended Apollinaris water, which allayed the nausea; and he kept his food down, after this. He was bathed every day in salt water, brought up from the ocean. He was cold

and bloated, and there was no circulation. His feet were cold, and the only way I could get them warm was to rub them with my hands. He had drank Congress and Apollinaris water. Dr. Doremas, of New York, has examined the urine sent to him, and says it does not contain any abnormal ingredients, which shows that there is no kidney trouble.

July 24.— Mr. Harris walked on the piazza, early in the morning, and I think took cold.

July 28.— For medicine he is taking chloric ether, and for food, milk. Does not rest in bed ; cannot sleep.

August 1.—We left Watch Hill at noon, on the Edith Peck, for Stonington. Mr. Harris was too weak to walk. He had to be put in a chair and carried to the cars. Rode twelve miles on the railroad, to New London, where we had to make another change, to the train for Palmer. The conductors were kind enough to take him in their arms, and carry him to the cars. At Palmer we had to make another change, and I was exceedingly grateful to Conductors Saunders and Clark, who so tenderly bore him in their arms, from one station to the other. When we reached Springfield found our carriage waiting, and arrived home comparatively easy. A bright fire, warm supper, and a comfortable-looking room, brought back cheerfulness to him, and made him seem very happy, although physically he was worn out.

August 3.— While at Watch Hill met Dr. Grant. He said: "Mr. Harris, take courage. I was worse off with the liver trouble than you are. I gave up my practice and started for Carlsbad Springs. The doctors here had told me my case was incurable — that I would die before I got there. When I went

on the steamer I was told my body would be thrown into the ocean; but I went on. I found a doctor at Carlsbad who was willing to undertake to cure me. I began by drinking one quart of the Schlossbrunnen and Spsudel springs water. Of the first, I drank, with a walk each time, four times before breakfast, about a quart. For breakfast I had one roll, one soft boiled egg, and one cup of coffee, with boiled milk, and without sugar in it. For dinner, soup, beef or lamb, chicken and cooked fruit. For supper, one roll, one cup of coffee, and the same of milk. Used no butter or fat, and no pastry. Drank milk and water between meals, when desired." So we commenced the Carlsbad treatment for Mr. Harris, to-day. Sent to New York for the water. Have it heated to seventy-six degrees. Heated one bottle of the water. Wrung out a sheet and put it around his body, and then covered it with a flannel sheet. He took a good sweat, and was rubbed off with hot towels.

August 4.—He rested very well, last night. At eight to-night, Dr. Calkins came, and we gave Mr. Harris a sheet pack. It made him feel badly, and he would not bear it. I took off the pack and blanket, and gave him some chloric ether. He was soon better. Sat up one hour, wrapped in blankets. At ten o'clock he went to bed for a short time. Got up and sat in the chair until twelve. He went back to bed and slept some, but was very restless until five, when he got up and sat in his chair until seven. Went back to bed and remained there until eight. Got up, then, and was dressed. Gave him a glass of wormwood and the Schlossbrunnen water until nine. Then he had breakfast of one soft boiled egg, bread, butter and one cup of coffee. He sat out of doors until eleven; then he

came in and slept awhile, after which he took a half bowl of milk porridge. Every one who calls on him tells of some new doctor, some new spring water, or some new country to go to. This from our kind friends, who wish to do something to relieve Mr. Harris; but we cannot do all that is recommended.

August 17.— He seems extremely weak, to-day. Has slept much of the time; has been very quiet, and has not talked. Said he could not find the right words to express himself, and would not say anything.

August 20.— Mr. Harris has had a pretty sick week, and I am thankful that he is better. He has been out to ride, and seemed to enjoy the fresh air. He took for his dinner a plate of beef soup, a bit of broiled chicken, one peach, and a dish of rice. Then he went to his room and laid down, where I found him asleep. He slept until half-past nine in the evening. Then I helped him dress, and he went into the library, where he sat for awhile before retiring for the night.

August 30.— Mr. Harris seemed very bright, this morning. He took for breakfast one egg on toast and a glass of milk. Then he went out and was rolled about in his easy chair until eleven o'clock, when his carriage came up. Then we rode for an hour, when I persuaded him to come home and have his dinner. He wanted some stewed oysters, more than anything else. After they had been prepared, besides other tempting dishes, he said he did not want them. He wanted some gruel and some ice cream. I asked the Doctor if I could give him the latter. "Yes," he said, "with a cup of hot tea after it."

August 31.—Mr. Harris retired, last night, at eight o'clock. The Doctor examined him, and found his lungs filled with water, right side swollen, and breath short. He groans, and

cannot lie down. We had to place him back in his easy chair. He did not sleep any through the night.

September 1.— He drank the last bottle of spring water this morning. He is very much bloated. His mind is wandering all the time, and he does not remember from one night to the next. The weather is bad — cold and rainy. From my observation I find that when we give him any spirit — rum punch — which many have recommended, he is not as well as he is without it.

October 1.— Through the month of September he was, on the whole, on the gain. His Brother Joel and wife and Brother Boody and wife have visited us. He said it was a medicine that acted like a tonic to see Brother Boody, and talk over old times. Our son Az used to lie at night on the sofa, and in the morning Mr. Harris would say: "Az and I have been camping out all night." Although it was quite warm, he used to keep up a bright fire on the hearth, all night, and he said it was to keep the wolves off.

October 3.— My heart is light, to-day. Dr. Calkins has been in, and speaks encouragingly. This is good; and I ask my God, "What shall I render unto Thee for this manifestation of Thy goodness to us? We will sing praises unto his name for His goodness"; yet meekly saying, "O Lord, Thy will be done." I have not seen Mr. Harris so cheerful for months, as he has been since Brother and Sister Boody have been here. He talks, jokes, and laughs, and says he is getting well. Nothing does him so much good as to have his friends come and see him. On the last of September he ate some watermelon, which gave him another fit of indigestion, and a

diarrhœa set in. This prostrated him for several weeks. On the 29th of August Dr. Calkins began to give another medicine, which he calls pilocarpine, made from the jabarandi, from South America. He says it cost forty cents a grain, or $190 a pound. It strikes me as a queer medicine, but it seemed to have a good effect. It opens the pores and keeps him in perspiration. It makes him breathe more freely, so I can see it has the desired effect. On the 1st of September we called Dr. Ordronaux, of New York. He came and staid with us four days. He examined him thoroughly, and said he did not think his trouble was from the liver entirely. At the time he visited us, Mr. Harris was living on gruel, beef tea and milk. For drinks he had Apollinaris and Vichy waters. For medicines, pilocarpine,— pills of bark and iron — electricity and galvanic battery, etc. Dr. Ordronaux said: "Mr. Harris, you must chew your food. You have been living on very good things, but no adult can live upon fluids. Man must chew his food, in order to cause a flow of the saliva, which aids in digestion." He and Dr. Calkins made a general dietary. First, on waking, before rising, in the morning, take two tablespoonfuls of hot coffee, in half a teacupful of boiled milk. One hour after, one soft boiled egg, on light stale bread, toasted, or a few oysters; or a little beef steak or mutton chop — not more than two ounces of either. Six ounces of bread, or farina, or potato, or sago, or rice. After these, one cup or four ounces of coffee, prepared as above. For supper, eight ounces of bread, or food of some kind; two ounces of warm milk to drink. One tumbler of milk may be drank between meals. Take pepsin after eating, and use lime water in the milk.

For medicine, they gave a stimulating pill before eating, and five drops of muriatic acid after meals ; then pepsin and some of the English prepared dandelion. He also had a bark tonic prepared for him. He tried these remedies for one month, and evidently was very much benefited by them. He was able to walk to the gate, and get into his carriage and ride for an hour, which he greatly enjoyed. He had a good man to help take care of him. He was thoroughly bathed, night and morning, and well rubbed. His digestion was good, he slept well, and enjoyed his food. This was the first time he attempted to eat any meat since he was sick. He made great effort to follow the doctors' orders, and tried to think he relished what was provided for him. He has not asked for anything between meals since he commenced this course. He sees a good many people, and talks business. Mr. Chapin, Mr. Mulligan, and our son confer with him relative to his railroad business. He reads the newspapers, and takes interest in whatever is going on. Mr. Wood is in town, painting portraits of several of our citizens. Many of our friends have urged Mr. Harris to go down to the Massasoit House and see the portraits he had painted of Mr. Samuel Bowles and Mr. Marvin Chapin. Mr. Harris consented to go, and was taken up to Mr. Wood's room in a chair, by two of the porters. After looking at Mr. Marvin Chapin's life-like picture, he said: "Mr. Wood, you may paint a portrait of myself like that, for my family."

October 28.— Mr. Harris has been getting well for the last six weeks. He has called his men from the railroad office, laid out work for the future, has been buying a railroad, eats well, relishes his food, has dropped all medicines, rides every day

some ten or twelve miles, sleeps well at night, but none in the daytime. God be praised! I am so grateful and thankful that he is now doing so well, I hardly know how to express myself. After this some kind friends sent in some steamed brown bread and some fruit, which tempted his appetite. He said he must eat some. I begged him not to, and said: "I know it is not good for you." He replied: "I think it will not hurt me now, I am so much better. I will try some of it." He did, and it made him sick for a week. We have had an anxious week, but he is again recovering. While he was suffering with headache, our good friend, the Deacon, called, and asked him: "Why do you not take some of the stuff I take when I have the headache?" I said: "What is it?" "Oh, I do not know," said the Deacon. "Dr. Smith gave it to me. I don't know what it is. It is horrid smelling stuff. My daughter knows." After the Deacon had gone, Daniel said: "Get some of that stuff of the Deacon's and put on my head." "Well," I said, "what stuff?" "Why, the Deacon's medicine, which he says is *undiscovered and unknown;* but he says it cured him. I want some of it." I brought him some ammonia and bathed his head. I asked him if this was not it. "I guess so; it smells bad enough."

1879.

January 1.— From the middle of October to the present time he has been getting well. He has been busy, attending to his railroad affairs, looking over his private papers, arranging his books, writing and dictating, and has kept Jennie or Lillie

at the desk, writing business letters for him, from morning until night. He has been making collections of railroad and Hoosac Tunnel reports, getting missing numbers, etc. He has been out in his carriage from one to two hours each day. Has felt very comfortable, with the exception of weakness in his lower limbs.

January 31.— I was ready to go over to the South Church to hear Prof. Mather's lecture on Schiller. Mr. Harris said to me: "I wish you would call and see Dr. Calkins, and tell him to come and see me in the morning. I am not feeling quite as well." The Doctor had not been attending upon him for the last two months, and he had not taken any medicine. The Doctor came the next morning, and gave him some medicine. He was very quiet during the rest of the week. He did not attend to any business, or talk much. Saturday I noticed that he commenced talking to himself. "Time is valuable," he said; "yes, time is valuable." Mr. Leonard came in. Mr. Harris said to him: "Will you not read that paper to me?" pointing to The Republican. "It seems to me it has grown stupid, the last week. Why do not the boys get something interesting into it? I used to think it was the ablest paper in the country. I felt that I could not get on through the day without reading it." Mr. Leonard said: "I will not read it to you. There is nothing in it worth reading. I would not bother my head with it, if I were you." Mr. Leonard, turning to me, said: "Do you think he realizes that he is a sick man? Of course he cannot find anything in the paper, as he is not able to sense it." "No," I said, "I do not think he realizes that he is sick." I am sure that I did not think he was wander-

ing in his mind, as it is the first time I have seen him in that condition since the watery effusion in August. Soon afterward he undressed and went to bed. I have heard him talking, saying: "Mother, give me that money I brought in." "What money?" I said. "Some money I have been trying to get into my pocket for the last three weeks." "I will get you some," I said. "No, I don't want any, and won't touch it." He went dozing off again; but at half-past three he was talking: "Oh, Jennie, I am worse. They gave me too much to eat, yesterday. Oh, it is hard work to drink. Mary, they are trying to get into the water through the middle section; but I think it would be great impropriety for me to go into the river with my shoes and stockings on. The Providence party is not very sure, nor the Boston party, either. I think George Dunlap will be missed out of his company. Maud, if I had two nice apples I would give them to you. Mary, do you know where my specs are? I want to use them for the welfare of the community. I have been waiting four hours for stones to build the wall." He had been unusually active before this attack. He had been to Greenfield to meet the state authorities, concerning the location of the depot, making plans, etc., and had also attended a meeting of the Fire and Marine Insurance Company, and one of the Connecticut River Railroad Company.

To-day he undressed and went to bed. Previously I found him leaning upon a chair in the bed-room. I asked him if he was suffering. He made no reply, and I had him undressed and put to bed. After that he said: "I have always tried to do the best I could." These were the last words he spoke

before going into a stupor, which the Doctor pronounced paralysis, from effusion of water at the base of the brain. He groaned fearfully, for two days. After that he sank into a lethargic sleep. He lay with his eyes paralyzed and his jaw falling. We did not expect him to live, and were looking forward, every moment, for him to cease to breathe. Friends came in by the hundreds, from far and near, to see him. No one expected to see him again, alive. On the fifth day, at midnight, Ned asked him: "What shall I give you to drink?" He answered, "Water." After taking a drink of water, he called him by name, and distinctly said: "You are Brewer." Ned was so astonished that he came rushing up to my room and said: "Mother, do come down quickly. Father Harris has spoken." The Doctor came and gave him electricity, and afterward beef tea injections. From this time he began to mend. He groaned a good deal, was very weak, and at times could not raise his hands. Once he said: "I am discouraged." Again, "O Lord, bless me! O, Lord, bless me and restore me to health. I wish I was free from wrong and excitement." Brother Joel came and staid with him three weeks. He sat by his bed from twelve to fourteen hours a day, never leaving him except for meals. It takes two or three of us to take care of him. Two of us are with him constantly. His greatest trouble and pain is now from inflammation of the bladder.

Sunday Night, February 10.—He said: "I have been over to see what darkness they brought to pass in the next street." "There are four causes of excitement." "There will be four

white fishes dressed to-morrow, and I guess Anna will have them cooked right; she generally does." Some days he seems to be comfortable; other days he is uneasy, restless, and entirely another man. One day his head is rolling, his tongue is out — nothing tastes good, and can't get him to swallow a half-pint of food in a day.

March 11.— He wanted to get up and be dressed. I had no idea that he was able to sit up alone, and told him so. He requested Baby (Cornelia) to bring him his clothes. He got out of bed and, with her help, put them on. This showed his power of resolution. "Now," he said, "I want to go down stairs." I took the arm-chair and prepared it for him by the fire. He said: "No, I want to go down stairs." He took my arm and walked into the library. He staid in the library until eight o'clock. When asked if he wanted to go to bed, he said: "No, I have seen enough of that bed, and don't want anything more to do with it." His watchers have been our children, with Ned, Henry, and George Noyes and Will Newell. We feel that he has had the very best of care, day and night. Medicines have been carefully given and closely watched by Dr. Calkins, who has been untiring in his attendance and devotion. His food for the last three weeks has been milk, entirely — giving him five pints a day, dividing it into half-pints. He is still under the delusion that he is away from home. He begs of me, in the most pitiful manner, to pack up and go home. He says he wants to get out of this place. He talks about the old factory, the stone mill, the old church and school-house, and the associates of his early days. The Doctor is trying

buchu, marsh-mallow, slippery-elm and dandelion. Yesterday he brought some capsules to be taken, which were as large as small bird's-eggs.

All through the month of March he was getting better, living on milk, eggs and beef tea. Through April, May and June he was very well, and seemed to be steadily gaining. His mind was as clear as ever. His memory was more retentive than I had ever known it. He again dictated and wrote letters, attended to his railroad business, and saw friends up to the 29th of June. We had made our plans to go to Saratoga and try what the waters would do for him.

Sunday, June 29th, he was taken with a fit of belching, which lasted three hours. It would not yield to any treatment we could think of. We rode out on the following Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, an hour each day. Friday, July 4, was a very warm day, and he felt the heat very much. He was not dressed, and he felt badly all day. At night he had another fit of belching. The day had been so warm that he required some one to fan him, most of the time.

Saturday morning, July 5. — It was cooler this morning. There was a heavy thunder-shower in the night, which has cooled the air. Mr. Harris was up and dressed, and we took our usual drive. Dr. Flint, of New York, came, this afternoon, to see him. He said he was quite sure he could do nothing for him, as he did not understand his case, and could not look into it in so short a time. So he did nothing for him except to prescribe some tonics and a preparation of iron, and went home.

Sunday, July 6.— This morning he seemed much better. He got up and was dressed and sat by the fire all day. At five o'clock he had Dr. Calkins come in and eat dinner with him. He relished his dinner very much.

Monday, July 7.— He has kept in bed all day.

Tuesday, July 8.— He sat up part of the day.

Wednesday, July 9.— He was very restless, and in a good deal of pain.

Thursday, July 10.— He cannot keep anything on his stomach. He grows weak. At ten o'clock at night Dr. Calkins came in and said he would stay until midnight; and that I must lie down to get some sleep. I told him if he would call me at twelve, I would do so, as I had been up every night but one, most of the time, for three weeks. Jennie and Henry were sitting up, too, with Mr. Harris. At half-past three (Friday morning, July 11), Jennie called me: "Come quickly! Father has been sleeping over two hours, and I cannot arouse him." He had breathed gently up to this time. As soon as she called me, I went to Mr. Harris and found that his breath had entirely left him. Dr. Calkins came, and applied electricity once more, but without effect.

LAST LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

DURING Mrs. Harris's brief absence from home Mr. Harris wrote her the following letter concerning household affairs, which was the last she ever received from him :—

SPRINGFIELD, May 16, 1879, 11 o'clock a. m.

MY DEAR WIFE :—

I presume you have by this time concluded not to come home before the middle of next week, and would therefore be glad to hear from home. After you left on Monday, I felt that I could not carry on the house repairs any longer without the assistance of Mr. Fisk, and he has been at work since yesterday morning. I have had him repair the lattice-work under the piazzas of the kitchen part of the house, and this morning he got out some sticks for the rose bushes, and now he is hanging and trueing up the grindstone, mending the barn floor, etc., etc. John is doing very well with the horses. I have tried two or three

times to get some of the health food. Once or twice Anna got out some fair griddle cakes, but the thing is not yet quite a success. I have ordered fish chowder for to-day's dinner, also some canned corn. Joel and Mary are still with their daughter, having planned to go home on Saturday. Yesterday morning I sent over the horses for them to ride. They were to have the single horse to drive themselves this morning, but when John took it over at nine o'clock they sent him back, saying to him that they did not want it, for the reason that Mrs. Harris had been sick all night; they had found it necessary to call the doctor at midnight, and he was to come again this morning. This is all I know about the sickness. Shall call there when I go out. Azariah is away from home, having started for Keene yesterday morning and gone thence to Boston and Concord. He was yesterday elected a director of the Keene and Manchester (unfinished) Railroad. I have no change to report in my own condition. I lack a good appetite, and when that is found I shall soon be quite well.

Baby has planned a picnic on Mr. Goodrich's grounds for to-morrow. She is to have a party of eight. I am doing my best to get things "slicked up" before you return. The making of the garden is completed, and the lawn has been mowed. Miss Stowe has got up the walls of the rear addition to her house, and to-day the tin roof will be laid, thus keeping everything dry. Remember me kindly to Brother William, Azariah and Ambia, and all our Rochester friends.

Yours truly,

D. L. HARRIS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

TURNING backward the pages of history, for the last half century, there are found, in the records of earnest lives, a fair number in Springfield, who, by their works and examples, in the professions and out of them, have gained distinction and added something to the fame of the place in which they chose to dwell. Of that number, when opportunities are fully considered, when the quality of brain, for breadth and grasp, for clear, comprehensive, and vigorous work, is fully measured, none crowded nearer to the front than Daniel L. Harris, who, for the thirty-six years that Springfield was his home, was an incessant worker,—almost as ceaseless as is the flow of the majestic Connecticut, in its onward sweep towards the sea. He was a plain, blunt man, who loved his friends and the right. Modest and unassuming, and always full of courage. Unyielding as adamant, when he felt himself entrenched behind the eternal principle of justice. Year after

year he gathered strength, as the duties of life pressed upon him. He measured men, as they came before him, seemingly by intuition; and he believed he knew at a glance their worth and power. As he went between home and work, up and down the streets, he carried with him the air of confidence; and he impressed those who passed him as a busy and earnest man, who had an unsolved problem in his mind. No one accosted him rudely; and yet, he was approachable to all,—as much within the reach of the humblest citizen as the gentleman of fortune and leisure. He was intense in thought and action, and had an earnest desire for honest and substantial work, in every department of life. No one despised shams more than he; and no one had a keener scent of fraud. He was no hypocrite, and friend and foe alike shared condemnation at his hand, when he felt they deserved it. His standard of right, in public and private, was high; and he endeavored to maintain it, at all hazards. He was a clear writer and deep thinker, and in his profession he had few equals. His illustrations were plain in language and irresistible in logic. There was such a Saxon flavor to whatever he said, that there was no doubt as to his meaning,—it went straight to the mark he had aimed at. Like every earnest, positive nature, he might at times have misjudged; but in the course of time, as the heat of conflict cooled, as he came to see that he was mistaken, he was free to acknowledge that he had been wrong. His differences were always plain and positive, and he never lacked a reason for the faith that was in him. In business, he was careful and prudent, and a trust to him meant a sacred regard for the rights of others. His experience and observation had been so wide, that

his estimates were regarded as valuable by his business associates, and in whatever board of direction he was placed, he was looked to as a leader.

THE HARRIS ANCESTORS.

Mr. Harris came from that sturdy race of Puritans who had a faith and were ever ready to defend it. His long line of ancestry is marked by strength of character and vigor of action, and dates back to the days of Roger Williams, whom Massachusetts feared and banished. His progenitor, Thomas Harris, came from Bristol, England, with Roger Williams, in the ship Lion, commanded by Captain Pierce, which sailed from Bristol December 1, 1630, and landed in Boston February 5, 1631, after a tempestuous passage. A brother, William Harris, came with him, and they settled at Salem. When Massachusetts gave Roger Williams notice to take his departure from the state, Thomas and William went with Williams and his adherents to Rhode Island, in 1635, when they founded Providence. Thomas Harris was active in the colony, and his name first appears in the records, affixed to the constitution. He was assistant in the Council, under the first charter, 1654, and under the second, granted by Charles I., from 1666 to 1669. Thomas and William once owned a good deal of land, and, with others, had much trouble in getting bills and settlements. Thomas died in 1685, and was buried in the family burial grounds, about four miles out of Providence, in that part now called Johnston, where the head-stone of his son Thomas is

now found. The farm there now belongs to Susan, wife of Nathan Brown. His will was presented to probate July 30, 1686. There is no evidence that he had more than one son — Thomas — who survived his father. The line of descent from the Bristol emigrant is as follows:—

Thomas Harris, Jr., son of Thomas 1st, was born about 1641. He married Elnathan Tew, who died January 11, 1718, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. Thomas died February 27, 1710. His will was proved about the same date. He was a surveyor and Treasurer of Providence. He had ten children.

Richard, second son of Thomas, Jr., was born November 14, 1668. His will was proved February 15, 1750. He had eight children.

Jonathan Harris, third son of Richard, died September 24, 1785.

Abner Harris, first son of Jonathan, was born June 10, 1730. He married Amy Colwell.

William Harris, son of Abner, was the tenth child and fourth son. He was born April 11, 1768, at Smithfield, R. I., and married Barbara Allen, who was born at Providence, in 1769. They had twelve children. In 1820 they moved to Hiram, Ohio. He died March 16, 1852, aged 84 years. Mrs. Harris died in 1846, aged 77 years.

Allen Harris, oldest son of William, was born at Smithfield, R. I., May 16, 1790. Died at Worcester, Mass., February 3, 1864.

Daniel L. Harris, oldest son of Allen, was born at Providence, R. I., February 6, 1818. His birth-place was in a brick house on High street, which was afterward bought by Governor Knight. He died at Springfield, Mass., July 11, 1879.

Allen Harris, father of Daniel L., moved from Smithfield to Plainfield, Ct., in 1800, in company with his parents. He was well educated, and when very young taught a district school two winters; and not far from 1810 was a clerk in a store at Union Village, Ct. After that came a great prostration in business, which left them comparatively poor. Allen was married, May 7, 1816, at Plainfield, to Hart Lester, who was the daughter of Colonel Timothy Lester, of Shepard Hill, Plainfield, and was born at that place December 23, 1789. In 1817 he moved to Providence, R. I., and went into partnership with a Mr. Richmond, in the dry goods business. Not succeeding in that, he moved to Sterling, Ct., in 1820, and for several years was agent of the old stone mill, on a salary of $600. In 1824 he moved to Union Village, Plainfield. He afterward moved to Central Village, where he built a cotton factory, for making bed ticking. He also built a double house, part of which he rented. He kept a village variety store, in connection with his factory, to supply the factory hands. In his new business he invested all of his funds, so that for a few years he had to work hard and practice the closest economy, in order to make his business successful. His wife died August 24, 1826, and in 1827 he married Almira Vaughn, daughter of Russell Vaughn of Plainfield. He was connected with Arnold Fenner, in the factory at Central Village. In 1840, after the business of manufacturing was much depressed, owing to the condition of the times, he sold his interest to Mr. Fenner, to whom he gave two thousand dollars to be released from the debts of the factory and the obligations he had entered into, in connection with the business. In 1843 he moved to Worcester, and commenced business as a

commission merchant, and in which he continued to the time of his death, in 1864. His son, William H., was associated with him for many years. Here he was successful, and accumulated considerable property. He bought a large and substantial house, at the corner of Elm and Chestnut streets, where his widow still resides.

Allen's children were: By his first wife, Daniel Lester, born in Providence, February 6, 1818; William Henry, born in Sterling, Ct., March 7, 1820; Joel Benedict, (named for the pastor, Rev. Joel Benedict,) born in Plainfield, Ct., November 5, 1822. By his second wife, Mary Gladden, born in Plainfield, April 17, 1829; Emma Cadwell, born in Plainfield, August 13, 1836. Mary married Edward Marsh, now of the firm of Lazzell, Marsh and Gardner, 8 Gold street, New York, and died July 1, 1854, leaving one son, Edward Merrill, who is now living with his father in Brooklyn. Emma died March 12, 1845, of scarlet fever. Of the children of the first wife, William is living in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Joel in Rutland, Vt.

Allen Harris was a dignified, courteous gentleman; scrupulously neat in personal appearance, and exact in every business transaction. He had great pride of family, spent money freely for the education of his children, and for all of his relatives. He desired to have all of his relatives prosper — live in good houses, and rise to positions of trust and honor. He frequently helped them in business, and to buy themselves homes. He was fond of genealogical research, and the deeds of his ancestors, from Thomas Harris down, were in his possession; and he had them framed and kept as precious relics of the past. He delighted in hunting after family relics of every

description. His sister Sophia, who did not share her brother's antiquarian spirit, once remarked of him: "There is Allen; he is always bringing home some old furniture. As for me, I wouldn't give two cents for Adam's old bureau." When the rebellion broke out, he was very patriotic, and as none of the family had gone to war, he enlisted in the Worcester State Guard (at the age of seventy-one years), which did escort duty on various occasions. Late in January, 1864, he marched about five miles, into the country, with his company, to do honor to the remains of a soldier brought home for burial, and, taking cold, died four days afterward. After his death, his company made his son, Daniel, an honorary member. He was a member of the Old South Church, in Worcester, and at his death its oldest deacon. He taught a Bible class in its Sunday-school, for many years, and a member of it once remarked: "He was the best teacher I ever had,—he made everything so plain." When the Old South celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary, in 1863, he was one of the committee of arrangements, and chairman of the finance committee. As he was the oldest deacon, he was selected to "line off the hymn," as customary in the olden time, which he did with precision and zest. A gentleman who had attended the exercises, said the next day: "It was announced that the oldest deacon of the church would 'line off the hymn,' and I went to hear him; but was surprised to find that he was only the merest boy." This was related to Mr. Harris, who, on hearing it, drew himself up in his usually dignified manner, and exclaimed: "Did he! Did he!" His precision and self-possession were not easily lost.

Allen Harris's letters show that he was high sheriff, justice of the peace, and postmaster in Connecticut. From 1832 until 1841, he was engaged with others in manufacturing. He was always a very busy man, and one who was much looked up to for advice. He was full of good Christain work, and his many letters, which have been preserved, abound in good counsel and kind admonition. He made many loans and handsome gifts to friends, for one who had so many discouragements in business to contend against. But with all of his business cares and perplexities, he never neglected his sons, whom he wished to train to be useful men. He had great energy, and was a very close economist. He had faith that virtue would bring its reward, and he was not disappointed. He said: "I never will fail in business as long as I have my health." He was very kind to his sisters, always providing for them, when any of them were left widows with children; and he remembered them all in his will, as well as the established benevolent associations. He was a pure, upright man, so faithful to a promise that an old friend wrote of him: "I would as soon take Allen Harris's word, as a note well indorsed." He was so very conscientious that he thought every one must do what was right; and he died greatly beloved by all his relatives and friends. His son Daniel wrote of him, just after his death, the following letter:—

WORCESTER, MASS., February 3, 1864.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

The dear father whom I endeavored to honor and obey through all my life has just gone to his last rest. I remember his kind, tender care of me in my childhood, and his wise precepts, and his instructions, as I passed along from early youth to mature age. And it is a proud satisfaction to me now to feel

that, under his care and counsel, my conduct has always been such as to have seldom, if ever, brought him to grief. He has lived to a good old age. He has had the pleasure of seeing all of his children grow up to occupy respectable positions in life. He died peacefully in his own home. All of his children wept at his bedside, not so much because he was passing away—for we felt that he had lived more than the allotted age for man, three score and ten years,—but we wept in love and gratitude at the recollection of the kind care with which he had watched over us, and how faithfully he had labored to guard us against yielding to the temptations and sins of this world. Oh, may my last days be like his! oh, may the good Lord in his mercy grant that all of my children may have occasion to remember me with feelings of the same gratitude and entire satisfaction!—then my care for them will not have been in vain.

Your affectionate father,

D. L. HARRIS.

DANIEL'S BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

The parents of Daniel L. Harris moved from Plainfield, Ct., to Providence, in May, 1817, and his aunt, Mrs. Lucy Angel, wrote to his mother, just before they left Plainfield: "My husband has found a double house for us. The rent will be $175. The house is of brick, and stands on High street. It will be very pleasant for us to live so near each other." A letter from another aunt (his father's sister), states: "We had a bustling time, in packing up and moving to Providence, for sisters and nieces all came to help us off. Allen, his wife and myself, rode in the new carriage, all the way. It was a fine ride, and I enjoyed it much. I have never been so far from home before, and for a girl of fourteen to go to the great city of Providence to live and go to school, is a delightful prospect. When we arrived at Aunt Angel's, we found them all ready to receive us. And supper was ready, too. Oh, such a supper!

I shall never forget how good it tasted to us hungry travelers. The house is pleasant, and everything seems bright. Allen is going into the dry goods business with Mr. Richmond."

Daniel was born the next winter, February 6, 1818, and the aunt who went with her brother to Providence, wrote of the event to her Connecticut friends: "Allen and Hart have a little boy baby — born February 6th. We think he is beautiful. His head is large, and round as an apple. His Aunt Mary calls him 'Deacon Steady.' He is so sober, looks so wise, and his head is so large, some of the kind friends suggest he will not live; but if good nursing, plenty of singing and rocking, will make him live, he shall have all of that, for we are very fond of the darling boy. Our baby is very good, and seldom cries; but he keeps up a great deal of serious thinking. We think he will live, unless his Aunt Mary kisses him to death."

Two years after Daniel was born, in 1820, his father gave up business in Providence, and returned to Connecticut, and Daniel's boyhood and youth were spent in Sterling and Plainfield — mostly in the latter town. His mother died when he was eight and a half years old, leaving three sons — two younger than Daniel. As a boy he was active and faithful, and the hours usually given to boyish pleasures were by him spent in study and work. His father was never idle, and he early impressed upon his children the importance of being industrious and useful. Daniel was always fond of work; and his step-mother, in referring to his boyhood, recently said of him: "Daniel was always a good boy,— very respectful and obedient, and always made himself useful. He had a very manly way,

and took charge of his younger brothers like a man. You would be surprised to see how much that boy would do to help. He took it upon himself to bring in the kindlings, and would get up before all the rest of the family, to make the fire in the kitchen, for the old colored cook, so that he could have his breakfast in time to walk between three and four miles to school,—the Plainfield Academy."

His compositions as early as fourteen years of age, when he was in the Academy, showed that clearness of statement and terseness of expression which marked all he wrote in later years. His choice of subjects indicated his preference for the practical rather than the imaginative and fanciful. His declamation at the public exercises of August 27, 1834, was a speech delivered by Webster in the United States Senate.

He attended the district school before going to the Academy, beginning at four years of age. In his later years he liked to talk of his early school days, and dwelt with loving pleasure upon the incidents of that time. Among his papers was found, since his death, a memorandum of which the following is an extract: "I went to school at all times,—three miles, through snow and rain. When the weather was very bad father sent Black Jim, who took us to school with the old white horse. One day he drove so fast, through a snow-storm, that the sleigh was tipped over. I fell out on the whiffletree, and a deep gash was laid open over my eyebrow, which gave me the scar I carry to this day. This kept me at home for some time, and when I returned I felt badly that Sally Wescott had got so far ahead of me in arithmetic. I could not catch up with her, all that winter, although I studied hard, night and day. The red

school house had a big box stove, which had to be filled with wood, and we were kept well baked, while in doors. I took my turn in bringing in the wood, and often caught a hard cold from the change from roasting heat within to freezing cold without."

Mrs. Lyon, a cousin, writes as follows of his early days: "Daniel was a good boy, and always went to school. A boy's life between nine and seventeen years is usually uneventful; and as I remember him, during those years, his career was no exception to the general rule. We were playmates, when children, and companions as we grew up, and corresponded during his college life; though from the time we parted, he to go to Middletown, and I to Fall River, Mass., we seldom saw each other. I think of him as a brave, manly boy, dignified beyond his years, but perfectly unaffected and simple, and always a model for promptness and honesty. I am sure these beautiful traits of character were his to the last. He enjoyed a good time as well as any boy I ever saw, and our candy pulls, at the old wash-house, were occasions of great merriment. We could never wait for the molasses to boil enough, before we had our hands in it; and then our efforts to place a finger tip against the other's face, were very ludicrous, especially when we accomplished our object. It is these boyish tricks that I remember so well of him; but I can give no items that would show him to have been other than a generous-hearted, fun-loving, honest boy. He was no prodigy, and accomplished what he did by persistent labor."

After his long walk to and from school, he was always ready to help in the factory, about the store, or in the house, and his

mother has said of him, that "the wood-box was never empty when Daniel was about." He had no love of what seemed to him aimless pleasures, and he entered early and earnestly into the realities of life. In this way he spent his time at home until he entered college. His father addressed the following letter to President Fisk, of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, when his son was ready to take his college course:—

CENTRAL VILLAGE, Windham County, Ct., Sept. 15, 1835.

DEAR SIR:—

I have a son, about seventeen years of age, to whom I am desirous of giving a thorough English education, with a knowledge of the Latin, French, and perhaps Spanish, languages. I wish him to acquire such a knowledge of mathematics, and the various branches of natural philosophy, as will qualify him for an efficient, practical man.

I have been informed that the regulations of the Wesleyan University were such as admitted of students to what is sometimes termed a partial course.

Anxious to place my son at such an institution as would afford him the best facilities, and having a high respect for the Wesleyan, permit me to inquire, what are its regulations for receiving students? what the annual expenses for tuition, board, etc., and what preparation, on the part of the student, is necessary, for admission? If young men are admitted to such a course, please state to what extent they may go, and what the aids and facilities afforded them; and any other information which you may deem useful.

A reply to the foregoing, by an early mail, will much oblige

Your obedient servant,

ALLEN HARRIS.

To the above, Professor Smith made the following reply:—

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, Sept. 17, 1835.

DEAR SIR:—

In the absence of Dr. Fisk, it becomes my duty to reply to your communication of the 15th inst., just received. I shall herewith forward you a catalogue, which I think will furnish satisfactory information on most of the points. From that you will perceive what are the requisites for admission in the partial course, as also the amount of Latin required to pursue that

study. With regard to the course of study, and extent to which it may be pursued, the student, or his guardian, may select from the studies named in our catalogue, except that it will be expected of every student, before taking a new study, to have gone thoroughly over such other branches as are deemed preparatory to that new study. With regard to "aids and facilities," the catalogue will inform you of the number of Professors, library, apparatus, etc., to which I will add, Dr. Fisk is now absent on a tour to Europe, for the purpose of increasing library, apparatus, etc.

Respectfully yours,

AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

The preliminaries having been arranged, Daniel went to Middletown, and was so well prepared that he entered college in the Sophomore class. He was an earnest and hard-working student, during his college life, and applied himself closely to his studies. As it was his intention to follow, after graduating, the profession of civil engineer, he kept that in view during his entire college course, and was very thorough in all the studies bearing upon it. He felt that he had a good education in the lower branches when he entered college; but he was exceedingly mortified when a composition was returned to him with twenty corrections in spelling marked on it; and he resolved that it should not occur again. Under the advice of the President of the college, he made it a point to read a little every day, of standard English literature, with a view of keeping in mind the formation of words. This he followed, and in time became as correct in orthography as he was in other studies. In his letters to his father he wrote very fully of his college experience, and the progress that he made in his studies. He frequently expressed great regret because some of his cousins were not sent to college, or given better opportunities for acquiring an education. He was very careful in all his pecu-

niary transactions, and every expenditure was referred to his father for approval. He stated, in one of his letters, that his board was $1.50 a week, and that wood was the same per cord. Of the latter he proposed to buy a quantity, and prepare it for the stove, during the summer, for the exercise it would give him and the saving it would make. His expenses were always made as small as possible, and he never indulged in expensive clothing, for the sake of making a show. In one of his letters he wrote his father that he could get along without a new cap, and that his cloak was as good as the other boys wore, and he should not need another.

The study of mathematics and the natural sciences gave him great pleasure, and he frequently alluded to them, in his letters. Under date of November 19, 1836, he wrote his father: "In respect to my studies, I can say, we are trudging along in pretty much the old track. Mental philosophy and application of algebra to geometry are nearly completed; astronomy will be completed in about two weeks, and chemistry is pretty well advanced. I have found mental philosophy to be a very pleasing and useful science. Application of algebra to geometry is quite an entertaining and profitable branch of the mathematics. Astronomy is a most sublime study. I take much real pleasure in going out, on a beautiful evening, to contemplate, trace out and learn the names of those twinkling orbs which have so long rolled in silence over my head, unheeded and unnoticed, except by the most casual glances. While I was thus engaged, one fine evening of last week, in studying the heavens, Professor Smith came along and very politely invited me to go up into the *sanctum sanctorum* and take a view of the stars through the

telescope. I of course accepted the invitation, and was highly gratified in so doing. Subsequently he came to my room and gave me an invitation to go up and take a view of the moon. In looking at the 'beautiful queen of night,' I must confess I felt a degree of surprise and admiration which was truly irrepressible. The mountains are clearly distinguished by the shadows which they cast from the sun into the adjacent valleys. Probably Professor Smith will have the whole class out a great part of the night, before long, to give all an opportunity of seeing the stars and planets through the telescope. His health is at present very delicate, or he would have called us together one night this week. In the department of chemistry, Professor Johnston gives us lectures every other day. I find this science, also, as I have told you before, very interesting."

He spent considerable time in collecting mineralogical specimens, and frequently walked to Wethersfield to obtain examples in "bird tracks," found in the quarry at that place. Farmer Miller, who lived in the country, a few miles from the college, took a great interest in the students, and a Saturday afternoon dinner at his home was one of the pleasures which Daniel and the other students enjoyed. Altogether, his college experience gave him great satisfaction, and little came up to annoy or disturb him.

The death of a fellow student made a deep impression on his mind, and a few weeks later, after listening to a sermon by President Lindsey, of Marietta College, he wrote his father, under date of Sunday evening, October 30, 1836: "I scarcely know how to begin, or in what language to convey the tidings which I have to communicate. Will you believe it? I am

firmly resolved, by the grace of God, henceforth to lead a Christian life. I feel that I have earnestly sought, and I trust obtained, forgiveness for my past offenses, and it is my desire that I may continue to live, for the rest of my days, with an eye fixed on eternal things. I have, for a long time, occasionally felt that I had need of an interest in the atoning merits of the Redeemer. As I have advanced, step by step, in the course of intellectual improvement, and been lead by my pursuits and investigations to the contemplation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, as manifested in all his works, I have felt the constantly increasing obligations which are incumbent on me to worship and adore Him. But, like most people, while I have known my duty, I have, for some unaccountable reason, neglected to perform it. At length, upon the death of our beloved friend and fellow student, Hurd, I was led to more serious reflection upon my situation. I was more strongly than ever impressed with the importance of religion. A week ago this evening I mustered resolution enough to go into a prayer-meeting, and I there resolved that I would set out in the service of God. I begged an interest in the prayers of some of my fellow students, that they would intercede at the throne of grace, in my behalf. Suffice it to say, I firmly trust I have found pardon at the throne of grace, and am firmly resolved henceforth to walk according to the precepts of the Bible, so far as the frailty and inconsistency of my nature will permit."

He had great regard for President Fisk and the Professors, while in college, and all through life he cherished an affectionate interest in his *alma mater*.

FROM COLLEGE TO WORK.

When about to leave College, Professor Smith and President Fisk addressed the following recommendations of Mr. Harris to Hon. Andrew T. Judson :—

HON. A. T. JUDSON, *Sir:*—

I am requested by Mr. Daniel L. Harris to address to you an expression of my opinion respecting his character, attainments, etc. He has been connected with the Wesleyan University about two years, and during that time has sustained a good moral character, has been a close applicant and successful student in all the branches to which he has attended; is a young gentleman of regular and industrious habits, and has exhibited a decided taste and talent for those branches of science which are connected with and subsidiary to civil engineering.

He has frequently aided me in practical leveling and surveying, and in all cases I have found that the fullest confidence might be placed in the execution of the part assigned him. He appears to be a close and accurate observer, and exhibits good judgment on those subjects which are more especially matters of opinion.

His course of study more recently has been such as to prepare him to take a high stand in the mathematical part of theoretical engineering, and I have no doubt that, with suitable encouragement and opportunity, he will eventually rank among the first engineers of our country. I can, therefore, recommend him cheerfully, and in the full belief that he will meet every expectation which may reasonably be formed of one of his age and attainments.

Very respectfully yours,
A. W. SMITH,
Prof. Math., Nat. Phil. and Ast. in Wesleyan University.

I give my decided approbation of the above testimony of Professor Smith, in favor of Mr. Harris. I think him a young man highly deserving of patronage, and am fully satisfied he would successfully fulfill any reasonable duty that might be assigned to him, and faithfully respond to any confidence that might be reposed in him.

I am, sir, yours with respect,
W. FISK,
President Wesleyan University.

President Fisk also wrote the following recommendation :—

The bearer, Mr. Daniel L. Harris, has graduated in the English and scientific course of the Wesleyan University, and has also studied the French and Spanish languages, and attended some to the Latin. Mr. Harris is a good scholar, and a young gentleman of industry, morality and enterprise. He has specially given his attention to those branches which would qualify him for the profession of civil engineering. He is cordially recommended to public patronage.

W. Fisk,
President Wesleyan University.

Wesleyan University, March 6, 1838.

He graduated August 23, 1837, delivering an oration on the Progress of Experimental Science. He did not leave Middletown at the time, but remained at the college and continued the study of engineering until the next March. His journal, kept at that time, contains these entries :—

"March 5, 1838.—To-day I have been engaged, from sunrise to sunset, in heaping together my visible estate, and packing it into the narrow precincts of traveling trunks. The time of my departure draweth near."

"*Chatham*, Tuesday night, 6th.— Here I am, fairly separated from college friends, and ready to set out in the morning, bright and early, for Plainfield. It was with a good deal of reluctance that I took leave of my acquaintances, one after another, as I left there, this evening."

"*Windham*, March 7th.— Have had tremendous traveling, all day. We left Chatham this morning about four, and arrived here, after a tedious ride of twelve hours, in a snow storm."

"*Central Village*, March 8.—Was met, this morning, at Windham, by Brother Joel, and arrived here this afternoon. There is a pleasure in meeting with friends which is nowhere else to be enjoyed."

The succeeding weeks of March were spent, while waiting for employment in his profession, in visiting his relatives and friends, whom he had not seen for some time. How he succeeded, his journal shows:—

"March 24.— This morning we had a call from Mr. Laurie, the engineer of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad. He holds out some slight encouragement that he shall be able to employ me, by and by, which is the first cheering word I have met with, notwithstanding diligent and unremitting efforts have been made to find business, for nearly six months."

"April 5.— Had a very unexpected call, this morning, from Mr. Laurie, the engineer. I am requested to be on the ground Monday morning."

"*Killingly*, April 9.— My railroad career commenced this day, on the line between Killingly and the state boundary. Mr. Adams and myself walked to the north end of our line."

"April 10.— I find numerous temptations held out to me, every day — especially invitations to smoke and drink; but with God's grace it is my intention to stand entirely aloof from all practices of the kind. In order to live a life of prosperity and happiness in this world, I am well satisfied of the necessity of strict temperance and sobriety. Perhaps in adopting this course I may not at first be so popular among my associates, but time will disclose a favorable issue, in the long run."

His connection with the Norwich and Worcester Railroad continued until September 18th. He had acted as rod-man for the five months he had been connected with the survey, and as Mr. Laurie held out no inducement for promotion, he had determined to leave, in a few weeks, for the West, in search of

an engagement better suited to his taste. His father, meantime, had solicited a position for him in the survey of the New York and Erie Railroad, in Steuben County, N. Y., and in response to the following letter he started immediately for home :—

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1838.

MR. DANIEL HARRIS, *Sir* :—

Seeing your name among the list of applicants for situations on the New York and Erie Railroad, induces me to address you on that subject.

I am organizing parties of engineers to operate on that Road in Steuben County, and can give you a situation as surveyor or leveler, at a compensation of $2 per day.

If the above is worthy of your consideration, you will meet me at Lovejoy's Hotel, Park Place, in this city, without delay, that we may make preparations for immediate action.

It is expected of the young gentlemen to furnish themselves with instruments.

Write by return mail, if you do not conclude to come.

Very respectfully yours,
EDWARD J. FARNUM,
Engineer, Steuben County.

He left Plainfield for Western New York Monday morning, September 21st, first going to Norwich, where he took the boat for New York. He was accompanied by his father, and on Thursday they separated on the Albany boat — he to proceed on his journey, and his father to return home. The incidents of the journey to Steuben County and some of the experiences after his arrival, were described in letters to his father, extracts from which follow :—

" I like Mr. Farnum's appearance very much — he is a perfect gentleman in every respect. The engineers generally are a very fine appearing company of young men. I have not yet observed the slightest indication of intemperance among them.

I am truly surprised to find how far superior they are to what I have been accustomed to see.

"In passing up the North River nothing remarkable or particularly deserving of notice occurred. The scenery along its banks is very nearly what I had supposed it to be, from the descriptions of others. In many places it is exquisitely beautiful, and even grand; but I saw nothing which can be properly termed sublime. Throughout the day the weather continued damp and unpleasant, so that I could take but little pleasure in remaining upon deck to observe the features of the country as we passed through it; besides, a dense fog enveloped the shores, and at times entirely obstructed the view. Our boat was the oldest and slowest on the river, having been built some fifteen years ago. We reached Albany about eight o'clock, after a slow and wearisome passage. As Mr. Bostwick and Judge Whiting did not propose to leave the city before the afternoon cars of the next day, I had ample opportunity for looking about and visiting some of the few interesting objects which are here presented. I procured admission to the State House, and visited not only the Senate and Representative chambers, but also the rooms of the several departments of government. But the most interesting objects that I saw were the collections of minerals made by the State Geologists during the last two years. These have not yet been arranged so as to appear to the best advantage. Some scores of boxes were lying on the floor unpacked, having, as I suppose, been sent in during the present season. Of the four collections, Professor Mather's makes by far the best appearance, both in respect to the individual beauty of specimens, and general

arrangement. We left Albany by the 'smoke wagons' at two o'clock, and reached Utica about half-past eight the same evening. The journey, thus far, had been very pleasant; but now was to commence the 'tug of war.' Feeling anxious to arrive in Syracuse in season for the morning cars to Auburn, a company of eight of us chartered a stage to drive us through the same night, in preference to taking the packet boat, which would have landed us at the same place in time for the afternoon train. We, of course, had to ride all night. The road was quite muddy, and in many places uneven. We arrived, however, without the slightest accident, though Judge Whiting and some of the other passengers frequently trembled lest at the next instant our frail bark should be lying on her beam ends. After a fatiguing journey of twelve hours, in which we were constantly urging the driver to put on more steam, and *greasing* him with a shilling, every now and then, to make him go faster, we at length found ourselves in Syracuse, on Saturday morning, just in season to be tardy — the cars having that moment left. Nothing daunted, however, we immediately procured an extra car (horse power), at a slight advance on the regular fare. The day was delightfully fine, and as we did not advance very rapidly I had a fine opportunity of noticing the beautiful features of the country through which the road passes. It was here that I began to be struck with the wide contrast between the fertility of the interior of New York and the comparative barrenness of our New England soil. Such lands — so beautiful, so productive, I had not before seen. And then the external appearance of the farm-houses was such as gave abundant indications of contentment and plenty. Arriving at

Auburn about noon, we delayed only for dinner, proceeding thence by extra stage directly to Geneva, a small and beautiful town situated at the head of Seneca Lake. The country along this route was not less attractive in its features than that through which we had passed in the forenoon. As we entered Geneva, the sun was just setting. Having taken no rest the preceding night, I was rejoiced to find there was no method of proceeding further that evening. Accordingly, as soon as supper was over, I gave myself up to sleep, nor did mine eyelids cease from heaviness until twelve full hours had rolled by. The next morning I got up full of freshness and vigor. I now began to consider what was to be the order of the day. Should I proceed immediately up the Lake or wait at the public house, among strangers, till the next day? Although I highly disapprove of traveling on the Sabbath, yet, after due consideration of all the reasons, *pro* and *con*, connected with my case, I resolved to proceed. The steamboat left at eight o'clock. Our ride up the Lake was decidedly the most delightful I have ever enjoyed. The scenery along its shores is, I had almost said, without parallel. Not that it presents anything of a bold and startling character, but the land has such an even or slightly undulating surface, and such a gentle slope towards the water; there are so many fine farms, such romantic situations, such charming country residences,—in short, such a profusion of all that is pleasing and ornamental, that I was irresistibly carried away with admiration. All this congregation of beauty viewed, too, through the impressive stillness of a sunshiny Sabbath morning, when the mind naturally inclines to break loose from the cares of the world, and seems more than ever

susceptible of delicate impressions, my emotions were such as at this brief interval of time, even fancy finds it difficult to portray.

"We reached Jefferson, at the head of the Lake, about noon. After dinner Mr. Bostwick and myself procured a private conveyance to Corning (near Painted Post), the town where he resides, and where it was most probable I should meet Mr. Farnum. The country through which this route passes is literally and emphatically new. The road is in many places barely wide enough for a single carriage, being closely hemmed in by forests. On one occasion we were obliged to dismount and remove a tree that had fallen across the path. The inhabitants along the road live in log houses, and, like all other new settlers, are chiefly engaged in clearing. In many places I saw large piles of logs (such as in Connecticut would be deemed valuable timber), heaped up to be burned, on the lands where they grew. We reached Corning about dark. I found Mr. Farnum and his party at the public house, and immediately reported myself to him. As operations had been commenced, I was sent into the field early next morning, to assist in taking some notes for a map. After being employed for several days in this manner, I was desired to take the level and follow one of the parties on an exploring line up the Canisteo River. I expect to be engaged in leveling for the present, until the parties come to be finally organized, when I shall take the compass. Only two parties have yet taken the field. It is the intention to start two more, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be effected. I hope this may be in a week or ten days. The company with which I am now connected has advanced as far

as Addison, eleven miles from Corning, the starting-point. We are all very busy, starting in the morning by seven, and working till sunset. In the evening we are necessarily engaged with office work till nine o'clock or later, so that we have not a single minute of time to ourselves. In fact, the only opportunity I can possibly get to write is on the Sabbath. By the way, I commenced this letter last Sabbath evening, but, as politeness to my friends in the same room with me rendered it necessary for me to lay it aside, I was compelled to defer finishing it till to-day.

"I attended church, this morning, in a small school-house in this village. The people generally, throughout this part of the country, are by no means a religious people. In fact, the Sabbath is but little regarded. To be sure, the customary avocations of other days are usually suspended, but hunting, sporting and such kinds of amusements are by no means uncommon.

"I begin to grow weary with writing, and although I have not said the half of what I could wish to say, yet for the present I must leave you. When you write William, just tell him how busily I am engaged, and ask him to accept this as an apology for not having yet answered his last letter. In being so far removed from my friends, I by no means forget them."

Letters were frequently written to his father during his connection with the survey of the New York and Erie Railroad, and he seems to have entered into the work with the determination to make himself useful and gain promotion in his profession. Under date of Hornellsville, November 25, he wrote his father more fully of the details of the survey, some of

the difficulties they encountered, and the peculiarities of the country through which the road was to pass:—

"When I last wrote you, I spoke with rather too much confidence respecting the time when our operations for the season will be likely to terminate. It is Mr. Farnum's intention to continue the parties (and particularly ours) in the field until the extreme cold weather and deep snows actually obstruct their further progress. Those of us who remain at head-quarters during the cold weather will probably get board in well-ordered and respectable private families for $2 or $2.25 per week. We are now paying $3.

"You inquire respecting the surveyor of our party. His name is Charles Harris; a native of Boston. He is a young man of fine talents, and about twenty-five years of age. He graduated at Cambridge, in the year 1831. He has since traveled extensively, and been temporarily engaged in several kinds of business. He seems now fully determined to become an eminent engineer. He has seen about the same amount of service with myself, but under circumstances that gave him some preference, in the assignment of our stations. I allude merely to his having been previously engaged with Mr. Farnum, where he had an opportunity of acquiring his confidence; whereas I came here a perfect stranger. Perhaps this was just as it should be; at any rate, I feel not the least disposition to complain. My turn will come: The period, I trust, will arrive, when our chief engineer can feel secure in reposing the same trust in me that he now reposes in my namesake.

"It seems to be much the most successful method of getting along, in this profession, for a young man to connect himself

with some talented engineer, and feel content with preferment as he sees best to bestow it. I think one may feel more confident of success in this way than in any other.

"Perhaps you would like a brief view of the system of organization in the department of engineering. The road is comprised in two grand divisions, the eastern and western, over each of which an engineer is stationed. Mr. Allen has charge of this (the western) division. Subordinate to him is an engineer in each county, who has the immediate charge of all operations within his county. In this county there are at present three parties, or companies, each under the direction of a young man, who is commonly styled the leader. A party comprises the leader, the surveyor, the leveler, the rod-man, two chain-men and two ax-men. The leader has nothing to do with the instruments, but he spends the most of his time in exploring the country and directing the surveyor as to the location of the lines. Mr. Charles Avery leads this party. He is a very agreeable and intelligent associate. He has had several years' experience — partly on this road and partly in Indiana, where himself, Mr. Farnum and Mr. Harris were engaged on the Buffalo and Mississippi Road, previous to a suspension of operations on that work.

"We have advanced with the surveys about forty miles from our starting-point, at Corning, to near Hornellsville. The line is thus far confined to the valley of the Canisteo River. West of this place there is an elevated summit to be overcome. There appears to be an extensive range of hills stretching through this part of the state in a northwest and southeast direction. Several small streams which unite near this place

to form the Canisteo River, each present valley to be surveyed, with the view of ascertaining the most favorable point for passing the Highlands. We have already followed up one of the creeks, but the route was found to be impracticable. In ten miles the ascent averaged 114 feet per mile, and the rise for the last three miles was 525 feet. It is thought best to look further.

"We get very good fare along the line — usually board at public houses, sometimes six or seven miles from our work. In such cases, however, the landlord provides us a conveyance out and back at night, sending our dinners into the field. The way we take our field dinners is not at all after the manner of civilized men. We just spread our eatables on a saw log, chop our meat with the same ax used in cutting brush, use our fingers for forks, and throw ourselves prostrate on the river bank and drink like four-footed beasts. All this, together with being out in snow storms, wading through marshes, and cutting paths through cane brakes, is what we call the poetry of civil engineering. In all this romance, however, I carefully observe one of your valuable injunctions, viz.: 'To keep the feet dry, the head cool, and the stomach full.'

"And now, dear father, let me entreat you to give yourself no uneasiness on my account. I am agreeably situated, and know not the slightest reason for discontentment. All the valuable suggestions you have from time to time given me will be carefully remembered and duly regarded. The nature of my engagements is very pressing, and I find but little time to think of home and distant friends; but I assure you that while my mind repeatedly breaks loose from business and steals

away to them, it cherishes their fond recollection with the most pleasing and grateful emotions. In shaping my course through life, whether the voyage proves tempestuous or pleasant, I am resolved ever to have the precepts of the Bible for a polar star, and the dictates of conscience for a directory."

December 22d, in a letter to his father, he wrote :—

"The nearest approach I can make to giving you an idea of my geographical situation is to say we are in a northerly direction from Hornellsville, among the Alleghany Mountains. I have ventured to set down the year, and the day of the month as near as I can recollect it, but whether it corresponds with the current chronology of the civilized world is a matter upon which I shall not hazard an opinion. Our field operations are still continued with unabated zeal, though we have reason to believe they are fast nearing a suspension. Probably we shall reach head-quarters in the course of ten days. We have been engaged the last five or six weeks in searching for the most convenient pass through the ridge of highlands, situated in the western part of Steuben County, which separates the waters of the Genesee from those flowing eastward. To reduce the estimates within reasonable bounds, it is found necessary to adopt grades of fifty-five or sixty feet to the mile for several miles in succession. Even with grades of this kind, very serious difficulties are encountered. The small streams which the different lines follow are in general very rapid, especially near their sources, so that it is found impossible to keep the bottoms of their valleys. On the line upon which our party has been engaged some days past, we frequently found ourselves at an elevation of eighty feet above the flat, on the steep and in some

places almost perpendicular side hills which bound the valley. Over much of the way it was with the utmost difficulty that we could crawl and 'drag our slow lengths along.' A party engaged on another line find it necessary to cross an immense gulf or chasm which measures three hundred feet in depth and about the same in width. At this time we are trying to pass a spur of hill whose elevation is two hundred feet. Thus you see the route of the New York and Erie Railroad is not entirely free from difficulties.

"In leveling, all our operations are conducted with the most rigorous nicety. The pegs upon which the rod stands are all sharpened to a point, and the rod-man is required, after every observation on the turning points, to bring the rod to the leveler, in order that any erroneous reading may be detected. In carrying the level, on one occasion, over a piece of ground the second time, I found the variation from the former result to be only nine-thousandths of a foot in one and a quarter miles, and no more than three-hundredths for three miles. When our party and another which set out from the same point had jointly proceeded 160 miles, we joined the lines and found the levels to disagree by a trifle more than one foot."

In a letter of December 30 he wrote from Hornellsville:—

"Our party returned to this place on Thursday last, under the impression that the field operations were about closing for the winter. Scarcely were we comfortably housed, and relieved, by our most excellent landlord at this place, of an excruciating hunger that had been accumulating upon us ever since we went among the barbarians up in the mountains, than fresh orders were received for us to proceed forthwith into Alleghany County

for the purpose of prosecuting the surveys some thirty miles further, on the Genesee River and its branches. In the temporary absence of the leader and surveyor, I shall set the party in motion early to-morrow morning. To complete this additional survey will probably require some days in February, but ere that time comes around, I have but little doubt that still further orders will be issued, so that I see but little prospect of our being set adrift this winter.

"I wish you a pleasant visit from Grandmother, and assure you it would afford me heartfelt pleasure to be there and introduce myself to the old lady."

The projectors of the New York and Erie Railroad had relied upon securing state aid to assist in finishing the road, and an effort was made to get a bill for that purpose through the Legislature of 1839; but the party in power were opposed to what was termed internal improvements, and the project failed. For want of funds the company were obliged to reduce their force in the field, and May 9th, Mr. Harris, with others, was discharged. Before leaving for Connecticut the following letters of recommendation were given to him:—

SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION N. Y. AND E. RAILROAD,
BATH, May 21, 1839.

This will certify that the bearer, Mr. Daniel L. Harris, has been engaged in the engineer department of the New York and Erie Railroad since September, 1838.

His employment in the field was in bracing the lines and taking the surface levels. He has also rendered valuable services (in the office) upon the maps, profiles and estimates, alike honorable to himself and satisfactory to his employers.

His industrious business habits, gentlemanly deportment and irreproachable character for integrity and morality, have gained for him the approbation of all those with whom he was associated.

From the acquaintance I have had with Mr. Harris, I take pleasure in recommending him to any person that may wish his services.

EDWARD J. FARNUM,
Resident Engineer.

N. B.— Mr. Harris is well provided with level, compass, and good drawing instruments.

Mr. Root, to whom the following is addressed, was a civil engineer at Rome, Oneida County, N. Y.

ELMIRA, June 13, 1839.

P. R. ROOT, ESQ., *My Dear Sir*:—

The bearer, Mr. Daniel L. Harris, has been employed, several months past, upon surveys under my direction, upon the New York and Erie Railroad. He has discharged the duty of leveling assistant, and others connected therewith, as calculations for estimates, etc.

He leaves here on account of its being necessary to abridge our field operations, and consequently our force; and should he call upon you, as he designs, while on his way eastward, I hope you will be able to give him employment.

I have no hesitation in recommending him as every way worthy, and well qualified for the duties I have mentioned, or as a surveyor, and I regard him as possessing a highly promising talent for the profession.

I am, dear sir,
Respectfully and truly yours,
JOSEPH D. ALLEN.

After leaving the service of the New York and Erie Road he returned to his home in Connecticut, and for a short time was again connected with the survey of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad. Early in the following year, 1840, he accepted the position of assistant engineer on the Albany and West Stockbridge Railroad, the survey for which was then in progress. His pay was small, while in this service, and the associations were not such as altogether pleased him. During the summer he received an offer from James Laurie, the engineer of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, to join him

in making the survey of the Troy and Schenectady Railroad. This he accepted, and went, very soon afterward, to his new position, where he took an active part. At one time he had charge of eight miles of the heaviest work on the line. He made his home in Troy, while connected with the road, and as it afforded opportunities for intellectual and social improvement, the hours not given to business were passed very agreeably. He continued with the road until its completion, and was offered the position of Superintendent, at a salary of $800; but considering that too small, he declined the offer, and continued in his profession.

A few months after his connection with the survey of the Troy and Schenectady Road, he received an offer from his uncle, who proposed to send him to Europe at his expense. This he declined, for the reasons stated in a letter to his father, dated October 25, 1840, as follows:—

"I have several letters waiting to be answered, but *par excellence* yours claims my first attention. It has been on hand some ten days, and meanwhile I have improved your hint of writing to Uncle Paine, thanking him for his friendly disposition, and his offer to aid me in visiting France and England. Were I out of business, I have no doubt it would be well to comply with his suggestion. But as it is, I regret nothing. To see Europe, and to revisit Plainfield, are two things upon which my purpose is about equally fixed, and perhaps it is a matter of little consequence whether I go abroad this year, or next, or ten years hence. To leave business and start now would certainly be impracticable,—and that, too, in more senses than one; but principally because it would be throwing a cloud across a horizon

which is just beginning to brighten with success. At present, then, nothing will be lost by delay;—in truth, shall I not be the gainer? A few more years will strip me of *giddy* and *idle romance*, and bring me to look upon the world as a reality, in the sense in which your wise men take it. Meanwhile, by becoming better acquainted with my own country, I shall find myself prepared to study foreigners and foreign institutions with more judgment; and if meantime I can be gaining some standing in my occupation, it will be all in favor of introducing me to men of scientific and professional attainments in the countries I may visit.

"I may be wrong, but I believe that our profession is about to experience a *renovation*. You very well know that it is measurably fallen from its once 'high estate.' The foolish extravagances of '36 and '37 had well-nigh overwhelmed it in a night of 'darkness that could be felt.' The dazzling but baseless projects of internal improvement started in those times, by raising temporarily the salaries of engineers above the proper limit, allured thousands into the ranks of the profession; and among them, not a few of questionable talents, no learning and disreputable character. As a natural consequence, salaries were everywhere reduced; and as these men, during the convulsion of business which followed, found themselves obliged to live by their '*new calling*,' it became a question who would do most work for the least pay, and stations which were wont to be filled by intelligent and accomplished men, in many cases passed into the hands of engineers to whom the epithet *civil* was a great misnomer.

"These remarks are particularly applicable to New York and the western States, and the results are everywhere observable

in large sums of money squandered, erroneous estimates of cost presented, false economy practiced, and in general mismanagement of public works.

"Our road is now almost ready for contract, and it is decided to have a letting of eight miles on the 25th of November. I am at present occupied in the field about half the time, taking turns with Mr. Lester, the other assistant. Our business is making the definite location, which is nearly complete on the first eight miles, that part of the line embracing the heaviest expenditures.

"I have no cause to complain of Mr. Laurie, and trust we shall have no difficulty in keeping up mutual good feeling. He apprised me several weeks ago of his intention of giving me charge of the first eight miles — the first division — as soon as put under contract. *Thank him.*"

Mr. Laurie stood high as an engineer, and the following recommendation, given when Mr. Harris was only twenty-five years of age, is more than a mere compliment, as it shows how well his abilities and attainments were appreciated by the leading men in the profession :—

BOSTON, Mass., May 4, 1843.

The bearer, Mr. Daniel L. Harris, has been employed as an Assistant Engineer upon the Schenectady and Troy Railroad, under my supervision, for the last two and a half years. He has had the charge of a division of the Road embracing every variety of construction, which he has conducted to my entire satisfaction. He was also engaged with me upon the location and construction of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, in 1838 and 1840.

It gives me much pleasure to recommend Mr. Harris as accomplished in his profession, both by education and experience, and as being well qualified for the performance of the various duties connected with the location and construction of a railroad.

JAMES LAURIE,
Engineer, Schenectady and Troy Railroad.

HIS MARRIAGE.

While connected with the Norwich and Worcester Railroad he made the acquaintace of Mr. and Mrs. Azariah Boody. Mr. Boody had a contract to build a part of that road, and after it was finished he went to Pittsfield, Mass., to reside. During his residence in Troy, Mr. Harris occasionally went to Pittsfield to visit his cousins, the Bement and Pomeroy families. Mr. Boody, who was then residing there, invited him to spend the Fourth of July, 1842, with him, at his home. The offer was accepted, and at Mr. Boody's house, for the first time, he met the young lady, Miss Harriet O. Corson, of Canastota, N. Y., who was then living with her sister and attending school at the Maplewood Institute. In due time an engagement followed this meeting, and he was married at the age of twenty-five. In answering a letter to his brother, about this time, he says: "Oh, no, I have no intention of living a bachelor; but as I have had no serious thoughts of marrying, I have never spent any time in visiting or writing letters to the girls." You say Miss ——— would make me a good wife; no doubt but that she would; but then, tastes differ. Now away with doubt. I must tell you that I have found the one who just suits me. She is * * * * * * * I think that she is incapable of affectation, and of all sins in women, that is the one I most despise."

His good sense and wise judgment, even under such circumstances, was never overcome, and he took the same practical view of getting married that he would in making any civil contract, not overlooking or forgetting the grave responsibilities of this occasion. Evidently he fully considered the probabilities

of being able to support a wife after he had married one, before entering into the new relation. He felt that he had little to recommend him to the favorable consideration of the young ladies, except his good health, habits and profession. In a letter to Miss Corson he presented his cause admirably, and if it was lacking in sentiment, there was nothing wanting in good sense. It showed the business quality of the man, which was necessary for success, when the stern realities of life come in, after romance has gone out. In it he said :—

"I have perfect health, a good profession, and have never been idle a day in my life. My accumulations are only $1,200. My father is kind and liberal, and would take us home in case of misfortune ; therefore, with the blessing of Heaven, I cannot look upon the act of taking a wife as an imprudent one. We must not look lightly upon the subject. If we make up our minds to take each other, for better or for worse, it must be for *life*, and whatever comes after we are married, we must *stick* to our promises. But the love and worldly goods which I possess shall all be yours, now and hereafter."

This was a plain statement of a promise, which, unlike some made by others, was never forgotten nor broken after marriage. Miss Corson felt that in making an engagement with such a young man she should run no risk, and she accepted his proposal of marriage. The engagement-ring, however, was not bought at Ball & Black's nor at Tiffany's. It was simply a plain gold ring, with a small emerald, and its cost was $3. It was given for the language it conveyed, "I have succeeded in my love." At Christmas he gave her a plain gold locket, with his miniature. His next presents were books, one of them entitled

"The Rose, or Affection's First Gift." On the fly-leaf, in his own hand was written,

> "——— seen became a part of sight,
> And rose, where'er I turned my eye,
> The morning-star of Memory."

A little romantic for such a matter-of-fact man as was Mr. Harris. However, he was as much in earnest, and am told that he kept all his promises, and no man ever proved a more devoted and faithful husband.

His work at Troy being finished, he started for Pittsfield Saturday, April 3, 1843, in company with Mr. Boody. A heavy snow storm, the severest of the year, set in, and in a few hours the railroad was completely blockaded. The train was obliged to remain on the track, in the snow, all night; but men of the well-known pluck of Mr. Harris and Mr. Boody were not to be deprived of their anticipated pleasure, and be compelled to spend Sunday in a train that was fast in a snow-drift. They left the cars and walked to Shaker Village, where they hired a team which carried them to Pittsfield, arriving there about two o'clock Sunday morning. "The oldest inhabitant" could not tell of another such a severe April storm, and Mr. Harris wrote in his journal: "For days afterward there could not a fence be seen — the snow covered up everything, as far as the eye could reach."

He waited at the Berkshire House for Miss Corson to get ready to be married. She having lived in New York state previously, very naturally had objections to having her marriage intentions read from the pulpit on three successive Sundays, as was the law and the custom at that time in Massachusetts,

so she proposed to go out of the state to have the nuptial knot tied. When the appointed day came, Mr. and Mrs. Boody went with them as far as Albany, where they met a brother of Miss Corson, and some friends, and in the evening, Thursday, May 25, 1843, they were married at the Mansion House, by Rev. J. N. Campbell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

The next day they started on the wedding journey, visiting a sister-in-law of Mrs. Harris, at the old home in Canastota; then to Rochester, visiting her mother and other friends, and thence to Niagara Falls. They returned to Pittsfield by way of Troy, where they spent a few days. At Troy, Mr. Harback, an engineer with whom Mr. Harris had been connected on the Troy and Schenectady Railroad, announced that he and Mr. Harris had been appointed division engineers on the proposed railroad between Hartford and Springfield. He went to Pittsfield and left Mrs. Harris with her sister, and immediately set out for Hartford. At Springfield he took the boat down the Connecticut River, and arrived late that night. The quicker and easier modes of travel at the present time can be better appreciated when it is stated that it then took all day to go from Pittsfield to Hartford. All hands were at Hartford, waiting the arrival of Mr. Harris. Mr. Van Rensselaer, the chief engineer, was anxious to have the work done as quickly as possible. The survey was begun June 12th, and on the 19th of July the line had been run through to Springfield, and the reports handed to Mr. Van Rensselaer. Then Mr. Harris went to Pittsfield and brought his wife back to Hartford with him. He worked hard for a few weeks longer, and the estimates of the cost of constructing the Road to Springfield were finished.

COMING TO SPRINGFIELD.

On the 20th of September Mr. and Mrs. Harris came to Springfield to reside. They first boarded at the American House, kept by Morgan & Day, where the offices of the Boston and Albany Railroad now stand. Six weeks later all of Mr. Harris's part of the work in the survey was finished, and at that time he received a letter from his father, who wrote: "I see by the newspapers that your work is about finished. You must know that my susceptible heart has a warm place in it for your wife — my new daughter — and you have not yet favored us with a visit since your marriage. Knowing, however, how you were situated, I forgive you; but you must come and pass Thanksgiving day with us, and leave Harriet to get acquainted."

The invitation was accepted and the visit made. On his return he did not wait for something to "turn up," but looked about for employment and took such as he could get. The boundary lines separating the lands of individuals from those of the Government at the Armory were in dispute, and Charles Stearns employed him to make a new survey. John Ames, the paper maker, engaged him to do some surveying, and paid him in paper. This was the first compensation he received for work done in Springfield.

In the summer of 1844 (July 26), his first son, Edgar Lester, was born. The next year Mr. Boody urged Mr. Harris to give up his civil engineering, and invited him to join with Amasa Stone and himself in building railroads and bridges. He gladly accepted, and the new firm was Boody, Stone & Harris. Mr. Boody had contracted to build the extension of

the New Haven and Hartford Railroad to Springfield, and the firm purchased the right to build the Howe truss bridge for all New England and the Canadas. Mr. Boody, the very successful and talented railroad builder, Mr. Stone, thoroughly acquainted with the bridge department, and Mr. Harris, with his experience in civil engineering, and in making estimates of cost in building, formed a very strong combination of talent, which proved fortunate for all of them. The work of the new railroad was pushed rapidly forward, and although a high wind blew down the bridge which they were constructing over the Connecticut River, and demolished it, the contract proved remunerative. They soon completed the railroad, and equipped it with cars and engines, and furnished the officers and other men to operate it. This was Mr. Harris's first venture in business on his own account, and his entire capital when he began was only $1,250, the result of all his earnings from his early boyhood, which his father had carefully saved for him. This, too, included the small amounts which he had earned while working in the factory for four cents an hour.

Mr. Harris made a survey for the New York and New Haven Railroad, and in January, 1845, the reports and estimates of cost of construction were handed to the company. In June of the same year he went to Worcester, and made the survey and estimate of cost of Bladder Pond water-works, for the village of Worcester. After this work was done, he moved his family off Main street, to a house on Howard street, owned by Mr. Boody, and now owned by A. F. Jennings, where he lived a year and a half. Here came the first great sorrow of his life. His bright, beautiful son, two years and four months old, sick-

ened and died. In August, 1848, his oldest daughter was born, and then he purchased a home for his family on Pearl street, where they have since lived.

From 1845 to nearly the close of his life, Mr. Harris was actively engaged in business enterprises connected with railroads and bridge building, and the various firms with which he was connected were as follows: Boody & Harris; Boody, Stone & Harris; Stone & Harris; Boody, Ross & Harris; Stone, Harris & Birnie; Harris & Briggs; Harris, Briggs & Co.; Harris & Hawkins; D. L. Harris & Co.; Springfield Tool Company; and Harris & Wright. In some of his business connections the partnership only extended to a special contract. The firms with which he was a member built the Hartford and Springfield and the New Haven and New London Railroads; the bridges on the New York and New Haven, the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill, the Connecticut River, the Vermont and Massachusetts, the New Haven and Northampton, the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth, the Boston and Albany, Troy and Greenfield, Cheshire, Rome and Watertown, Providence and Worcester, Lebanon Springs and Harlem, and a few on the New York Central Railroad; also a bridge over the James River, at Richmond; over the Penobscot, at Bangor; over the Richelieu, at Chambly, in Canada; over the Harlem, near New York City. He built the first iron bridge in this country, at Sekonk, on the Boston and Providence Road. Also the great truss roofs on the passenger stations at Buffalo, Rochester, Troy, Springfield and Boston. He was one of the original movers in the Toledo, Wabash, and St. Louis Railroad. Mr. Boody and Mr. Stone withdrew, and went to larger fields to

operate, and accumulated millions to Mr. Harris's thousands; but he was perfectly contented to remain in Springfield. With his increasing family on his hands, he did not think it best to sacrifice their comfort by trying to make a fortune elsewhere, so here he lived for thirty-six years, abundantly satisfied with what he had accomplished. Mr. Harris was very much attached to his old partners, and their sincere and kind letters to the bereaved family show them to have been warm friends up to his death.

William Birnie was connected with Mr. Harris when the bridges were built on the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad, and the bridges over the James and Harlem Rivers. A. D. Briggs followed Mr. Birnie; but he had some years previously acted as clerk for Boody, Stone & Harris. He was a partner with Mr. Harris about eight years. R. F. Hawkins, a Springfield High School boy, went into the office as Mr. Harris's private clerk, in 1853, when he was sixteen years old. Ten years later he took him into partnership, and he continued with him until 1868. Aaron H. Wright, one of the later partners, was connected with Mr. Harris up to a short time before his death.

Mr. Harris's firms built no less than seven railroad bridges over the Connecticut River: At Hartford, Warehouse Point, Springfield, Willimansett, Northfield, and South Vernon; and three toll bridges: At Brattleboro, Montague and Sunderland. He also assisted to make the survey for the Connecticut River Railroad from Northampton to Greenfield, previously the line between Springfield and Holyoke, and was one of the firm which built the Road from Greenfield to South Vernon.

HIS RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

Bridge building gave Mr. Harris a good start in business, but it was his long connection with the Connecticut River Railroad, as its President, that gave him his greatest reputation. This was the crowning work of his life, and few men so completely mastered the subject of railroad construction and management, from beginning to end. He not only understood the theory of construction, operation and management, but he had passed through so many different stages of practical experience, that he became a complete master of his business. For nearly twenty-five years he filled the office of President with honor to himself and credit to those who committed so great a trust to his keeping. At the suggestion of Chester W. Chapin, who was then President of the Road, he was elected a Director, at the annual meeting in January, 1855. Mr. Chapin, desiring to visit Europe, tendered his resignation as President, at a meeting of the Directors held March 6th, and Mr. Harris was at that time elected to fill the vacancy. From that day he entered heartily into the work as the active manager of the Road. He desired to make the service efficient, maintain the value of the property committed to him, and return to the stockholders a greater profit.

The Connecticut River Railroad had its origin with the business men and capitalists of Northampton, and for a considerable time was under the management of residents of that town. Erastus Hopkins was its first President, and Samuel F. Lyman, afterwards Judge of Probate, its first Treasurer. The general offices and repair shops were at Northampton. When

Mr. Harris became President of the Road, some ten years after it was opened, the dividends were small, and the stock was selling for only a little above $40 per share, the par value of which was $100. The Ashuelot Railroad, from South Vernon to Keene, had been leased for the term of ten years, and at a sum much above its value. The great expectations of profit from the Northern business were not realized. In fact, the supposed business that was to flow down from the North and enrich the stockholders of the Railroad, never had an existence. When Mr. Harris became its President, the Road had reached a critical period in its history. He went to work, with all his energy, to improve its condition; and his positive manner in time created a feeling at Northampton against his management. The business men of the town were jealous of Springfield, and mistook Mr. Harris's efforts to improve the value of the Railroad to be simply a plan to enrich Springfield. With Northampton people, the fear of the removal of the repair shops to Springfield, was an ever-fruitful theme, and became the basis of active opposition to Mr. Harris, three years after he became President.

At a meeting of the stockholders held at the Parker House, in Boston, January 20, 1858, the following board of Directors was elected: Daniel L. Harris, Springfield; Ignatius Sargent, Boston; Henry W. Clapp, Greenfield; Winthrop Hillyer, Northampton; Francis B. Crowningshields and Israel M. Spellman, Boston.

Samuel F. Lyman, of Northampton, Treasurer of the Road, shared the feeling of Northampton, and was active in maintaining the interest of the town. Boston stockholders, connected

with Northampton by social and business interests, took sides against Mr. Harris, and were led by Francis B. Crowningshields, a director of the Road. The board, as chosen at the annual meeting, sustained Mr. Harris, and then followed an attempt to increase the number of Directors, so as to get a majority against him. A special meeting of the stockholders was called, and held at the Parker House, Boston, March 16, 1858, for that purpose. E. A. Dana moved that the meeting proceed to vote for two additional Directors. Mr. Harris held that, as the board had been elected for the year, it was not competent for the stockholders, under the by-laws, at that time to add to the number of the Directors. He stated that he had taken legal advice and read an opinion from R. A. Chapman, afterward Chief Justice, sustaining him in that view. Relying upon the correctness of the opinion, he stated that he conceived it his duty to decline to entertain the motion, and accordingly refused to submit it to the meeting.

Mr. Crowningshields discussed the position of the President at considerable length, and with much spirit, and appealed from his decision. Messrs. Dana, Wells, Walker, Howe, Chamberlain, Cary, Walley and Chapin followed. Mr. Harris then stated that if he was not sustained by the meeting he should disregard the decision. Colonel Rice, of Springfield, then moved that the meeting adjourn to April 13, and that the Directors be instructed to obtain, in the meantime, by a petition for a mandamus, the opinion of the Supreme Court on the legality of the position of the President in refusing to submit to the meeting the motion offered by Mr. Dana.

On the 13th of April the stockholders met again at the Parker House, in accordance with the adjournment. Mr. Dana inquired what action had been taken in relation to the application to the Supreme Court. Mr. Harris replied that, through their counsel, the Directors had petitioned the Supreme Court for a mandamus, and that the Court had declined to entertain the petition. Mr. Dana stated that his motion, made at the last meeting, was now in order, and inquired of the President if he was prepared to put it to the meeting. Mr. Harris replied that he still considered it his duty to decline to submit the motion, and the meeting then adjourned.

This was the only active opposition Mr. Harris ever had, in the management of the Connecticut River Railroad, and the position taken by him in the special meeting of the stockholders has since become the common law of the state.

The Directors met on the following day, April 14, 1858, and elected Seth Hunt, of Northampton, Treasurer, in place of Mr. Lyman, whose connection with the Road closed at that date. Mr. Hunt had been the Treasurer's clerk from the organization of the Company, and is the oldest in service of any one now having connection with the Road. Mr. Harris, up to his death, held him in high regard, for his careful and efficient discharge of the duties of the office. Mr. Crowningshields, who led the attack against Mr. Harris, was not re-elected a Director at the next annual meeting; but in time he came to regard Mr. Harris's management as wise and best, and friendly relations were maintained between them, up to Mr. Crowningshield's death.

The repair shops of the Road were subsequently moved from Northampton to Springfield, as experience proved that a short railroad could be operated more economically from one end than from the center; but the removal had no connection with a desire to add to the prosperity of Springfield. It was solely, with Mr. Harris, a question of economy in the management of the Road. From the day of his election as President, to the close of his life, he made the Connecticut River Railroad and its interests his own. The question with him, at all times, was, "What is best for the Road?" No selfish interest was permitted to come between himself and the property which had been placed in his keeping. No public officer had a greater sense of honor, or guarded more zealously a trust confided to him, or manifested a greater determination to render an impartial and faithful service. It was his highest ambition to serve the public faithfully, and make this Railroad, for a short one, the very best in the country. Whatever of honor, or whatever of profit came to him, it was the result of his determination to act honestly and wisely. His forward movements, his entrance into untried fields, were made with the greatest caution, and he never ventured to take an advance step until he was thoroughly satisfied that it would prove for the best. After he had come to see his way clearly, he never faltered; but worked unceasingly until he brought others to see what he had seen, and to help do what he had decided was best. Under his direction he not only had the pleasure of seeing this Railroad prosper, but to live to have its stock bring the highest price of any Railroad in the State—advancing in value, during his term of service, from $40 per share to $140.

He showed his faith by investing in it, and for a time he was one of its largest stockholders. When he was elected he held four shares, and shortly afterward bought forty more at $40 per share.

Next in point of interest to his work for the Connecticut River Railroad, stands that for the Eastern Railroad Association, to which for twelve years he gave conspicuous service. Formerly the railroads were often subjected to the expense of litigation for the use of patents, by persons claiming ownership, and in many cases railroad corporations submitted to unjust demands rather than be annoyed by a suit in court. S. M. Whipple, of North Adams, now of Grantville, Mass., entered upon the investigation of patents and patent claims, relating to railroad machinery, early in 1861, at Chicago, and for four years was employed by railroad companies whose lines centered in that city. In 1865 the Boston and Lowell Railroad Company employed him to investigate some claims for them. During the year following he was in the service of the Boston and Maine, the Eastern, the Connecticut River, the Boston and Lowell, and the Chicago Roads, looking after claims that had been made upon them. The next year associated effort was discussed, and was taking the name of New England Association, looking to the investigation of the validity of railroad patents and patent claims; but no action was taken. In January, 1867, Mr. Whipple was in Chicago, and deeming it a favorable time to propose to the railroad managers of that city the idea of associated effort, he induced T. B. Blackstone, President of the Chicago and St. Louis Railroad to call a meeting at his office, January 10, 1867. At that meeting Mr.

Whipple presented a constitution, under the name of the Western Railroad Association. The meeting appointed a committee to take the proposed constitution under advisement, with instructions to report on the 17th of January following. On that day, after some slight modification, the constitution was presented and adopted; and this was the beginning of associated effort on the part of the railroad companies. Mr. Whipple took a copy of the constitution, after it was adopted, went to New England, and submitted it to Mr. Harris, to whom he suggested an association under this constitution, with the name of Eastern Railroad Association. He approved the suggestion, and called a meeting to be held February 6, 1867, at the Boston and Lowell office, in Boston. At that meeting the constitution of the Western Association, slightly modified, was presented and adopted. This was the origin of the Eastern Association, and here began Mr. Harris's connection with it. While the credit of the first suggestion of united effort is due to Mr. Whipple, it was Mr. Harris who was the engineering force which carried it forward through a successful career of twelve years. He was the secretary of the Association, and the active manager, up to his sickness. Mr. Hinckley, President of the Philadelphia, Willmington and Baltimore Railroad, was President, and Mr. Whipple was the Agent. The work fell mainly upon Mr. Harris and Mr. Whipple, to whom was assigned the investigation of the claims for infringement made upon the railroads in the Association, by those who had pretended or real ownership of the patents used by them. Mr. Harris's indomitable energy and determination not to submit to extortion and injustice, saved the railroads a large

amount of money and the trouble of litigation which they had previously been subjected to. The Association became popular, with its success, and finally every railroad on the Atlantic coast joined the organization. While the first plan was to test the validity of patents, the work, under Mr. Harris's direction, began to broaden, and ultimately would have considered the value, as well as the validity, of all patents relating to railroad machinery.

His railroad management and bridge building interests did not occupy all of his time, though to them he gave his greatest work. When he died he was a Director in the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company, the Chapin Bank, the Holyoke Water Power Company, and the Crocker Paper Mill, at Holyoke, and was President of the City Library Association. He was also a leading and influential member of the Springfield Water Board, when the present system was adopted, and Springfield was supplied with water from Ludlow, where a large reservoir was built. When the Fire and Marine Insurance Company was organized, at a meeting held at the Massasoit House, April 9, 1851, he was elected chairman, and also a Director. He held the latter position for twenty-eight consecutive years. He was punctual in his attendance upon the meetings of the Directors, and was regarded as a leading member of the Board. His connection with it was an agreeable one to the other members, and everything passed very smoothly. While he took pains to keep himself informed of the management of the company, he was never a fault-finder. His opinions came after mature deliberation, and when satisfied as to the line of policy best to be followed, he gave a clear

expression of his views. "Gentlemen," he would say, "you will find this *so*." He came quietly into the meetings, and took his place at the right of the President, who used to say of him, "He is my right-hand man." He was a member of the committee on investments, and his advice was always good. He was not a man who would, after a great calamity, like the Chicago and Boston fires, jump up impulsively and say, "We must pay a hundred cents on the dollar;" but he would come to his conclusions by deliberate investigation of the facts within his reach,—then he was ready to act, and would stand by his decision.

To business enterprises of a doubtful nature he never gave any encouragement, and the older residents of Springfield will remember how often and how earnestly he opposed any scheme which had the appearance of deception and fraud. The Charter Oak Coal Company is one in point. Not far from 1865 an effort was made to sell shares in a coal mine in Pennsylvania, the holders of which were promised coal at greatly reduced rates. Mr. Harris became satisfied that it was only an attempt to cheat the people, and he spared neither time nor money to bring complete knowledge of it to the public. As the result, the scheme was exposed and innocent parties saved from loss.

While Mr. Harris devoted his energies to business, he did not lose sight of the importance of any question which affected the welfare of the people. He had no ambition for political preferment, and there was not an office within the gift of the people that he would take unless he felt that by so doing he could accomplish an end worthy of the sacrifice. Office-

holding, as such, presented no attractions or allurements to him, and he always kept constantly in view the service which he thought he could render to the public. He was so outspoken and pronounced in his views that he could never practice the arts of a politician. He could not be content with, "What is best for my party?" It was with him, "What is best for the people?" But notwithstanding all this, he was elected to the City Council in 1854, '76 and '77; to the Board of Aldermen in 1863; Mayor in 1860, and member of the Legislature in 1857, '63, '67, '70 and '73. He would not go to the Senate, for the reason that it was a place unsuited to his temperament. He preferred to be nearer the people, where business originated, and where he could accomplish something. Springfield never sent to the Legislature a more indefatigable worker. He held places on important financial and railroad committees, and he never faltered in his advocacy of questions affecting a wise and economical expenditure of public funds. He considered the Hoosac Tunnel project uncalled for, and an extravagant and wasteful use of public money. He fought the measure with all his accustomed force, in the Legislature and out of it, for many years; but the combination against him was too powerful in the end. Nevertheless, he felt that it was his duty to put himself on record as in the interest of a wise economy and what he considered the right.

The single term that he served as Alderman was all that he wanted in that body; but when he felt that something should be done to check extravagance in the management of city affairs, he consented to give service in the Council. It was in this body, during the last years of his public service, that he

worked so zealously to reduce the public expenses, and bring them within the limits of former times. He provoked much opposition, by his persistency and the extreme views which he held; but he accomplished much, and now, viewed in the light of history, it can be seen that he was not far from right. He saved many thousands of dollars to the tax payers, and brought the public to realize the actual condition of affairs. When he was Mayor he made valuable suggestions, and did much to simplify the work in hand, and make every department efficient and economical. The streets of the city had never been surveyed, and the boundary lines were poorly defined. He employed Heman Smith to make a complete survey of the city, and set granite boundary posts. From his notes maps of all the streets were made, which are still in existence at the City Hall, and they have proved of great value.

THE CITY LIBRARY.

Mr. Harris was very fond of young men, and often manifested a wish to see them take steps to make themselves good and useful citizens. His interest in the City Library largely grew out of the belief that it would be the means of aiding those to gain knowledge who were not able to take a regular course of study in the higher branches. He frequently remarked: "I do not want a City Library for myself or family. I have plenty of books at home; but I want to make a good place for young men, where they can spend their evenings in improving their minds — just such a place as I longed for when I was a boy. It would have been a great help to me."

He was an early friend of the Library, and never let an opportunity pass when he could promote its usefulness. He was elected Vice-President at the organization of the Library Association, and he had previously been a member of the Library committee, under the old organization. He remained Vice-President until the death of John L. King, the President, in 1873, when he was elected President, and he held that office until his death.

The erection of the Library building, on State street, left the Association heavily in debt, and at the annual meeting in 1872, the Treasurer reported the amount to be $25,000. Mr. Harris was appointed as a committee to solicit subscriptions to pay off the debt, and he went to work to accomplish that purpose. In a short time he had raised the entire amount. He paid, altogether, $10,500 towards the building, and with one exception this was the largest subscription made to the building fund. George Bliss donated the lot, in addition to his subscription of $10,000.

At the annual meeting held in May, 1873, on motion of Rev. Dr. Buckingham, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the services of Hon. D. L. Harris in securing additional subscriptions for the payment of the debt of $25,000 due for the Library building, demand our grateful acknowledgments, and we hereby express our appreciation for his untiring and generous efforts to secure this result, and enter upon our records this expression thereof.

The Museum connected with the Library, had its origin at a meeting held at the house of Mr. Harris, December 3, 1859. He wrote in his journal: "This evening R. A Chapman, Dr. Otis, John L. King, Charles Marsh and myself had a consulta-

tion here as to the proper steps to be taken in establishing a public Museum. It is thought best, for the present, at least, to make it an appendage of the City Library." During his life he contributed liberally to it, and among his donations is the collection which he purchased in Copenhagen.

HIS RUSSIAN COMMISSION.

Early in the year 1859 Mr. Harris received an offer through the Chief Engineer, George W. Whistler, from the Russian government to go to St. Petersburg and make an examination and report upon the condition and safety of the bridges of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad. Having accepted, he sailed in the Cunard steamer Persia, from New York, April 13th. A young son of the late Hon. Osmyn Baker, of Northampton, accompanied him on his entire trip, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sawyer, of Easthampton, were passengers in the same steamer with him to Liverpool. The passage over occupied about eleven days, and though the sea at times was rough, Mr. Harris had a pleasant voyage and escaped seasickness. On arriving in England he went to Manchester, Birmingham, Leamington, Kenilworth and Warwick castles, Stratford-on-Avon, the old city of Chester, and London. May 9th he left for Berlin, where he arrived in thirty-eight hours, the distance between the two places being about 770 miles. After visiting the principal places of interest he left Berlin on the 13th, for Stettin. Here he took a Prussian mail steamer, on the Baltic Sea, for Cronstadt, and on arrival in the harbor there was

transferred to a small Russian steamer, when, after a sail of twenty miles up the River Neva, he landed late in the afternoon of May 17th.

He kept a journal during his absence, and from it are made the following extracts :—

"St. Petersburg being situated on level ground, presents to the view of one coming up the River little else than its golden spires and domes, which are certainly very splendid and impressive. The dome of St. Isaac's Church and the spire of the Admiralty building are particularly gorgeous in appearance. Our passengers were marched from the boat to the Custom House with as much watchfulness as if we had been a party of prisoners. Files of policemen guarded both sides of the narrow lane we had to pass through, and besides there were several gates across the path, one of which being passed was no guarantee that the next would open to us. The hall into which we were conducted had a striking resemblance to the basement of the Boston State House, excepting that the floor was of square blocks of oak wood, put together after the manner of the marble floors of New York and Boston. There was an hour's suspense here, waiting for the transfer of our baggage to the examining room, in the rear of our temporary prison. This done, the door of that room was thrown open, and a miscellaneous rush commenced for the first chances at the examining tables. Here I stood a poor chance against the natives and those who could talk Russian, and my signs were of little account in securing attention from the officers. After several failures I stepped back, and resolved to look on and enjoy the scene. The first thing that attracted my attention

was a silver ruble passing slyly from the owner of some luggage to the hand of a blear-eyed fellow who seemed to be stationed at the end of the table next the railing, for the purpose of communicating from the out to the inside. The effect of this was an instantaneous dispatch of the business in hand, which operated as a hint to me of what was expected. I presented myself again at the table, and this time the search proceeded with dispatch, and resulted in the loss of two newspapers which the officer could not help seeing, at the top of the trunk, and the narrow scrutiny of my French Dictionary and Bradshaw Guide, which, after being referred to three successive grades of censors, were finally tossed back and allowed to pass. With much difficulty I ascertained, by signs, that my baggage and myself must now retire through a back door to a room in the rear of that in which the examination had taken place. Here another officer made me sign a receipt for the baggage, and a door-keeper checked me still further by making a blot of ink with a brush upon a card previously pasted on to the luggage at the close of the search. These formalities finally gotten through with, I motioned to a porter to carry my things to the street, whereupon five or six of them seized hold of the two trunks and proceeded in that direction. Outside the gate of the yard we came upon a multitude of the natives, who forthwith began to scream to us in the Russian tongue, probably offering their services to carry us to lodgings. I was perfectly bewildered, for the more I tried to make them stand off, the more they pressed forward, and I was fast becoming the nucleus of a disorderly and knout-deserving rabble, when, to my great joy, a voice above the rest hailed me

in English and inquired where I wanted to go. "To Miss Benson's," said I. "I belong there," replied the man, "and will aid you." "Very good," said I. "Drive this horde away from me, and say who of these half-dozen scapegraces shall be paid for bringing the trunks out of the Custom House." This little matter being arranged by paying three of them, myself and companion were loaded upon a droschky and driven away. We find Miss Benson has just room for us, and no more. For Russia, I suppose we ought to say that our quarters are very comfortable. As soon as we had washed and taken a lunch we called a droschky and rode out to the works of Winans, Harrison & Winans, at Alexandroskie, to see Mr. Whistler. We found him hard at work, and suspecting that he wanted time for consulting with his partners, and perhaps with government officers, before sending me out upon the road, I proposed to call again, after a delay of one or two days. This was agreeable, and he mentioned Saturday afternoon for our next interview. Returning to Miss Benson's, we dined at 7 o'clock.

"As soon as breakfast was over, next morning, we called a guide and began a round of sight-seeing. St. Isaac's Church was the first object in our way, and a wonderful affair it is. It was commenced one hundred years ago, by Catharine II., and completed in 1857. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, an immense dome and cupola surmounting the central part of the building, and bell towers, with dome-shaped roofs, at each of the four corners. The grand entrance is upon the south side, through columns of Finland granite, of reddish color, highly polished and perfectly magnificent. I judge them to be forty feet high and five feet in diameter, all of single blocks,

and all perfectly faultless of seam, stain, or other imperfection. The porticos on the south and north sides are alike, and contain altogether some thirty-two of these pillars. Colonnades on the east and west ends have each eight pillars of the same dimensions. The floor of the edifice is perhaps six feet above the street, which elevation is attained by successive offsets of the same polished granite, rising about two and one-fourth feet each, and composed of blocks laid with an exposure of five feet in width on top, many of them being twenty-five feet long. The foundations of the building cost more than $1,000,000, and the total expenditure has exceeded $40,000,000. The central dome, cupola, and the grand cross towering above it, as well as the smaller domes, are covered with copper, overlaid with pure gold. This gilding is said to have required fourteen bushels of ducats. The effect of sunlight upon it is most dazzling. The interior fittings of the church correspond, in all respects, to the external display. Magnificent paintings decorate the walls, and mosaic picture work, of the finest description, covers every available spot about the altars. A brace of lapis lazuli columns, fifteen feet high and a foot in diameter, support an arch over the most sacred recess, and columns of malachite, reaching from floor to ceiling, and not less than two and one-half feet through, still further enrich that side of the church where the altar is situated. I seemed scarcely to have begun to appreciate the richness of the edifice, in my short stay, and shall embrace the earliest available day for another visit.

"Leaving Isaac's Church, we crossed the Neva, to the north side, and soon came to the school of engineers and miners,

alias "Corps de Mines." Here we passed through vast rooms containing collections of mining machinery in model, also models of various mines in Siberia, as well as models of bridges, locomotives, lathes, docks, and every conceivable thing that can serve to aid in the practical teaching of young men. There are also here immense collections of minerals gathered from all parts of the world. Many of the specimens are of great value, particularly some from the mines of Siberia — among which are a nugget of gold weighing ninety-two pounds, and worth some $23,000; a block of malachite weighing 4,000 pounds, and valued at $94,000; and a magnificent beryl, eight or ten inches long, said to be estimated above $50,000 in value. Under one wing of the building a vast cave has been constructed, to illustrate the positions of minerals in the mines of Siberia. We were taken through the various drifts, comprising near 2,000 feet in length, and, so far as I can judge, the representations are excellent.

"In the afternoon we went to pay a visit to the hut of Peter the Great — the first building erected on the site of this great city. This building is a log house, about fifteen by forty feet, one story high, with a steep roof covered with red tile. There are several windows, each composed of two sashes, each sash having thirty-six lights of glass, four by six inches. There are two rooms, one of which is now used as a chapel or shrine, and in the other are preserved some of the relics of the old man. The hut (or cottage, it is called), is situated on the north bank of the river, above the second bridge, and not far below where the little Neva divides off from the large river, flowing separately to the gulf. The citadel is on the same side of the

river, and just below the second bridge. It is a strong place, the high walls being surrounded by water, and within its inclosure are St. Peter's and St. Paul's churches, the burial place of the Royal family. The monuments are plain blocks of marble lying upon the floor of the church over the respective tombs, covered with a plain green silk cloth, inwrought with gold thread and trimmed with choice furs, the whole surrounded with a low plain bronzed railing. An additional covering is usually thrown across the railing, but this is removed one day in each year, as happened to-day, to give the people a view of the rich cloth which still conceals the marble. The church is not particularly remarkable otherwise than as being the burial place of the Royal family.

"The Winter Palace is situated on the south bank of the river, having its north front upon the same, near the center of the city. It is some seven hundred feet long, and nearly as wide, and, to the south, looks out upon an open square containing Alexander's column, and bounded on the opposite side by an immense building with a hollow semicircular front containing the government offices. To the east of this palace, and up the river, is Catharine's Winter Palace, now known as the Hermitage. The amount of beautiful statuary and painting exhibited here is prodigious. I should say that these articles must occupy thirty to forty large rooms; and then there are other rooms devoted to collections of rare minerals and precious stones from Siberia, antiquities collected in the Asiatic part of the empire, and generally all the rare articles from time to time presented to the Imperial family. Vases of Siberian marble, of rare beauty, and tables, urns and various ornamental

articles of the same material and of malachite and lapis lazuli, are to be seen in great numbers. One of these vases, cut in elegant marble, and presented by Mr. Demidoff, a merchant of great wealth, and the owner of extensive iron and gold mines in Siberia, is of almost fabulous dimensions. The bowl is elliptical in form, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad. The stem and base are well proportioned, and the whole stands upon a block of the same marble, measuring five by seven feet, and two and one-fourth feet thick. The basin was scooped out of a single stone, which is without a flaw or other imperfection that can be seen at a cursory glance. Standing upon its pedestal the whole height may be ten feet. It is said to weigh about 4,000 pounds, and a descriptive card informed us that it was transported from Siberia with the help of 160 horses.

"On the way home I paused for a little, to contemplate the column erected by Nicholas in memory of Alexander I. The general outline of this monument is an immense shaft of red granite, highly polished, standing upon a mass of bronze work (representing on the four sides some of Russia's famous heroes and statesmen in relief) supported by a granite base of beautiful proportions, while upon the top of the shaft is a sort of urn with a dome-shaped cover, upon which stands the statue of Alexander, bearing the scepter. An anecdote is told of this column, which illustrates the Russian idea of obedience to orders. The emperor had expressed a wish that the column should be eighty feet long, providing it could be found in one block. In quarrying, this block came out ninety-one feet long, and the person in charge reduced it to the present length.

This was, to say the least of it, very unfortunate, as the monument now appears rather low for its other dimensions. A soldier always stands guard at the foot of the column, to prevent any mischief by evil-disposed persons.

"The equestrian statue of Peter the Great, situated near the river, on the northerly side of Alexander's Square, was erected seventy-five years ago, and is the grandest thing of the kind I have ever seen. The horse stands upon an immense block of light-colored granite, reared upon the hind feet so naturally that it did not occur to me, till after I had seen it several times, to inquire what kept the body in position. A huge serpent, that has apparently crawled up the rock from behind, is represented as trodden upon by one foot of the horse, and a vertical coil of its body, writhing in death, comes in convenient contact with the long tail of the animal, in so natural a manner as not to excite the least attention to the artifice. The monument is inclosed by a beautiful circular fence, fifty feet in diameter, consisting of stone posts and iron pickets, heavily plated with gold. The figure of Peter is very large, and the whole thing, both in design and execution, is exceedingly bold and spirited. I judge the whole to be thirty or thirty-five feet high. Isaac's Church, on the south side of the Square, is nearly opposite this monument.

"The Imperial family being out of town, our guide, by the help of three or four rubles, procured for us a visit to the Winter Palace, which is said to be the finest on the continent. The wealth expended upon the building and treasured upon its walls is truly marvelous. Passing in from the vestibule, we were first shown along the ambassador's hall and up a noble stair-

case to the reception room, and from that through the small and large dining-rooms, where are kept the gold plates presented by the ambassadors to the several sovereigns upon the occasions of their coronation. It would seem as if the ingenuity of man must have been exhausted in the designs for ornamenting, beautifying and swelling the cost of these articles. The gold and jewels of the whole are worth millions of dollars. The large dining-room is two hundred by eighty feet. From this we passed on to an elegant concert-room, and afterwards to a cabinet or drawing-room belonging to the present Emperor's mother. In this room there were chairs, sofas, tables, etc., apparently of solid gold, excepting the seats of the chairs and sofas. The jewel room also admitted us, notwithstanding the two soldiers who perpetually guard its entrance, and the man inside, who never leaves it. Here are kept the diamonds, jewels and precious stones of the Imperial household, and also the crown itself, which is very large, and contains a ruby of magnificent size, has two rows of pearls, and in short is loaded with thousands of diamonds and other brilliants. Small crowns of the Empress and Emperor's mother are kept in the same case; also an immense diamond, which has been the cause of much bloodshed. Leaving this room with a decided impression of the emptiness of all human ambitions, and with a reflection that, notwithstanding all his wealth, the Emperor is subject, like myself, to the aches and ills of the body, we were now shown through a seemingly interminable succession of rooms filled with pictures, representing in the main the great warriors and great battles of the Empire. The Emperor Nicholas built this Palace, and after he had com-

pleted it showed his own love of true comfort by living in two small rooms, on the ground floor, situated at the northwest corner. Here in a room fifteen by thirty he had a bed of straw, of the narrowest possible pattern, his business table, a small library and all the furniture of a bed-room and common sitting-room. Everything in this room is preserved just as he left them. In these rooms the great Nicholas lived and died, and all the rest of the Palace was made for the glory of the Empire and gratification of his family and the nobles. It was exceedingly interesting to be in these apartments and reflect upon the history of their quondam occupant. The Winter Palace is connected with the Hermitage by a covered gallery at the level of the second floor.

"We took a boat for Peterhoff, twenty miles down the river, formerly a favorite summer resort for the Imperial family, and still resorted to by the widow of the late Emperor, the mother of Alexander II. Here is to be seen a little forty feet square summer Palace of Peter the Great, still containing many articles of his furniture. An artificial lake in front of the house contains numerous fish, of goodly size, which have been taught to come up to a certain point and be fed, at the ringing of a dinner bell. Ascending a long flight of steps, we came upon the front piazza of the Palace, which not only commands a view of the fountains and grounds below, but also a splendid view of the river and gulf. The most interesting spot at Peterhoff is the factory where the government men work in malachite, lapis lazuli, and other valuable stones. We passed through the establishment and saw the various processes. Here are made all the beautiful vases, tables and ornaments to

be seen at the Palaces and Churches. We saw many articles in course of manufacture, among which were some little mantelpiece ornaments, representing birds and flowers, for the room in the Winter Palace. Four of the pieces, each presenting a surface a little larger than a man's hand, are already completed, and the foreman assured us that each of them had occupied twenty men two years. Such is the manner in which royalty employs labor upon trifles.

"A return by cars gave us our first experience on Russian railroads. Called on Mr. Winans at 8 p. m., by appointment, and was advised that I could leave St. Petersburg Wednesday noon, in company with a cousin of his and a Russian government officer, to examine the bridges. Took tea with Mr. Winans's family, and spent a pleasant evening. Returned home at half-past eleven, when the twilight was still strong enough to read the time on my watch quite easily.

"*Molavita*, May 25.— Left St. Petersburg at 12 m., in company with William W. Winans and a colonel of engineers deputed by the government to accompany me on a visit to the bridges on the Moscow Road. I was quite surprised at the neatness of the road-bed and the expense incurred to secure freedom from dust. The road is ballasted throughout with eighteen inches or two feet of sand, upon which is laid six inches of broken stone of the size used on macadam roads. This secures perfect drainage of the track and exemption from the annoyance of dust in warm weather. There is a watchman stationed at every half verst along the line. He has a small and comfortable house. It is his duty to appear on the steps opposite his door with a pike on his shoulder, soldier like,

and a hammer in the opposite hand, as every train passes, and immediately afterwards to walk over the section and observe whether the track remains all right. The time spent by the train at stations is long. The mail train occupies twenty hours between St. Petersburg and Moscow (604 versts or 400 miles), and of this time three hours and fifty minutes is consumed in stops. The second, or common train, takes thirty hours, of which between five and six are spent at the stations. It has, for example, one hour for dinner and about three-quarters of an hour each for breakfast and supper. No stop is less than ten minutes, on either train. As the time approaches for a train to resume its run, notice is given at the door of the station by ringing a small bell. Two minutes after the warning is repeated, and in two more the bell is heard a third time, after which, in about one minute, the train begins to move. The stations may be considered rather places of rest and recreation to the passengers than as accommodating the section of country in which they are located. In fact, the road was originally intended as a military road, and it is located without any reference whatever to the convenience or business of towns adjacent to the line. The stations are almost literally and mathematically equidistant from each other. They are divided into four classes, and all of a class are precisely alike. The first-class stations are 150 versts apart. This distance is again divided by second-class stations, each, of course, seventy-five versts either way from the first. The seventy-five verst distance is again divided by stations of the third class, which, with the former, cuts up the line into sections of thirty-seven and one-half versts. Another division by stations of the fourth class

reduces the distance between stations to eighteen or nineteen versts. At the 150 verst distances the passenger houses are 345 feet long by forty-five feet wide, with covered platforms thirty feet wide all around, and they contain rooms for the accommodation of the Imperial family, to the extent of about fifty-five feet in length of building. A small and a large dining-room occupy the central portion of the building, and the cooking arrangements and rooms for second-class passengers take up the balance. Stations of this class stand between the two tracks, and a garden of immense extent, intended for the recreation of passengers after eating and before the train starts, occupies the space at the ends of the building and for some distance outside of the tracks. The passenger houses at second-class stations are like those at the first, excepting that both the tracks are on one side. The third and fourth-class stations have a small passenger house on each side of the tracks, for the accommodation of trains moving in opposite directions. A pretty yard or garden set with shrubbery and tastefully laid out in walks, is a pleasant feature of them, and in pleasant weather there is always some use made of them during the ten minutes' stop.

"May 26.—This morning I counted sixteen men belonging to the station at Molavitia all at work in the garden. The number of men employed in operating the road is more than 6,000. Say for watchmen, 1,200; for trackmen (three to a verst), 1,800; employed by Winans & Co., 800; employed in the freight department, 1,000; and 1,100 at the stations, besides many supernumeraries. Thirty, for example, is the number of men allowed by government at every round house.

From two to four men at each share the duty of attending to the pumping of water for the engine. First, there is the chief engineer and an assistant to bring in wood and mind the fire under the boiler. The pumping house being usually located a short distance off, an old soldier is charged with the duty of going from the tank house to the pumps, to report the elevation of water in the tubs, and not infrequently a fourth man is kept as a reserve. The pump houses are neat and substantial buildings, perhaps twenty-five feet square, and furnish accommodation for the family of the engineer. There is one at every station on the line. I noticed government houses near several of the stations, for lodging and feeding prisoners on their way from St. Petersburg to Siberia. Small parties of them are sent down as often as once or twice a week, to Moscow, which is a general rendezvous where exiles are collected, and from which they are sent off in parties of fifty to a hundred every day or two.

"Our breakfast, this morning, at Molavitia, was served in the fashion of the better classes of the country. First the servants brought in glasses of tea and a cake closely resembling the style of Yankee bread called buns, and which Mr. Brown denominated bullyer. Lemon took the place of milk in the glass of tea. After the first glass of tea a glass of bodya soup with a course of small sausage cake followed. Then came wine and lamb chops cooked with string beans, and lastly stewed pigeons.

"*Tver*, May 27.—It was late when we got to bed, last night, and this morning we took the train at 3 o'clock, or not far from sunrise. It is interesting to look out upon the road and

observe what perfection of finish everything receives. I watched for miles without observing the least flaw in the shape of the road-bed, the ditches or slopes. The latter are generally carefully turfed to the very foot, but sometimes the lower part is paved, and in all cases where water ever runs in the ditches, they are lined with paving stone, in the most thorough manner. We reached Volotchok at 5 a. m. It is a second-class station, and it being about the time for waking up, most of the third-class passengers got out to enjoy the half-hour's stop. As they left the cars, each one devoutly crossed himself, first standing with his face to the sun, and then turning towards a church in sight, he repeated the operation. My attention was attracted to a long stand behind which were nine women, all vociferously halloing to the passengers, much like a crowd of Albany hackmen. I soon learned that these women had water, and that for half a copeck they furnished nearly a pint for morning ablutions. Very many availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded. The manner of washing is to have the water poured on the hands, at two or three times, the last portion of it being carried to the face. The Mujiks know nothing about wash-basins, and when there is no one near to pour the water for one who wishes to use it, it is customary for him to take it in his mouth and deliver it thence to his hands, as required.

"This town (Tver) is on the Volga, and is said to be the second oldest town in Russia. Here was the depot to which the Russians removed their stores of grain before burning Moscow. Had Napoleon been fortunate enough to know what a large amount was in store here, the result of his disastrous campaign might have been different. We rode about the town

and visited a large cotton manufactory recently established by Russian capital, and having an Englishman for its agent. The goods are certainly very well made.

"*Moscow*, May 28.—Left Tver at three o'clock this morning. The poor Mujiks who lay on the ground near the station at that place had been taken away before we left. I, however, observed three men of the class, who were perhaps bound to some way station or who might have got left, and who had found a bed on the stone platform of the station. Without a particle of covering except the clothes they wore, and with a bag for a pillow, the fellows were sleeping as soundly as if on beds of down.

"Inquiring about the winter to-day I was assured that Russia does not suffer from long and severe storms, such as prevail in America. Cattle are kept out all the time. Snow rarely falls more than an inch or two at once and never drifts. It accumulates sometimes to the depth of three or four feet before spring, but there is no freezing and thawing at intervals, and in the cities the sidewalks are kept clean by simply sweeping every night.

"Monday, May 30.—Having engaged an interpreter and guide we set off early for the churches and Palace. In the Palace yard there are three small churches, within a stone's throw, all very rich in pictures and jewels, and all filled at the hour of morning service with devotees and beggars. One of them is remarkable for having its floor of small and beautifully polished jasper stones. In one of these churches the coronation takes place, in another the Imperial children are christened, and in the third are the tombs of the old Emperors, including

Peter the Great. An ascent to the tower in the rear of the churches was well repaid in the magnificent view it afforded of the city and adjacent country. This tower is more than three hundred feet high, but is only accessible to a balcony some two hundred feet up, where a chime of large bells is situated. Looking from this balcony I was struck with the numerous churches dotted all over the city, and upon inquiry I find they number about 1,300. There is hardly a square without one, and frequently they number half a dozen in as many hundred feet square. No one can look upon them and reflect upon the superstitious ceremonies practiced therein, and wonder at the degradation prevailing all around. In a second tower, standing near the high one, and communicating with it by a covered way, at some distance up, there hangs the largest bell in the world, with the exception of the great bell, which lies in ruin upon the ground below. This is rung only upon extraordinary occasions, such as Easter Sunday or a coronation. It is said to have a nice tone. It weighs just half as much as the great bell, or ninety long tons. There is also in the same tower another large bell, which I noticed yesterday as having suddenly fallen down during the coronation ceremonies of the present Emperor.

"We started to make a call on the American Consul, who lives two or three miles out of town, and who met us just outside the gate. Returning with him, he introduced us at the Treasury building and Palace, and gave us an invitation to call at his house in the evening. The Treasury building is exceedingly rich in articles which have served to gratify the pride of the Imperial families, and now answer the purpose of impressing

the people with an idea of the vast wealth of the Empire. It is useless to speak of the individual articles, such as carriages, helmets, saddles and crowns, set all over with most astonishing numbers of diamonds and jewels. The display of these is so great that one naturally comes to dispise them for their very abundance. There are four doors studded with these ornaments to such an extent that each is valued at twenty millions of rubles, — say fifteen millions of dollars.

"Returning towards the hotel we passed the building rendered famous in books of mechanical engineering by repeated reference to the construction of its roof, — the riding school of Moscow, — a place for the exercise of cavalry in bad weather. The building is about 360 feet long by 120 wide. The walls are between three and four feet thick and some twenty-five feet high. The ceiling conceals a view of the roof construction.

"May 31.— In the midst of the city there is a succesSon of boulevards, forming almost a circle of perhaps half a mile in diameter. We had a long walk on them, this morning. The trees and shrubbery are well grown, and as the leaves are just now in the perfection of fresh green, they are very beautiful. The reservoir standing in the midst of a broad street and on the top of a considerable hill, attracted our attention and received a visit. The city is supplied with excellent water, brought by an aqueduct some twelve miles long, from a branch of the Moscow River. It is delivered into two large iron tanks, about four feet deep, and situated at an elevation of forty feet above the street. From here it is distributed by pipes of four inches diameter to eighteen fountains situated in the public squares and other accessible places about the city. To these

fountains everybody resorts, the poor coming with pails and buckets, and the wealthy sending their water casks for larger supplies. It is no uncommon thing to see twenty of them bailing from the fountain at one time. The fire engines, during a conflagration, are supplied in the same manner. They are small machines, worked by four men, and are, of course, very inefficient. The town is built largely of wood, and suffers severely from fires. There have been no less than three large ones since we came. The authorities take great precaution for the early discovery of fires by erecting high towers all over the city; upon the tops of which towers two men are constantly stationed as lookouts.

"The Foundling Hospital is an immense building, and has an extensive business. From forty to sixty infants are entered daily, and there are always remaining from 1,200 to 1,500 at the breast, notwithstanding the immense numbers continually sent away to be cared for in the country. The number annually received is about 15,000. The number already entered this year is 5,531, up to last night; and when I saw the books to-day, at eleven o'clock, there had already been fourteen arrivals. The children received here are not all illegitimate. Poor people frequently bring their infants, and for a mere trifle they get rid of the expense of their maintenance up to a certain period, when if not taken away they cannot afterwards be reclaimed. Many go to the institution beforehand, remain through their sickness and hire out as nurses to the institution. In such cases, however, I was told that the rules did not allow them to have the care of their own children. Every child received is duly numbered and registered, so that it can be

subsequently traced. While we were in a jaunty looking woman, in the wet-nurse costume, applied for information respecting her child left here twelve months ago. The clerk referred to his records and was soon able to inform her that it had been sent one hundred versts into the country, when two months old, and that the priest had subsequently reported it dead. I watched the woman's face, expecting to have seen an outburst of grief; but instead of that she tossed back her head and made some light remark to the officer and passed out. In the lobby she stopped to converse with another woman, who stood there in waiting for her turn to give up her child. I said to myself, she must be telling the news to her companion, and now she will surely shed a tear. I went near her to test my opinion, but was disappointed at the perfect levity she continued to exhibit. Our guide spoke to her in Russian, and learned that she was a soldier's wife.

"Wednesday, June 1.—Our bill at Monsieur Billo's Hotel is settled, and we leave Moscow at twelve o'clock, for a twenty hours' ride to St. Petersburg.

"*St. Petersburg*, Thursday evening, June 2.—We reached here promptly at 8 o'clock, this morning, well fatigued with the long ride. Before leaving Moscow I learned from a practical painter at the railroad shops the art of preparing rough surfaces with mastic for painting. I hope to see it introduced at home, after my return. The ride was not particularly interesting. A lad twelve years old, and of English parentage, made my acquaintance and surprised me by speaking three languages fluently, and giving evidence of proficiency in the fourth. I had occasion to appeal to him, during the night, to protect me

from a richly dressed fat old Russian woman, who suddenly attacked me with her tongue, and would give no heed to my signs that I did not know a word she was saying. The more I did not understand her, the louder she talked, till at last I began to suspect myself of some breach of etiquette, and to be undergoing a wordy punishment therefor. But when the boy came to my rescue, the old crone soon settled away into her seat, and I heard no more of her. He was at first unwilling to explain to me what all the rumpus was about, but on being pressed he said the woman was a person of quality, in search of an English governess for her children, and wanted me to inform her where she could meet with the personage.

"The miserable condition of the street pavements everywhere attracts my attention. It seems that the small paving stones are laid directly upon the alluvial deposit on which the city is built. Every landlord is required to maintain the pavement opposite his premises, and the consequence is very little uniformity in the styles of the work, excepting all are very bad. The surface is constantly broken up for repairs. I have never seen more than two or three men engaged at one place, and as these work in the Russian style, the re-laying of a section opposite to our house occupies many days. The gutters are at the middle of the streets. Along the Nevskoi, which is a broad and beautiful street, more than two miles long, a carriage can hardly go more than an eighth of a mile without being turned off by the barricades of workmen who are tearing up and re-laying the pavements. The Nevskoi corresponds to Broadway in New York. It is generally eight rods wide, and has fine sidewalks. Next to these come the carriage drives,

which are about forty feet broad, separated by the shallow gutter through which carriages have continually to pass from one side to the other. There appears to be a drain under this gutter, but so flat as to be of no service in carrying off filth. Water runs through it till the mud and garbage monopolize its whole space, and then it is opened from the top and its foul contents are thrown out upon the surface and carted away. The plan of drainage in other streets is substantially the same. Several canals, or rather small artificial water-courses, leading across the city from the river above, and uniting with it again below, seem to serve the three-fold purpose of furnishing the neighboring inhabitants with what little water they use, bearing small boats for carrying wood and provisions from the river barges to yards and warehouses situated on their banks, and for receiving the contents of the street sewers.

"I learn that the streets are cleaned in the same manner as they are repaired. Each landlord is required to furnish a quota of service at night. Our landlady sends a servant from the kitchen department every third night to work on the streets. These men being mostly slaves, are summarily whipped the next morning, if found asleep during the night. A poor fellow in our street had to undergo this punishment last week and all the serfs belonging in the precinct were summoned to be present and witness what they may expect under like circumstances.

"I called at the Merchants' Exchange, during the hour of business, between five and six o'clock. The building is delightfully situated, on the north bank of the river, commanding a fine view of the shipping, and looking upon the Palace, the

Admiralty, the Citadel, and many other objects of interest. The Exchange room is perhaps one hundred by sixty feet, and was well filled with merchants of a great variety of nationality. Business was conducted in a quiet, orderly manner — there was nothing like auction sales, but transactions were in every description of merchandise, not excepting tobacco and cigars. Here I saw Steiglitz, the great money king of St. Petersburg. He is a good-looking, well-built man, of forty years, with a sharp eye and a resolute expression. He stood in one spot during the entire session, holding a note-book and pencil, into which he affected to be looking intently; but I saw no memoranda made, and came to the conclusion that it was either a dull day with him, or that the book served only to help him appear busy. Other people came continually to report or ask him questions, which were answered in monosyllables. This man is said to be worth some 6,000,000 rubles, and to have the absolute control of the money market. He fixes the rate of exchange each day, and no transactions are made till his views are known. He has been in the habit of negotiating largely for the government, and the Emperor, upon the occasion of attempting his last loan, took occasion to try a fresh hand at the business. The consequence was that the loan failed to be carried out, and the government is distressed. There is to be a new loan offered soon, and great hope is expressed that Steiglitz will be the person selected to negotiate it.

June 11.— I joined a party and went to the Admiralty building. There is a fine view of the city from this point. While up there a funeral procesion passed in Alexander's Plain below us. It was of the better class and I had the curiosity to note

the order of the procession. First came ten persons dressed in black robes and shockingly bad hats, with broad slouching brims, who carried lanterns on poles and walked in two lines about a rod apart. The persons in each line were also between one and two rods from each other. After these came a more compact company of twenty boys and young men, who were the hired singers. Then two priests followed, and after them the hearse, drawn by four horses in charge of two grooms. Beside the horses were two other bearers of lanterns and four attendants, who were probably in charge of the body. There was also a driver, seated in the usual position. Seven carriages followed in the train, of which three were apparently well filled and the rear four were quite empty.

June 12.—To-day is Whit Sunday and has been celebrated as a high holiday. A company of us went in the morning to Trinity Church and remained about there for several hours. At one o'clock the Emperor came to review the troops whose barracks are in that vicinity and afterwards to attend service. The crowd of people was very great, but fortunately we secured a good standing place and had a fair view of His Majesty, who is a good looking man.

"About noon a fire broke out in a quarter of the city, not far from the Moscow Railroad station, and has raged all the afternoon and evening. Not less than 150 houses have been destroyed, and rumor fixes the loss of life among the firemen at fifteen men. The inefficiency of the fire apparatus and of the firemen is a disgrace even to Russian civilization. The engines are scarcely better than those used in America for watering plants in a garden. The parade made in going to a

fire is perfectly ludicrous. First a herald gallops ahead on horseback, to announce the approach of a company. Then comes the Captain, in an elegant barouche, drawn by three horses abreast. He is clad in full military uniform and carries a long sword at his side. After him follows the engine with several men standing upon a platform wagon drawn by two or three horses. The platform is just large enough for ten men to get around the brakes. Next in order is a load of men and after them about four small barrels, mounted on as many wagons, for bringing water from the river, each wagon drawn by two horses. In going to a fire the horses are driven at a cruel and break-neck rate of speed and it is no uncommon thing for some of them to fall down and die from being over-driven. Arrived at the fire the men are about as little use as the horses. Nothing can be done without orders from the dignitaries, who may be in the next street sitting in their carriages, and the orders are passed down through subordinates. The men have no courage to work, seeing that the officers are so entirely above it, and the fire is allowed to burn on, without help or hindrance, further than as a general thing to break out the windows and cut holes in the roof so as to hasten its progress, and if possible throw all the sofas, looking-glasses and tables from the windows of the upper stories, in order to leave the flames as little food as possible. These proceedings struck me at first as very singular, but on reflecting that the little garden pumps and kegs of water can do nothing towards wetting out a fire, it seems philosophical to give the flames a draft and have the building burnt out as freely as possible, in order to prevent the walls from being much injured by intense heat, which they would

acquire in a fire of more duration. I counted the strokes of the engine, and found the number to be twenty per minute. The streams thrown would not go off on a horizontal line more than thirty or forty feet from the end of the hose, and it is very difficult to throw one of them into a second-story window. There are some thirteen or fourteen of the fire brigades, each one having from twenty to twenty-five elegant horses, and they make a grand show in rushing towards a fire; but I would prefer one good engine and fire company, such as they have in Boston, to the whole force of the St. Petersburg department. The officers of the brigade appear to have no idea of a good fire company or of good fire apparatus, and they certainly do not know enough to use good machinery if they had it. As to the men, they care nothing about the fires, any way, excepting that they would rather prefer to get along without them, for the reason that they would have less work to do. It is said the Emperor always attends a fire when in town. Probably the reason of his doing it is a wish to attach great importance to it and stimulate the firemen with the hope that their conduct may be noticed and rewarded. If I could have an opportunity to talk freely with him for an hour, and convert him to my way of thinking, I would make trouble for some of those who now get their living out of the government without rendering any equivalent in work or wit. I would, of course, recommend him to employ a smart Yankee as Chief Engineer of the fire department, and import enough men of the same stock to man an English or American engine, and thus show the present managers how little they know."

Shortly after returning to St. Petersburg from the inspection of the bridges of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad, Mr. Harris made his report, and the government indicated its intention of appointing a commission to carry his recommendations into effect. It was written in that clear, comprehensive style so characteristic of Mr. Harris, and it is evident that it gave great satisfaction. A few days later he received a draft on London for a larger amount than he had named as compensation, in addition to one covering his expenses. In his journal is found this statement: "What gratified me still more was a very handsome letter of thanks to Mrs. Harris for having cheerfully consented to my coming abroad, accompanied by a token of respect to be conveyed to her. My gratitude could not, for the moment, find a fitting utterance. I felt proud of having a wife worthy of such a compliment." The "token of respect" was a valuable saphire surrounded with diamonds.

Before leaving St. Petersburg he had a model made of a wood hut, such as the serfs live in; and this, with all the tools used in building — a double handle saw, broad-ax, hammer, and keg of nails, was sent to America, and can now be seen in the Museum connected with the Springfield City Library, together with other articles which he purchased before and after leaving St. Petersburg.

Having purchased tickets for Helsingfors, for himself and Mr. Baker, he left St. Petersburg June 24, for Finland, Sweden and Denmark, after a stay of little more than a month. He intended to take a steamer direct for Stockholm; but it having been withdrawn from the line for repairs, he took the steamer

running to Helsingfors, where he remained five days. From there he went by steamer to Abo, and thence by another boat to Stockholm, where he arrived July 2d. He remained here until the 6th, and under date of July 4th he wrote in his journal: "This is the first time I ever spent the 'Glorious Fourth' out of my own country. It being the anniversary of the King's birth, it has been observed here as a holiday, and given us an excellent opportunity to look about among the people."

From Stockholm he went by steamer to Copenhagen, stopping on the way a short time at Gottenberg. At Copenhagen he called on a collector of antiquities and purchased a large variety of articles, which he sent to America by Captain Fairbanks, of the ship George Green, which was soon to sail for Boston. They also form part of the collection on exhibition in the Museum at the City Library.

From Copenhagen he went by cars to Hamburg. After this he visited Baden Baden, Cologne, Berne, Zurich, Lucerne, Grindelwald and Geneva. From Geneva he went to Paris, arriving August 13th, just in time to witness the return of Napoleon's victorious army. He wrote in his journal:—

"The ride to Paris has been exceedingly tedious, owing to our train getting behind time and occupying twenty-four hours in coming through. Spent the time from two to six this afternoon in looking for lodgings, all the hotels being full, on account of the coming fetes. Finally took a room near the Louvre, in a low, miserable, dirty tavern, where I must make the best of it till next week. Hundreds of strangers will have no beds to-night. Paris is full.

"August 14.— After a miserable night of quarreling with bed-bugs and fleas, I found my way into the street early this morning, and after taking a bowl of coffee and a roll of bread, I went to the Boulevards to see the grand entry of the army. Not a very proper occupation for the Sabbath! I remained some hours at a window, where I paid six dollars for the privilege of looking out. The spectacle was very grand and imposing. Louis Napoleon headed the procession. The wounded that could walk came in a body. The Austrian cannon were duly paraded (thirty-six in number). Several Austrian flags, taken at Solferino, were borne in triumph. The companies of Zouaves and Turcos gave great interest to the procession, in the eyes of all foreigners. The men belonging to these corps look bloodthirsty. They dress in such a way as to suggest the idea of brigands. The shaving of the fore part of the head does somewhat to make them look like demons. It is said that three companies turned the battle at Solferino. Among them are many jet-black Negroes; most of them I judge to be Arabs. The number of troops in the procession was between seventy and eighty thousand, and it took five or six hours for them to pass before the Emperor. A smart shower, towards the close, made it uncomfortable for the soldiers, but was exceedingly grateful to those who had the good fortune to be sheltered. The city is full of animation, to-night. I wish there was one less stranger in it, so that I might have a chance of getting a bed with no bugs. But I must meet them with courage, and conquer them if I can."

About two weeks were spent in visiting the principal objects of interest in Paris. Then he went to Havre, Ventnor, London,

Dublin, Cork and Liverpool. September 10th he sailed from the latter place, for Boston, in the Arabia, and had a somewhat rough but not altogether unpleasant passage. The steamer stopped at Halifax, and then sailed direct to Boston. The following is the last entry he made in his journal:—

"September 22.—As soon as it was fairly light we were called up to prepare for going ashore. By seven o'clock the Arabia had touched the wharf, and half an hour later the Custom House officer had dismissed our baggage and we were in a carriage bound to the station, where we were so fortunate as to arrive in ample season for the morning express train. Reached home at noon, finding family all well, and with gratitude to God for a prosperous journey and safe return."

SUBSEQUENT TRIPS TO EUROPE.

His second trip to Europe was in 1874, when he went to London, to assist in making a sale of the right to use the vacuum brake upon English railroads. He sailed from New York August 1st, in the steamer Samaria, of the Cunard line. His daughter Lillie and daughter-in-law Ida, accompanied him. On landing at Liverpool they went direct to London, where they spent a few days, and then went to Paris. A week was occupied in sight-seeing in the French capital, and on the 5th of September they returned to London, where they remained a week or more, visiting places of note and interest. September 15th they sailed for home, in the Bavaria, Samuel Bowles and Chester W. Chapin, of Springfield, coming in the steamer with them. His last visit to the Old World was in

1877, when he went out to get rest from business cares. He sailed from New York July 18th, in the Scythia, and was accompanied by his wife, his daughters Lillie and Etta, and Rev. Dr. Buckingham; but he received no permanent relief. In his trips across the Atlantic he always went by the Cunard steamers, regarding them as the safest.

GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA.

President Grant, in March, 1869, appointed Mr. Harris a Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad. This was unsolicited by him, and in fact, he never knew who suggested his name to the President. He held the office one year, and during that time he saw enough to convince him that the company was wastefully and extravagantly managed. July 10th he left Springfield to make an examination of the road, and before his return he continued his journey to California, his son accompanying him. This was his first visit to the Pacific coast, and he was absent until September. On his way out he stopped at Salt Lake, to see the Mormons, and while in California visited Sacramento, San Francisco, the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees.

May 16, 1872, Mr. and Mrs. Harris left Springfield for a visit to California. They were accompanied by a large party of friends. At Salt Lake City they called on Brigham Young, who entertained the company with a description of the railroad and mining interests. He related the fact that when Fremont went across the country to the West he saw and

examined the north end of Salt Lake, and that in returning he crossed the south end of Unitah Lake, and jumping at a hasty conclusion that the latter was the same body of water as the former, he was in great perplexity to account for the existence of a lake of which one end was very salt and the other perfectly fresh. The principal places of interest were visited, in California, including a trip to the Yosemite. On the return the party left the Union Pacific Railroad at Cheyenne, and went to Denver, Idaho Springs, and some of the mining towns. Returning to Denver they took the Kansas Pacific Railroad for St. Louis, and reached Springfield July 12th.

CALLED TO WASHINGTON.

When the war of the Rebellion was in progress Mr. Harris received a telegram from Secretary Stanton, requesting his immediate presence in Washington. He left at once, and upon his arrival there lost no time in calling upon the Secretary. Mr. Stanton said that he wished to build a road for the army to pass over, in its movements before Richmond, and that he had requested Amasa Stone to take charge of it; but owing to the condition of his health he could not. Mr. Stone had recommended Mr. Harris, and now he wanted him to do the work. To this Mr. Harris replied, that there was such a diversity of business interests depending upon him at home, that he could not give his consent without further deliberation. The great Secretary, in his peremptory manner said: "You must; we want some one who is loyal, and whom we can trust." Mr. Harris explained further his business interests, and said

he should be glad to help the Government, but he must go home and decide. He returned to Springfield, and after arranging his affairs telegraphed his acceptance. No response came, and then he wrote. No answer to his letter was received; but knowing the great pressure of business upon the Secretary, he deemed it best to go at once to Washington. He found the office besieged with callers, but after long waiting he was admitted to the presence of Mr. Stanton. He stated to him that he had come prepared to accede to his request. Mr. Stanton then stated that General Haupt, the former engineer of the Hoosac Tunnel, but now in the employ of the Government, was at the head of that service, and that Mr. Harris would be under him. To this Mr. Harris replied that he would not like to make any mistakes, and if he undertook the "job," would rather be at the head of it, to direct it himself. Mr. Stanton said he might return home, and he would call him again; but he heard nothing more of it.

THE CLUB.

Some twenty years or more ago a number of professional and business men, mostly of Springfield, at the suggestion of the late Chief Justice Chapman, met and organized under the name of "The Club," and held a meeting every Monday evening, at the house of some one of the members, during the winter months, for consultation and discussion. It was limited to sixteen members, and vacancies caused by death or resignation, could be filled by unanimous consent. Mr. Harris was an active member, up to his last sickness, and took great

pleasure in the meetings. Lawyers, ministers, doctors, business men and others met together and contributed of their store of information. The members were allowed each a few minutes to talk on any subject that might suggest itself. Then a single topic was taken up and discussed during the remainder of the evening. Mr. Harris talked of his business experiences, or of some matter of practical value, which had come under his observation during the week. He always had something to say, and his remarks received close attention. The last meeting which he attended was held in the afternoon, at the house of Mr. Atwater, a few weeks before he died. The members were called together more particularly to meet Mr. Harris. All were highly entertained with his conversation, which was largely upon his sickness. He seemed to regard the crisis as having passed, and that he was really getting better. He dwelt, to some extent, upon the mental condition he was in while coming back to reality, after his serious attack in the winter. "Everything," he said, "seemed very strange, and I could not realize that I was at home. One day I asked the servant, 'Where am I? My wife and daughters tell me I am at home; but I know I am not, and now I want you to tell me where I am.' 'Why, Mr. Harris,' she said, 'you are at home.' 'Oh, no, I am not; you must tell me where I am.' The delusion gradually wore away, until I gained perfect consciousness of the reality of everything." It was a delightful June afternoon, and Mr. Harris and the others, who had come to meet him, enjoyed the occasion exceedingly. They felt that he was by no means restored to health, although he took a hopeful view of his own condition. Still, no one realized that they were holding the

last meeting with him, and that he was so soon to pass beyond the boundaries of this life. The effort he made on this occasion was too much of a tax upon his vital forces, and he returned home considerably wearied, though greatly delighted with the meeting.

HIS BUSINESS SUCCESS.

As a business man Mr. Harris was more than ordinarily successful. In fact, with his habits of industry and economy, he could hardly have failed to win success. There were, it is true, circumstances attending his early life, which measurably aided him to reach the road which led to fortune. He was fortunate in having a father who guided his steps in youth, gave him a good education, and directed him towards a profession which was soon to be called to take part in important works. There was no aimless purpose with him. He was trained and educated for a specific duty; and, stepping upon the threshold of life just at the time when the country needed railroads, he was peculiarly fortunate in having that education and skill which was soon to be so greatly in demand. But it is due to him to say that he was wise enough to improve the opportunity, and had those qualifications which would have made him successful under less favoring circumstances. He was careful and wise in judgment, and made it a duty to live within his income, so the end of each year found him better off than he was at the beginning. He had no spirit of speculation, and whenever he bought stocks or other property it was with the

view of a permanent investment. His gains came not as the result of speculative enterprises, but from wise investments, from which there was to be a sure income. In this way, and by constant labor, he secured a competence, which he left to his wife. The declaration made to her before they were married, "The love and worldly goods which I possess shall all be yours, now and hereafter," was never forgotten, and his will was made in accordance with it. He had a feeling that the law, in many cases, made an equitable distribution of an estate. He never had a desire to place restrictions upon a just distribution of his property, and he left it all to his wife. His will was made two years before he went to Russia, and he had no wish to make any change afterward. It was drawn by the late Chief Justice R. A. Chapman, under date of March 30, 1857, and is as follows:—

I, Daniel L. Harris, of Springfield, in the County of Hampden, Massachusetts, do make and publish my last will and testament, as follows, viz.: I give and devise all the estate which I shall leave at the time of my decease to my wife, leaving to her the support and education of our children, and requesting, also, that she will aid Mrs. White, the mother-in-law of H. G. Amadon, so as to secure to her a comfortable support during her life; and I appoint my wife the executrix of this, my last will and testament.

Dated at Springfield, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1857.

D. L. HARRIS.

Signed and published in presence of us:—

N. A. LEONARD.
EDWARD A. HAYDEN.
R. A. CHAPMAN.

When the will was presented for probate, Mrs. Harris, feeling that the care of the property would be too great a work, declined the trust of executrix, and, at her request, letters of administration with the will attached were issued to her and her son, Azariah B. Harris.

HIS CHILDREN.

He had eleven children born to him, seven of whom are still living:—

Edgar Lester, born July 26, 1844. Died December 9, 1846.

Twin Daughters, born August 9, 1846. Died August 10, 1846.

Corinne, born August 31, 1848. Married Edward S. Brewer, June 2, 1869.

Harriet Buckingham, born September 15, 1850. Died November 2, 1852.

Azariah Boody, born March 8, 1853. Married Ida Kibbee, July 4, 1874.

S. Jeannie, born April 26, 1854. Married Henry K. Baker, September 24, 1879.

Lillie Johnston, born January 26, 1856.

Ambia Corson, born May 28, 1859.

Henrietta Clark, born June 20, 1861.

Cornelia Hawkins, born July 10, 1866.

HIS RELIGIOUS CONNECTIONS.

The duties and responsibilities of life were by no one more deeply felt and considered than by Mr. Harris. He was eminently religious in his feelings, without being superstitious and bigoted. When he came to Springfield to live he attended the First Church, but subsequently joined the South Church, and continued his connection with it to the close of his life. He was a member of Judge Chapman's Bible-class for several

years, until the Judge left the city, and then he became its teacher. His explanations of obscure passages were always plain and forcible, and the many young and elderly people who were at various times members of his class, look back with pleasure upon their connection with it. In the latter part of 1871 he moved, with others, for a better place of worship, and went earnestly into the work of soliciting funds for a new church edifice. He gave liberally of his own means, and was instrumental in securing many subscriptions to the building fund. He was appointed a member of the building committee; but as a more expensive building than to him seemed wise was generally desired, he withdrew from it. He, however, continued to give such advice and assistance as was needed, and maintained friendly interest in the work until the building was finished.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

To those who met Mr. Harris for a special purpose, he appeared gifted as a talker. His statements were clothed in language which conveyed his precise meaning, and were made without hesitation; but in reality his conversational powers were not large. He could state a fact clearly, and easily express any conclusion he had drawn from it; but he could not entertain a company, as an after-dinner talker. He needed the inspiration of a great cause to quicken his thoughts. He seldom made a set speech, before a public audience; but when called out on any question to which he had previously given thought, he could talk well. In this way he often surprised his

friends with his array of facts and the diversity of his information. Rev. William Rice states that the best speech he ever heard him make was at the jail in Springfield. He went with Mr. Rice, who was to address the prisoners, to attend a Sunday service. Mr. Rice asked Mr. Harris to speak. His reply was, "Oh, no; I can't. I never talk." Mr. Rice then suggested that he say a few words on the law of habit. Mr. Harris finally consented, and for a considerable time spoke with great effect. Instead of showing how men, step by step, from habit go down, he took the opposite side, and presented to the prisoners the way to overcome evil habits — how men turn from evil to good. "It may be hard, at first," he said, "to say no; but the second time it comes easier, and finally it requires no effort. In this way men turn from evil ways and come to act rightly, rising to usefulness and correct living."

His taste for literature leaned strongly towards the substantial, from which he could gain information. That which only served to amuse had no interest to him. Scientific information was always treasured, for the benefit it might be to him in the future. His early letters showed considerable sentiment and poetic feeling; but later in life he was too much absorbed in business to cultivate and develope any taste in that direction. He was peculiarly a matter-of-fact man in his business life, and the real and substantial in literature and science pleased him more than any rhetorical display or figure of speech.

In business he was active and aggressive, and whatever he found for his hands to do he took hold of with all his might. He was ready for a conflict whenever he considered the occasion demanded it, and the determined spirit which he mani-

fested often misled his opponents and the public, who knew of him only through the newspapers, or from the reports of those who opposed his measures. It has been supposed that such a man must of necessity carry the same spirit to his home. In this instance nothing could be farther from the truth. No one enjoyed his family more than he, or could be more yielding to their wants and wishes. The cares of business were laid aside when he left his office, and there came that genial flow of good feeling which made his home agreeable and delightful to all. He entered heartily into whatever interested his family. His wife bears this testimony of him: "I lived with him thirty-six years, and until he was sick I do not remember that I ever saw him impatient. He never spoke a harsh word to me, or complained of anything which I did. He was often very much in earnest, but I should never call him impulsive. He seemed to think twice, always, before speaking."

His stature was five feet seven inches, and his weight, when in good health, was 155 pounds. His eyes were gray, and his hair, in early manhood, was a dark brown. There was no attempt at display in his personal appearance. He was always neatly but plainly dressed. Before his marriage his father selected all the material for his clothing, and afterward his wife did it for him. He valued durability, and would say, "Whatever is cheap at the beginning is dear in the end." He had no knowledge of the quality of cloth, and trusted everything to his wife, who, when she considered he needed a new suit, would send the tailor to "hunt him down" in his business and take his measure. He would say, "Now, don't give me anything 'dandy'—something plain and of dark color."

He was remarkably systematic in all his affairs. Papers relating to every business transaction were carefully preserved, and placed where he could find them at any time. When he went to college he made an inventory of every article in his possession, including clothing, books, etc., which is still among his papers. His accounts, at that time, were kept with strict accuracy, and they show the nature of each purchase. He did not believe in charging even small items as "sundries." He began keeping a journal while in college, entering only the important occurrences. This habit he kept up, to a considerable extent, through life. When he went away on a journey he kept a record of all his experiences and observations.

Wastefulness, wherever he saw it, even in comparatively unimportant matters, annoyed him exceedingly. He used to say, "Save that you may be liberal." "This careless, wasteful spirit," he once said, "is exceedingly unpleasant to me. Nothing distresses me more than to see a servant, when she lights a fire, ignite two matches at a time, when one is all that is needed." He was by no means penurious. Whatever was necessary was right—beyond that all that was used he regarded as a waste, and whoever showed wastefulness in small things was sure to in larger ones.

Mr. Harris was not what might have been called a humorous man, though he appreciated keen wit. He could not see any fun, where most others could. He never made puns or jokes; could not bear mimicry or imitation, and never encouraged it in any member of his family. He was choice in the use of language, and never uttered anything that even sounded like an oath. He never used a by-word or slang phrase, and

"fudge" was the strongest term he used to express the utmost contempt.

The rabble which gathered at his house and made such an unseemly demonstration, on a Fourth of July night, did not disturb him from any fear he had of the destruction of his property. He felt that it was an insult to his family, and that did more to wound his feelings than all else.

He never used tobacco in any form, having promised his father, in early youth, that he would not; and he never formed the habit of taking intoxicating drinks. He never spent any time idling in saloons and bar-rooms. His motto in regard to forming any bad habit was this: "It is much easier not to begin than it is to break off."

He placed great confidence in those who had expressed friendship and given evidence of sincerity. Nothing grieved him more than to find himself betrayed by one in whom he had confided.

Scrawling, illegible penmanship annoyed him. He once sent word to a telegraph operator, who wrote very poorly, "Learn to write better, or give up your place."

A clumsy, bungling workman disturbed his sensibility. He would say to him, "Have you a clear idea, sir, of what you are doing?"

The care of household affairs he left to Mrs. Harris, who made all the purchases, even to the horses, carriages and harnesses.

When his children asked a favor of him, he would say, "Ask Mother;" or, if he did not think best to grant it, "Mother won't let us."

The people he could not excuse were those who exercised no self-control, and those who did not dare to act lest they should excite adverse criticism. With him it was, "This is right, and I will act upon it." "This is wrong, and I will not do it." The resolution once made, no influence could be brought to bear which was strong enough to induce him to change, and he had no sympathy with those who would not act in accordance with their own convictions.

CONCLUSION.

The true Puritan spirit was largely represented in Mr. Harris's life and example, and the good such men do cannot be measured by the generation familiar with their works. The world counts success only from immediate results; but the success which endures is that which comes with the maturity of time. The seed of a principle is sown to-day — to-morrow it takes root, and with the increase of years it becomes a light and a blessing to all. With Mr. Harris there was no covering up — no putting the best side to the public gaze. He was plain and simple as a child, and the conflicts he waged were the conflicts of ideas. He had a principle in view which to him seemed of great importance, and he could see no other way than to contend for it, without regard to the cost of time and the good opinions of those who differed with him. When he had reached a conclusion it was so clear to him that he was impatient because others could not see it as clearly as himself. To him it had become an established fact,— one which would not admit of argument; and it was often this earnestness, born

of conviction, which excited opposition and led men to misjudge his motives. Unlike the cunning and plausible diplomat, he approached his opponents by direct lines — he carried the enemies' works by storm rather than by maneuvers and flank movements. It is not at all strange that such a man should have had opponents and heated contests, when there were so many who had selfish ends in view. In no sense did Mr. Harris seek personal triumphs. There was to him a principle involved, which concerned the good of the community or those who had placed a trust in his keeping, which he had pledged his word to protect. He was not a quarrelsome man — on the contrary, quite the reverse. There was no contention from the mere love of it. He protested because he regarded others in the wrong.

His life was full of activity and usefulness — a bright and shining example; and his good name will be as a rich inheritance to the coming generations bound to him by the ties of kindred.

LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER.

WHEN Mr. Harris turned aside from his college life and went into the practical, every-day affairs of business, science and literature lost one who would have been a bright and shining example. He had that spirit of untiring research for first principles which would have given him eminence in a broader field, had he entered into a closer investigation of the truths which underlie all great first causes. Had he chosen the law for a profession, he would have taken rank with the leading jurists of the land. In argument he would have gone to the bottom and planted himself on solid foundations. His analytical mind would have led him to distinguish the difference between the apparent and the real. If he had taken up the pen, as a writer or journalist, he would have gained a constituency as wide as our country. Clearness of statement was what he aimed at, and he endeavored to clothe his thoughts in plain and simple language — using such words as would convey his precise meaning. He wrote frequent letters to his friends, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years, and many of them are still in existence. To show

something of his style of composition in youth, and for the sake of preserving them in a more enduring form, the letters written to his brother William when in college, and soon after going out as a civil engineer, are printed in this connection. Considering that they were written at a time before he had seen much of the world, and that they are the private letters of one brother to another, they are quite remarkable for the display of ability :—

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, October 8, 1836.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM :—

It was with feelings of great pleasure that I read yours of the 25th ult., informing me of your progress in your different branches of study. It was my duty to have written you several days ago, but circumstances have been such as to render it inconvenient, and induce me to postpone it from time to time, till to-day. Your success in Latin and algebra has fully equaled, and in truth rather surpassed, my expectations. I trust you have gone over the algebra, thus far, with a firm and unwavering resolution to leave no strong-hold unconquered. Remember that a single principle left in obscurity now, will be a cause of perplexity to you in every advancing step ; that you will have to turn back and go over the same ground anew, before you can prosecute future inquiries with success. Remember that it may be the means of exciting a prejudice in your mind against the whole train of mathematical sciences, and cause you to throw them aside in despair, and so deprive you of the ten thousand advantages and enjoyments to be derived from their perusal. I know, indeed, the great effort

required for comprehending and retaining the principles there laid down. I know, and I presume you can bear witness to the fact, that the knowledge of algebra, as of every other branch of education, is to be acquired only by perseverance and industry. But let me tell you one thing that may be some encouragement to you, if you do not know it already. Probably you have sometimes thought that there were so many things to be remembered, so many surds, coefficients, exponents and signs to be understood, and so many mysterious changes which may be made upon the letters and quantities, that it would be impossible for you to become so well acquainted with them as to keep them all in your mind and be able to recollect them afterwards. But you will find hereafter that all these difficulties will vanish, and that the whole is built upon a few simple and immutable principles. You will look back upon it, as you now do upon a spelling-book, and wonder what it was that formerly appeared so much like rugged mountains in your course. Many times, after getting through with a difficult proposition, I have looked back upon it and wondered how a thing apparently so simple could have occasioned me so much perplexity. Many of the difficulties which appear to persons studying algebra are conjured up by the imagination, when they first commence the study.

You say you find the Latin a very interesting study, and I am really glad to hear it. Although you do not tell me how you like algebra, yet I hope, and from your progress I really believe, you find it equally interesting. At any rate, let me entreat of you, never for one moment suffer a dislike of it to spring up in your mind. When you find yourself beset with

difficulty on every hand, and almost ready to despair, then take new courage, in the recollection that if you can but conquer, you will receive ample reward from a present feeling of inward satisfaction, and that hereafter you may realize a hundred fold recompense in the pursuit of the higher branches of mathematics, which, as I have told you before, can never be prosecuted successfully without a thorough knowledge of algebra. Perhaps you may think me a little extravagant in my remarks upon this subject; but if so, I hope you will apply to some one who has had the pleasure of pursuing the mathematics, and get his opinions. Ask him what pleasure he derived from the propositions of geometry, the demonstrations of trigonometry, and the problems of mensuration. Inquire what were his feelings when he was told, and saw it proved, that light might be separated into seven different colors. Ask him if he felt an internal pleasure in learning the causes and principles of the rainbow. Let him tell you, if he can, the sublime emotions which he realized in contemplating the order and regularity with which the heavenly bodies pursue their courses through space; the astounding velocity with which they move; and the unerring precision which attends man's calculations respecting them.

You speak of having formed a debating society. I am really glad to hear of it, as I think the advantages to be derived from that source are among the most important in education. I must recommend to you to pursue this subject with spirit and determination. You will, at first, perhaps, with all your effort, find yourself able to say only a few words upon a subject in debate; you may at first feel an embarrassment in rising to

speak, but be not discouraged. The little that you can say will do you as much good as the long speeches of those more advanced will do them. Remember that a child creeps before he can walk. Study every question proposed for discussion, and take every proper opportunity for speaking. Listen to the speeches of the other members, and see what course each one takes to establish his side of the question. Above all, pay strict attention to writing compositions. Strive to make each one appear better than the preceding. Mark every error which may be pointed out to you, and strive to avoid it in your next composition. I hope you will, ere long, write again and tell me how you succeed in the various branches, etc., etc.

Your brother,

DANIEL L. HARRIS.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, December 13, 1836.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM :—

I was much gratified with the reception of yours of the 7th inst., though I was really grieved at some of the news which it was your painful duty to communicate ; and I hasten to dispatch an answer before the commencement of the term, as I fear I may not then find time. From what I had heard of Uncle William I had reason to hope and believe he had become a reformed man, and when I read your account of his conduct my astonishment was almost inexpressible. I had hoped his past experience would suffice to convince him of the folly of pursuing the course he has chosen to follow, but now I am

ready to despair of ever again seeing him raised to a standing of respectability. I think father must be very much pained at the sight of a brother thus degraded, after all his efforts to elevate him in society and set him up in the world.

You give me an account of your progress in Latin and algebra, and desire my opinion of your success. Without wishing to flatter you in the least, I must say I think you have got along very well, and fully as well as I expected. Mr. Cutler's remark is very true. I had advanced no farther, if so far, in the same length of time. I was pleased to hear that you had gone over with this interesting branch with the truly commendable resolution, "to leave nothing unconquered behind." Doubtless you have received pleasure sufficient to repay all your exertions, leaving out of the question the immense benefit derived from the exercise and discipline of your mental powers. I look back with a great deal of satisfaction to the period when I was studying algebra; and I may add, I have never since pursued any science which gave me a more solid and lasting intellectual enjoyment. In looking over your letter I notice the remark: "I like the study, and find it very interesting." I will only say, go ahead; the more you know of it the more you will like it. It contains hidden beauties, which are not discovered till after a long acquaintance and close intimacy with it.

I am pleased with your progress in Latin. I will send the Virgil and Dictionary by Saturday's mail. In the Dictionary two leaves are wanting. You will find a small book under the cover which contains the absent words. You say you have paid considerable attention to composition, and I must not only add

with you that I think nothing has been lost by so doing, but that much has been gained thereby. The difference between your two letters to me is ample testimony to the great improvement you have made in this most essential branch of education. Be assured, time properly spent in the exercise of composition is never wasted.

I am sorry to hear that your debating club is dissolved, and I would advise you to use your efforts to renew it as soon as it may be practicable. Such clubs, rightly conducted, are extremely useful. We have one here, which is kept secret, to which I belong. It consists of twelve members, and we have meetings once a week. Besides this, I belong, as you know, to a larger society. I think I can learn more from the smaller society than from the larger, because, since the members are much fewer, we have more opportunity for speaking. I suppose you see my letters to father, and of course it would be useless for me to repeat to you the list of studies in which I am engaged. With your book I shall send a small work on natural philosophy for Mary. I met with it in a book-store, the other evening, and was so much pleased with it that I immediately purchased. I think it will do her a great deal of good, if properly studied. If you can find time, I would advise you to read it, as possibly you may find something explained there which you do not already understand. But if you do understand all of them, certainly it can do you no harm to read the book. My health is good. Write again when you can make it convenient.

Your brother,

D. L. HARRIS.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, February 8, 1837.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM :—

It has come to pass, in the process of time, on the 8th day of February, and about the seventh hour of the day, that I have taken my place before a desk, for the purpose of addressing you a few words, in reply to a letter of yours written about six weeks since. Whether to begin with something about comets, shooting stars, northern lights, Martin Van Buren or geometry, I am at a loss. There now, I am glad I have not said anything about either of these, for another subject has just popped into my head, which will be equally as, if not more, interesting to you. I believe you said something about attending a dancing-school, and asked me what I thought of it; but it was so long ago you will hardly thank me now for answering your question. I think I can say I am inclined to the opinion that schools of this kind are highly beneficial to those who attend them with good motives. It is a great acquisition to be enabled to conduct ourselves with true politeness and affability in company — and especially in the company of ladies. Dancing-schools doubtless furnish us with one of the easiest methods of acquiring that gracefulness of manner, freedom of action, and readiness in conversation, which are so requisite to a young man who would wish to pass in the world for a gentleman of good breeding. From the way you speak of the subject, I am led to suppose that you have attended the school at Colonel Eaton's, and probably before this time you have learned enough to be able to speak of the importance of the subject from your own experience, which, by the way, is more than I

can do, as I never have had the good fortune to attend one, and can therefore only talk of it as a cold and speculating philosopher.

But time and paper are growing scarce, and I must necessarily wind up. I wrote to father, some time since, respecting geometry and surveying, and I know not that I need to say anything further to you on the subject. I am much pleased with your success in the mathematics, and, if I mistake not, you are taking much pleasure in studying them. Write again, ere long. My love to Sister Mary.

Your brother,

D. L. HARRIS.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, December 14, 1837.

DEAR BROTHER:—

Your last letter, asking my opinion as to the course most proper to be pursued in your studies, is before me; and, in compliance with your request, I hasten to give it an answer. I am fully sensible of my incapacity to advise in such matters, and I always feel a strong reluctance to do so, through fear lest if at any future time it may be thought the proper course has not been taken, a degree of blame should rest upon my shoulders. In my letters to father I have once or twice given a sketch of my views upon the study of the dead languages, and, as you have probably seen them, it will be unnecessary to repeat them in this place. The sciences are every day becoming of more and more consequence, and as they increase it is found

necessary to make room for them in courses of study, at the expense of less important branches. On this account, several of the higher institutions of learning have already nearly abandoned them, for what they consider of greater utility; and, unless the signs of the times are unusually fallacious, others will soon follow their example. You well know that I have never regarded the languages as of sufficient importance to merit any attention, further than a little way in college (and only the Latin; I have omitted the Greek altogether), and I have not been wholly free from scruples with regard to the propriety of devoting as much time to them as I did. As to your case, I should be inclined to think it would be as well to lay aside the Latin before long, though so much depends upon circumstances that I am not able to speak confidently and positively about it. Probably it will be much better to leave the subject altogether with your instructor and father; and if I were in your place, I should prefer to do so. I know not what to say about philosophy, chemistry and astronomy, as so much depends upon the length of time that you are to study, and the place where you are to complete your studies. I never should advise any one to take up surveying until after having obtained a good knowledge of trigonometry and mensuration, as it all depends upon these branches and geometry. I know not whether father intends to have you come here or not; if he does, it will be best to regulate your present studies with that view, so far as may be practicable; and if it be needed I can give you, or father, information respecting the courses pursued by the several departments, at any time.

You speak of a phrenologist having been in the neighborhood, and I am sorry to learn that he has made dupes of so many good people. I would not have you infer from this remark that I believe the whole science of phrenology to be a lie; but, so far as there is any reality in it, I consider it as a useless and pernicious truth. People ought to look at those who go about the country lecturing upon this subject, and fingering skulls at the rate of twenty-five cents or half a dollar a head, in the light of crafty money-catchers, who are willing to fatten upon the folly of others. There are numerous instances where they have been the means of great and permanent injury, not only by direct deception, but also through the channel of flattery; for there are many persons in the world whom, if you tell them they are smart, or have uncommonly good qualities, they instantly become so proud and arrogant that there is no living peaceably with them. The principle that the phrenologists proceed upon, as you know, is that the mind, that immortal substance, is exclusively located in the brain. But there have been those who have maintained, with about as much plausibility, that its only home is in the *heel;* while others, with equal reason, place it in the stomach. There are not wanting others who contend that the mind inhabits the nose, and they are wont to scan a man's character by the shape of this most noble appendage. This science is called rhinology, and its believers say

> "'Tis Rhinology forms the common mind,—
> Just as the nose is bent, the man's inclined."

Your brother in sincerity,

D. L. HARRIS.

NORWICH AND WORCESTER RAILROAD,
THOMPSON, Ct., August 23, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER:—

I will not longer resist an inclination on my part of writing to you; or, on the other hand, deny you the gratification of hearing from one who is bound to you by the tenderest cords of affection, and who feels the most earnest solicitude for your welfare. I have a strong desire to hear from you in the new relations into which you have so recently been thrown, and especially to learn what are your "first impressions" of college life. From the few casual remarks dropped by you while I remained in Middletown, and from my own observation of the facility with which you assimilated your own manners to those of the persons around you, I could not but conclude that you were highly pleased with the prospects before you. Oftentimes since my return your friends have inquired how you seemed to like the appearance of things at Middletown, and it has been with the highest delight to myself and the most evident pleasure to them, that I have been enabled to assure them of your entire satisfaction, for all anything I have seen to the contrary.

In writing to my friends, as you doubtless have observed, I make it a practice to adopt the social, familiar and careless style of those who pen first what is uppermost in their minds. Without pausing here to explain the philosophy of such a course, I shall hasten on to give you a slight sketch of every-day affairs and events that have taken place since we parted.

I reached home between two and three o'clock the day after I left Middletown. It had been my intention to return to this

place early next morning; but on learning that Cousin F. M. Dunlap was in town, and also that Cousin Harriet Lester was expected the next day, I determined to wait till Monday. I called at Uncle Dunlap's to see Maria, the same evening, and I assure you we enjoyed a most delightful chat. Maria appears remarkably well, and enjoys good health. In her conversation she gives most abundant evidence of having improved, in the best manner, the limited advantages of education which she has enjoyed. To a brilliant intellect she unites a gracefulness of manner and all those polite accomplishments which render the society of young ladies so agreeable, and makes it to be so much sought after by intelligent and virtuous young men. Maria returned to Fall River last week, to resume the arduous task of school-teaching, instead of the delightful employment of school-going. Cousin Harriet did not come to Plainfield, as had been expected.

I have heard nothing in particular from home since I left. Probably father has written you several times, ere this. By the way, you must endeavor to be punctual and frequent in writing to father, for nothing will give him greater pleasure than to observe the progress you are making in the paths of science.

Cousin Rebecca and family are about as usual. She and her husband started yesterday for New York. They will be gone about a fortnight. Jane is the mistress of affairs in their absence. I visit Cousin Whipple's quite frequently, and derive much pleasure from so doing. Monday evening I went out with Jane to call on two or three young ladies of her associates. This evening I go up street again to see one of the students from Yale, now at home on a visit.

I continue to board with Mr. Nicols, and remain situated just as when you were here. My duties at present are not very onerous; I find considerable time to devote to study and improvement in the profession. I hear nothing, as yet, from the New York and Erie Railroad, and hardly think I shall this fall, so I have got pretty much reconciled to the idea of staying here through the year. The grading of this part of the road will not be completed before January next. Of course I expect to remain in Thompson till that time.

The paper you sent me containing the criticisms was duly received. Whatever others may think, I cannot agree with the writer of that article in many of his strictures and puffs. I should like much to know who is the author. If you can find out, please tell me when you write.

I heard some two or three weeks since from Cousin Brayton and Mary Ann. His health was on the decline, it being much poorer than when they were in Plainfield. They were about starting on a journey to Vermont; but such was his extreme feebleness that they did not expect to advance more than ten miles a day. Poor man! I fear his days are almost numbered. Do you know whether he has ever yet embraced the religion of Jesus? or, in other words, whether he has prepared himself for the last solemn hour? I am uninformed in this matter.

Maria told me that Cousin Hetty's child died soon after her own decease. Surely Mr. Eddy has been deeply afflicted.

You have doubtless had the pleasure of attending meetings of both literary societies of the University, before this time. How are you pleased with them, and what think you of their

respective merits? Remember what I told you, in making up your mind which to join.

You are well aware of the eminent advantages you now enjoy for the study of intellectual character. You are surrounded with persons of every variety of disposition and talent. Human nature, in all its varied aspects, is laid open to your view. Let me exhort you, then, to embrace this opportunity for studying it thoroughly. Never will you enjoy better opportunities for so doing. Indeed, dear brother, this is, or should be, at all times one of the prominent objects in going to college. An ability to scrutinize correctly the operations of mind, and discern clearly the secret springs of human action, are two acquirements rarely possessed, but of invaluable utility.

You have at length, as I trust, got fairly and fully settled, and, as I hope, enjoy the pleasure of seeing everything about you arranged to your satisfaction. Of course you find a little more time than is requisite for your daily recitations. A portion of this you will be inclined to spend in miscellaneous reading. In selecting books from the library you cannot exercise too much care. Were it desirable, I could give you a long list of works which well repay perusal; but your own judgment will prove a sufficient guide. Only let me say, *beware of reading novels*. No good can possibly result from this which is not derived from a thousand other sources; and a vast amount of evil is sure to follow. You will become acquainted with many who indulge in this ruinous practice, but who, at first sight, do not appear to be experiencing any considerable injury. Look again. Mark and consider them well; see how

their mental energy is becoming gradually impaired. Observe with what reluctance they take up a book which requires deep thought and close study. Watch them in the recitation-room—see who it is that hesitates at the blackboard, and answers the professor with dark words and hard to be understood.

But I must check my pen. If you know Vosburg tell him I have not forgotten him, but will endeavor to write him before long. Have you yet cleared your room of the "varmint ?"

How do you like your quarters? and how are you pleased with your chum? Have you been mineralizing yet? If they work the feldspar quarry, this fall, you must certainly visit it with Longley, or some other competent mineralogist. Several rare specimens are to be found there, when the quarry is open, viz., columbite, apatite, etc. Write me as soon and as often as you can make it convenient. My health is good, but this warm, dry weather does not agree with me much better than with some others. Accept the assurances of affection from

Your brother,

D. L. Harris.

New York and Erie Railroad,
Addison, Steuben County, October 22, 1838.

Dear Brother:—

Your very kind letter of the 3d ult. reached me several days before I left Thompson. In my last I informed you I should probably remain there through the winter, and such was at that time my expectation; but, owing to some circumstances which

transpired a day or two after, I determined to leave the Norwich and Worcester Road with as little delay as expedient. Just as I was giving the Chief Engineer notice of my intention of leaving him, a letter was received from an engineer on this road, giving me a very eligible appointment at $2 per day. I left home for this part of the country about the 24th of September. Father accompanied me as far as New York, where we remained from Tuesday till Thursday morning. From New York I took passage in one of the North River steam-boats for Albany. In company with several gentlemen from this county, I took the afternoon cars of Friday for Utica. Arriving at that place in the evening, we immediately took stage for Syracuse, from whence we proceeded by railroad to Auburn. From Auburn we traveled by stage to Geneva, at the head of Seneca Lake, where we arrived on Saturday, about sunset. The next morning (Sunday) we took the steam-boat up the lake to Jefferson, from which place we had private conveyance to the point of our destination, near Painted Post, on the Tioga River. Throughout the whole of my journey I had but little chance for observation. While in New York my whole attention was occupied with business, and the day I came up the Hudson River was so exceedingly damp and unpleasant as to render it impossible to notice particularly the beautiful scenery for which the river is remarkable. During the short time I spent in Albany I rambled through the principal streets, went to view the interior of the State House, and also got permission to examine the collections of minerals made by the State Geologists, who, as you may be aware, are now engaged in a

geological and scientific survey of New York State. From Albany to Jefferson our modes of conveyance were such as to deter me from an attempt at anything like observation. In passing up Seneca Lake I was gratified with a view of some of the most beautiful lands and some of the most romantic scenery I have ever beheld.

Almost as soon as I reached Corning (in Painted Post) I was sent into the field with a compass. Having served for a few days in the capacity of compass-man, I took the level and joined a party of engineers who are engaged in making preliminary surveys of the Canisteo River. We are now advanced as far as this place, and are at present making a headway of about one and a half miles per day. It is intended to build the road through this county in the course of next year.

This section of country is quite new, and of course but little settled. A great many of the farmers still live in log houses, with but one window. The fields are covered with stumps and decayed trees. Vast quantities of wood are every day burned, for the mere purpose of getting it out of the way. Deer, wolves, bears, panthers, and all the herd of wild animals, are common. While I was out leveling, the other day, a noble looking buck came browsing along close by me; nor did he, on discovering me, take the trouble to make his escape till after I had made considerable exertion to frighten him off. Thus, you see, I have come into a land in some respects different from Connecticut. The general outlines of the country, however, bear considerable resemblance to those of our native state. The surface of the ground is quite uneven, and generally well watered. Excepting along the banks of the rivers it is mostly

covered with forests. The geology of the country, so far as I have had an opportunity of observing it, is somewhat singular. The rivers flow in narrow valleys of from half a mile to a mile in width, with an elevation of some five or six hundred feet below the general level of the surface. The sides of the valleys are in general very steep, presenting a bold and rugged appearance. There is only here and there a place where it is possible to approach the river. Wherever a low place for getting to the river occurs, a settlement is made, and if possible a saw and grist mill erected. The rock formations consist principally of sandstone and shell limestone, which generally lie in horizontal positions. It is through rocks of this character that the deep valleys through which the rivers flow have, at some remote period, been excavated. On either side of the valleys the layers of stone come out to the face in similar and corresponding positions, giving the most certain indications of having once extended uninterruptedly across.

I have no doubt that my speaking of shell limestone puts you in mind of fossil shells, and probably you have before this begun to anticipate that whenever I return to Connecticut I shall bring you a whole cargo of curiosities. Well, on that point, I have a word to say. I am every day traveling over cart-loads of loose stone, filled with impressions of beautiful shells; but they present such a decayed and black-looking appearance, arising from long exposure, that I do not like to pick them up for preservation. I hope, at some future time, to come to some place where the stone is quarried, and where I can procure specimens directly from their localities. When this road comes to be executed I have no doubt we shall have

fine opportunities for this purpose. I have put up a small box of the best specimens I could find in the field, thinking to forward them to you by canal, this fall; but on reflection, I think it will be best to let it lie over until spring, at all events.

My business, at present, is such as to keep me extremely busy. Our party takes the field in the morning, immediately after breakfast, and does not leave it until sunset. After supper our *house-work* (keeping up our books, making calculations, etc.,) occupies us until bed-time; so you see we have no time for anything aside from our regular duty. If I write letters it has to be done on the Sabbath, when there is so much else to take up my attention that I can find very little time for writing. This you will accept as an apology for not having written you sooner.

While I was at home I received a box of minerals in which there were some duplicates, and as father was about sending a box to you, I put them into it, thinking they might possibly be of some service to you. If there were any duplicates among those I sent you it will, of course, be best to exchange them, if you have opportunity. I feel anxious to do everything in my power to interest you in the sciences of mineralogy and geology.

How are you progressing with your studies? It will at all times be a source of pleasure to me to be informed on this subject. Father or Joel informed me that you had joined the Philoretorian society. Very well; I have no doubt you did so after having attentively weighed the merits of both sides.

You ask me to remind you of the name of some book of which I have before spoken. I presume it is Todd's Student's

Manual to which you refer. If so, you will find it in the private libraries of a great many of the students.

Give my respects to Longley and Vosburg, and tell them where I am and how engaged. I believe they are both in arrears with me. When you write me, remember I am a long way from home, and that I shall feel a deep interest in hearing all the news you have from there.

I am very much pleased with my new situation and prospects. The country is healthy, the inhabitants are hospitable and generous, and all my associates in the business are gentlemanly and temperate. The advantages of society here are, as a matter of course, not as good as in the Eastern States; but then, everything else is so much better that one feels in a measure compensated for the deprivation.

When you and I shall be permitted to meet again is perhaps somewhat uncertain. I do not expect to see Connecticut again for many months to come, but I hope my separation from friends there will not be the means of my forgetting them.

We have a long and tedious fall's work before us, and shall be very busy till it is completed. I expect to be out through December, and perhaps some in January.

Knowing the nature of my engagements, I trust you will not think hard of me if I do not write as punctually as might be desired. You have the certainty of a liberal share of the little time I have for epistolary writing. Ask Longley if he knows where Badeau is, and how engaged. My health is very good.

Accept the assurances of respect and affection.

Your brother,

DANIEL L. HARRIS.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD,
BATH, Steuben County, N. Y., March 10, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER:—

Yours of January 12th was received by due course of mail, but my engagements have been such as to prevent me from answering it before to-day. It is with much pleasure that I learn, by a letter from father, of your complete recovery from the disease with which you were so grievously afflicted. You were indeed fortunate in reaching home before the fever had prostrated you. The overwhelming intelligence of Dr. Fisk's death reached me several days since. From the sad emotions which this event awakened in my own mind, and the recollection of former scenes, I can form some faint idea of the grief and melancholy which was aroused in your little community on that mournful occasion. The news of his death has wrung and will continue to wring anguish from the hearts of thousands and thousands who are separated far from the spot where his soul took its departure for another and a better world. I hope you will give me, in your next, the particulars of his death and burial, and, if you find it convenient, please send me his published obituary. Who is talked of as the Doctor's successor to the Presidential chair? I think it very likely Professor Smith would be appointed to the station, were his health such as to warrant him in accepting it. But, as it is, I should not be surprised to learn that Dr. Lucky, one of the editors of the Advocate and Journal, had been selected.

The account you gave me of your success in the various branches of study was truly gratifying. There is no doubt you will be able to accomplish with ease that part of the course

which you propose to take, in the length of time contemplated. You inquire whether it is probable you can get along with the Senior and Junior mathematics at the same time. There will not be the least difficulty whatever, providing that you are master of the preceding branches when you enter upon the task. I pursued that course. With regard to the French and Spanish languages, if you find time to pursue one or even both of them, I would say, do so, by all means; and I think you would find no occasion, in after life, to regret the movement.

I admire your taste in giving a preference to the Philoretorian Society. You will derive a vast benefit from the advantages secured by such a connection. I wish you had given me some idea of the new badge which the society has adopted, so that I might recognize it, in case I should fall in with one of them. As to the propriety of your getting one, you must be your own judge. How many new members were taken into the society last fall and winter? Has the library been increased much of late?

I was very sorry to learn of the death of my old and good-hearted room-mate, D. B. Jennings. He was a young man whom I always respected, and with whom I have passed many, very many, pleasant hours, though (it pains me to say it) he sometimes went into company with whom I thought it was not prudent for me to be familiar. His death naturally calls up in my mind some peculiar recollections,—recollections which, in connection with this event, urge upon me more strongly than ever the importance of being always ready for the day of our departure. I have held more than one serious conversation with him on the concerns of a future state. He was very ready

to admit the truths of revelation, and seemed to have a resolution of one day becoming a true Christian. I urged on him the importance of attending to these things now—but he answered me *no.* He was "expecting," he said, "to pursue the profession of the law; and was afraid that, if he became pious, his plans might be frustrated." What an excuse! I wish I could learn that he repented his folly before it was too late.

The same letter which brought me the melancholy tidings of Dr. Fisk's death, also contained news of another, a different and a joyful character. I allude to your repentance of sin, and "turning unto the Lord." Well done, Brother William! I rejoice at your wisdom. How much better it is to serve God and feel within us a comfortable hope of Heaven, than to live, as we are prone to do, in a state of listless indifference to the great concerns of eternity! Go forward perseveringly in the way you have set out, trusting in the merits of a crucified Savior, dealing justly with God and your fellow men, and all will be well with you in the last day. There are many points of Christian experience upon which I should delight to discourse, were I present with you: these I leave to a future occasion.

Since we left off field work, in the latter part of January, we have been pleasantly situated in this village. We find comparatively good society, but we have but very little time to enjoy its advantages. I have formed an acquaintance with a young clergyman, of the church to which I belong, of whom I think very highly.

I had expected to be thrown out of business long before now, but I still remain in the employ of the company. It begins to be uncertain whether our Road will be prosecuted next season.

The question depends on what action the State Legislature shall take, respecting the work, and we have strong reason to fear that their action will be detrimental to its interests.

I presume you did not visit Cousin Whipple's family during the vacation. I have written them once or twice since I left Thompson, and I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from them a few weeks since. During my residence in Thompson I became fondly attached to the whole family. Have you heard anything of Mr. Brayton and Cousin Mary Ann of late? Is Cousin Maria Dunlap still residing in Fall River? Where is E. H. Gleason?

Father writes that Uncle William is behaving himself quite well. I hope his reformation may be lasting. In a short letter to me, he says he is fully convinced of his folly, and has come to a settled determination to reform. But—I have not another moment to spare.

Your brother,

D. L. HARRIS.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD,
BATH, Steuben County, May 5, 1839.

AFFECTIONATE BROTHER:—

The reception of your last letter was welcomed with more than usual pleasure, deeply tinctured as it was with that kind, brotherly and Christian spirit which so readily lays hold on the affections and finer feelings of our natures, and which, from

my own observation, I have conceived to be an ingredient but seldom found in epistolary writings. It appears to be a common fault with the world, and with the American world particularly, that in their intercourse with each other they maintain too much reserve and cautiousness in the interchange of thought and opinions. There is a certain limit to which all who call themselves friends are bound to put confidence in each other; and whenever, from any peculiarity of disposition or circumstances either party neglects to repose such confidence, you will find in all their connections a certain coldness existing, which requires but the slightest causes to change it into jealousy and contempt. Confidence is the strongest seal of true friendship. It makes us to feel an interest in each other's prosperity, gives scope for the free exercise of our social faculties, and enables us to impart and receive mutual consolation in all the reverses of life. It is precisely this quality, dear brother, which imparts a lively interest to your letter, and which I hope will never be wanting in our subsequent intercourse.

Since I wrote you last our duties have become somewhat less pressing, so that we find a little more time to devote to our own pleasure and improvement. Our business is nearly completed, and we are to be discharged from the company's service next Wednesday. Whether we shall be called back, after a few days, and retained through the season, I cannot say; but probably not, as the company feel somewhat low-spirited, about these times, owing to the recent doings of the Legislature, which has refused to help them on in the prosecution of their noble enterprise. Of course I must set about looking for employment elsewhere. I am yet in doubt to which point of

the compass to steer. Consider me as being in Bath till you have news of me in some other place.

I like your proposition of visiting Plainfield in July; but you know my business is of that roving, unsettled kind which does not allow me to count with any certainty on the events of the future. Of civil engineers it is perhaps more literally true than of any other class of the community, that they "know not what a day or an hour may bring forth." They are children of fortune, and the old dame never wearies of playing off her odd freaks upon them. They are here, there and everywhere — perfect cosmopolites, wandering up and down the earth without a fixed residence upon its surface. It being their business to prepare ways for other people to keep in motion, they are constantly moving about themselves, by way of example. Such being mine, as it is the common lot (fortune or misfortune, call it as you will) I, of course, am unable to make any engagements or promises as to the time when I can visit home. I feel, however, quite anxious to see grandmother, and am in hopes I shall, before she returns West.

You must have spent your last vacation (that is, the well part of it) very pleasantly. It seems, from your account of parties that the spirit of society is again reviving in old Plainfield, and right glad am I to hear it. There can be no surer indication of a healthful state of the moral and social feelings of any community than to see the young people frequently associating together in such meetings. It is the duty of every person to mingle freely in society — that is, when he happens to be within reach of good society. It is a duty, too, which we may not omit without experiencing many and serious losses.

Man is constituted a social being. Every faculty that his Creator has given he is bound to cultivate, and there is no more reason for neglecting the social than the moral capabilities. Let man violate these principles, let him deny himself the advantages of society, and you will soon see all the nobler faculties of his soul swallowed up in the vortex of selfishness. Were you to ask me what I think of the propriety of cultivating an acquaintance with society, under your present circumstances, I should advise to do it to a limited extent only. When further advanced in your collegiate course, you could enter into the business more extensively. During the last year in college I think the student can profitably spend as many as two evenings in the week with a special view to the improvement of the social faculties. It was a sad mistake with me that I entirely overlooked this branch of education while residing in Middletown. However, I trust I have since, in some measure, repaired the evils thus occasioned. At any rate, I have neglected no opportunity for so doing. My facilities for accomplishing this have been very good, during the present spring. I have, with my associates, spent a goodly number of pleasant and profitable hours in company with the Bath ladies. We find their society very entertaining; but in this new country we, of course, do not expect all the elegancies and refinements of the polished circles of New England. I have attended several parties that went off (a Steuben County phrase) in "first-rate style." Week ago last evening my friend C. Harris and myself were invited out to take tea and spend the evening. Went, of course. Nearly all of the first young ladies of the village were present. Didn't we have luxurious times, that time?

Your remarks respecting the state of piety among students generally are very just and appropriate. I always supposed we might find a cause in their general habits. You have observed that students almost always have an overruling inclination to remain in *statu quo*. It seems to bind them like a spell. They go to bed and are never ready to get up; they get up and are never ready to lie down again. In short, students are indolent; and is it not this that keeps them back from the faithful discharge of their religious duties?

I was very sorry to learn that "Jennings died as he had lived." Poor man! how vain were all thy expectations. When I first knew him he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. With sorrow I watched his downward progress, and with grief I now learn that his career was only checked by the great destroyer.

You were right in supposing I should want a copy of A. H. Hurd's biography. I wait to see it with anticipation of much pleasure. He was an extraordinary man. His memory I cannot forget.

I don't find much time for reading and other literary pursuits, but try to improve the little I have. I have recently read Miss Fanny Kemble's (*alias* Mrs. Butler's) Journal, treating of American manners, customs, the climate, scenery, and all those other matters from which English travelers usually make up a book of "first impressions." Many parts of the work are fine — some terrible.

Heard from father about a week since. Uncle William is off again. Unfortunate man! Better were it for him and his friends that he had never been born.

Am now reading a new work, entitled "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia and Petrea,"—capital thing. The author has a way of setting every object before you in its true coloring. He discourses of the Pyramids and other magnificent works of art with which Egypt abounds, in a manner that is perfectly fascinating, because you feel that all is truth, and that, unlike other journalists, he has no right to let his imagination run riot in describing those monuments of long gone ages.

May 6.—When I sat down, yesterday, after tea, I was intending to prepare this for the mail of last evening; but when the bell set up ringing for church I thought best to lay it by till this morning. Have just received a letter from father; also one from Cousin William Paine. Father says Uncle William is back again, with his old promises;—strange.

Cousin William, his father and mother, are coming to Plainfield in June, after which they embark for the tour of Europe in July. Oh, to travel! *Warmest desire of my heart!* Long have I cherished it,—long it may be before it is extensively gratified; yet I hope and believe that time will come. If ever my industry and exertions succeed in procuring me a competency, then will I know what the world is made up of. Till then I rest contented with traveling but little more than the prosecution of my business requires. . . . . .

When you write don't forget the college news. My compliments to all inquiring friends.

Feeling the warmest interest in your welfare, I remain

Your loving brother,

D. L. HARRIS.

CENTRAL VILLAGE, Ct., September 8, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER:—

I commence thus abruptly because I have no time to think of a more natural introduction. I know you are no stickler for mere forms, and I believe you have too much charity for a severe critic, so I presume to be less punctilious with you than I might be with a heartless and fault-finding world. After all, I do not know but the familiar and unstudied style of letter-writing is decidely preferable — particularly among natural and true friends. It gives to each a proof that he possesses the confidence of the other; and a certain degree of confidence does but cement the bonds of friendship. I beg you will not misunderstand me. No companion is less respected or more annoying to us than one who is forever pouring into our ears, "confidentially," the little secrets and weaknesses of his past and present character. He is scarcely more odious, however, than one who forever keeps his soul locked up, and chooses to remain perpetually the representative of personified mistification. The happy medium between these two extremes seems to be that which allows an associate to know so much of our character as cannot lower it in his estimation, or by any possibility be used to our injury, and, at the same time, communicating our plans and opinions in a style which shall not lead him to suspect anything is studiedly kept in reserve.

Since you left home I have been no less busy than before, and find as little time for the duties of friendship — writing, visiting, etc. The railroad track is completed as far as Mr. Angell's, and the locomotive commences regular trips to this

place to-morrow. The people along the line are just now quite enthusiastic in favor of internal improvements.

I feel half angry with myself for having so long postponed my visit to Cousin Rebecca's; but I fear it must be delayed some days longer. I hear that she has been quite sick since you were there — had turns of raising blood — and is still very low. Do not know whether Jane attended the Yale commencement or not. Were you there? I believe you contemplated going.

Our Western cousin has returned West. To me he is as though he were not, as I had no opportunity of seeing him. Cousin Frances Lester has changed her name, for better, for worse. Mr. Wiley returned from the South early in the summer; has been sick several weeks, but has entirely recovered his health. Elizabeth and myself stood up to witness the two willing hearts blended into one. Last Tuesday was the day, and a great day it was; for, in addition to this event, there was a display of the military at Windham, and at evening the sky was hung in the brilliant purple of the aurora borealis, besides the occurrence of sundry other incidents, in divers parts of the world. The ceremonies over at Mr. Rockwell's, we (that is, Harriet D., Harriet L., E. Lester, a sister of Mr. Wiley, G. Dunlap, myself, together with the Unity), rode to Windham, took dinner, had a "merry meeting," and returned home.

It is a stormy Sabbath evening. Sister Mary sits at one corner of the table preparing an appendix for the next page of this sheet, while Sister Emma is seated at the other, with a little scrap of paper and an old pen, which she is ever and

anon asking me to fill with "paint,"— a fluid with which, like many other penmen, she is daubing indiscriminately. By the way, she has this moment laid down the pen and taken the pencil — an instrument in more general use among painters.

Grandmother's health is as usual, and so of all the family. I shall be at home some two weeks longer.

Lydia Coit's intended made his appearance in these parts a week since — to be married this week. Don't know when Frances and William Lester will give themselves to each other.

Respects to all who inquire after me. Write me early.

Your brother,

D. L. Harris.

P. S.—I find Mary has left these corners, and I don't like to see them wasted. The smoke wagon, with its train, came "puffing up" about ten this morning. 'Twas an interesting sight. Large numbers flock at the depot to see it. Uncle Erastus was in an ecstacy of joy. All were highly pleased except Mr. Angell; and so was he, though he tried to appear the reverse. The arrivals give to our quiet vicinity quite an air of business. I intend going to Norwich by the morning train and returning to-morrow evening. The Mr. Case's, up above, have decreed that the laying of the rails must stop when we reach their land; and perhaps we shall *stop* — when the road is done. One of the Bennets came to see the engine, *barefooted and mouth open.*

To-morrow evening Frances Angell and *her's* are expected at Uncle Erastus's — married to-morrow morning. E. sends for me to be there — plenty of peaches, etc., etc.

Joel gets along as usual on the road; rather improving. His tact at business has become decidedly better.

But it is late, and I am weary; so good-night.

D. L. H.

WEBSTER, Mass., November 21, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER:—

Yours of a "long time ago" I have not sooner found time to answer. You well know the nature of my engagements (which have been, since you saw me, if possible, more arduous than at that time), and I make no doubt you have already excused my seeming neglect. The account of your visit to New Haven, and the numerous other topics of your letter, afforded me a fine fund of entertainment. Since its reception I have met Jane and Miss Larned, and they were equally graphic with yourself in their descriptions of the pleasure afforded them in the commencement exercises, parties, rambles and fine views of scenery. I, too, have stood on West Rock, though it was on a piercing December's day. The view was then grand — ay, shockingly grand, for its outlines are not yet effaced from my memory.

I visited Thompson for the first time about four weeks ago, when I found Cousin Rebecca's family all in good health, and I believe glad to see me. Three days after she made a party, at which, with some difficulty, I managed to be present. The *élite*, young and old, were there. 'Twas a splendid and successful affair. I took a chair in a corner, where, with a beautiful face and a brilliant mind on either side, I sat in voluntary

confinement almost the whole evening. They chatted and chatted, until one might think there was scarcely a beauty in earth or heaven which wanted a compliment. The *soiree* ended at half-past eleven.

Last evening I had a flattering invitation to attend an exhibition of the Thompson High School. The performances went off admirably. The ladies read compositions, and the boys made speeches, original and selected. Some of the compositions were surpassingly excellent. Impartial judges would hesitate whether to award the palm to Cousin Jane or Harriet Seagraves — a grand-daughter of Parson Dow's. The Misses Larned were not engaged. In the other department, a very spirited and original colloquy was produced, which seems intended for the double purpose of ridiculing the extravagant ideas of the age and illustrating its real progress in improvement. Maps, plans and profiles of a railway to the moon were exhibited.

Father has received several letters from Uncle Paine. William wrote me by the Great Western, giving sketches of his rambles amid some of the first scenes in Scott's writings — particularly his Lady of the Lake. William seems roaming almost like a fairy — now standing with enraptured spirit in "Ben Lomond's awful hights," anon strolling along romantic dales and glens, and again, in thought's transition, gliding with the Lake lady's grace over the placid bosoms of Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. Oh, how enchanting is even a description of such rambles! How do I look forward to the day when the proceeds of civil engineering shall put me on the way, with a full purse and a *piously social heart*, for the Old

World. Often do I find myself, in waking dreams, with eyes fixed in raptured gaze upon some crumbling but magnificent Grecian temple, or a silent wanderer among some rock-hewn sepulchures and monumental piles of Egypt; studying the past in her mighty relics, and conversing with the wise men of antiquity, whose loftiest sentiment has been partially realized in an earthly resurrection after a cycle of years has rolled away. Many times has fancy raised me to the towering hight of Cheops, where, as I glanced from the grandeur of my own elevation to the golden tints of sunset that gladdened a distant outline of the desert, and reflected that the morning and evening, the sun and firmament remained unchanged, in contrast with all the changes that had taken place around me; and then returned to the piles of mournful and stately ruins at my feet, all decked in dusky twilight, and half buried in parching sands, I could not suppress a sigh over the "departed greatness" of the mamelukes, or withhold a tear at the melancholy story of the Pharoahs.

I have, within a week past, met Abiel Converse several times. He says he has done nothing since commencement but loaf, but expects to keep school this winter. I think he is becoming rather more tame than formerly, but he is most deplorably deficient in energy and enterprise.

Joel went home last Saturday. He brought me the notice of your exhibition, but I shall not *notice* it. Would I could have witnessed the performance. Next time you come home don't forget to put the "Eulogy of Newton" in your pocket.

The railroad is to be completed in a few weeks. It is contemplated to open the entire line from Norwich to Worces-

ter the 28th of November. Don't know what is to become of me when we get through here. I fear our business is coming to a stand. Capitalists are at present too much engaged in taking care of themselves to bestow a single thought to the subject of extending the facilities of trade and travel; and those who ought to know best predict that this state of things is to continue for a long while to come. It is very likely I shall spend a part of the winter at home.

I have two or three letters from Charles Harris, a young gentleman of my acquaintance down South, which I must read to you when I see you. I know you will pronounce them elegant.

I have heard nothing from our relatives down East in an age. The Plainfield cousins were all well the last time I saw them. Cousin Elizabeth Lester is at home, as usual, instead of being at school.

My health is excellent. Write.

Your brother,

D. L. Harris.

Central Village, April 26, 1840.

Dear Brother William:—

I must ask you to pass lightly over my long silence by simply reflecting that we have been favored with a long spell of fair weather, and as a natural consequence I have had a long spell of intense application. I write letters when it rains; and I would here suggest that my correspondents (those who care

anything for me) would save themselves a fund of trouble and suspense, on my account, by frequently consulting the barometer, instead of visiting the post-office. I delight in punctuality, but philosophers may say what they will, there is no possibility of doing everything in season. This letter has been due a month; but, despite my best exertions, it has remained among the "things deferred," and still is "unfinished business." We are now in the midst of a most delightful shower — a shower that makes the trees, and grass, and every "living thing" look grateful. Father takes his usual pains with the front yard. The grass has started up several inches, the shrubs are putting forth their leaves, some of the trees are in bloom, and to me it never wore a more smiling and lovely appearance than at this moment, while the mild shower drops are regaling it. I love scenery. It is the mirror of God's character — the partial shadowing forth of the spirit which we worship; for,

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, God the Soul;
> That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
> Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
> Warms in the sun, refreshed in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees."

Have you heard of the Plainfield ride — the great ride by railroad to Worcester? Well, we had a most capital time — a splendid dinner, a pleasant excursion, in up-country phrase, "a loud day." The party was composed of all classes, ages and sexes. It numbered 173, all told. All our up-town ladies were included, and only one or two from below. I have never seen an occasion pass off with more universal good feeling than was manifested at that time.

You have heard that our road is doing a great business. The first week the receipts amounted to $2,700, and are constantly increasing. The steamboat line averages nearly 150 passengers daily. To-morrow we commence running four trains from each end of the line. All of them stop at this depot, and I may add that it is getting to be the most important one on the road. A restaurant is established in the passenger-house, and the depot-master informs me he has a liberal patronage. The buildings at the depot are completed, and present an admirable appearance. So much I cannot say of others in this vicinity. I am sorry to inform you that this part of our village, which might be elegant beyond measure, is doomed to disgrace almost without parallel. True, the sink of iniquity (*alias* Angell's tavern) is now closed; but it is closed only while its foul vaults are being sunk still deeper. Think of the cider-mill lot — a superb building spot — and then imagine how it will look next fall, with a little six by eight "grocery, etc.," (particularly the etc.,) posted in one corner, and the old mill itself forming a material part of the edifice. And then, there is Angell's sheep barn, which in olden time occupied a little knoll twenty rods above the road, now stands, in all its naked deformity, directly opposite his house, in the corner, and is to be a gross groggery — a vending place of "blue ruin." Esquire Dyer and John Kennedy are proprietors of the former, the Angells of the latter. Surely, men's minds may be measured by their works.

My business on the road will continue some days, if not weeks, longer. Where I go next is uncertain. I have no definite news from the New York and Erie Road, but hope to

learn, next week, whether there is a prospect of business there this season. I have but little hopes.

The clouds passed over, and we attended church this afternoon. Mr. Wright, of Jewett City, preached, and he likewise gave notice that Samuel Rockwell and Elizabeth Eaton have certain intentions. While on this point, Webb and Frances Coit were published this morning; and it is thought that Mr. Pratt and Sarah Bradford will be, soon. Webb has taken Dyer's house, and (singular fancy) has arranged his furniture, bought his sugar, spices and molasses, filled his straw beds, and got everything in readiness according to his own bachelor notions — literally built a cage before catching his bird. It is currently whispered that W. Lester has "grown captive" to Lydia Harris, a young lady rich in beauty, attractive in manners and splendid in intellect.

I go but little into society here, for the same reason that I don't write many letters; and *entre nous*, as the French say, I have a private reason besides. I don't think our ladies generally give sufficient attention to books and literary attainments. They understand very well how to play the "key" and "French fifteens," but they are sadly bewildered when the conversation chances to run upon history, poetry, or philosophy. But I must not criticise.

Cousin Harriet Lester is still living, the mere wreck of what she was. I have not seen her, and would not, unless 't were absolutely necessary; for she is represented to be a perfect idiot, and the sight would be too distressing. She is at Susan's.

Maria Dunlap resumed the "birchen scepter" some five or six weeks since. Elizabeth and M. Lester are at home, as

usual, "till after haying." William and Webb get along, after a fashion.

Jared Wilson (tailor) has come to reside in the village.

Yours truly,

DANIEL L. HARRIS.

ALBANY AND WEST STOCKBRIDGE RAILROAD,
SCHODACK (near Albany), June 28, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER :—

Your last letter is not lying before me, being left with all my other letters far hence, in another "diggin'." I forget whether I have written you since my trip to Springfield and Stockbridge, in May, for my attention has been so much distracted, the past six weeks, that I half doubt my own identity. All I will say now is, that I made such an excursion, and that my present whereabouts is the result. The location of this railroad has just commenced, and my principal object, at that time, was to secure a situation upon the work. Well, here I am, engaged in the very poetry of engineering,— wallowing through rye fields, climbing fences, and wading swamps and rivers. I might have staid some two weeks longer on the Norwich Road ; but, as I might, after that, be entirely out of employment, I thought it preferable to accept the offer here. My compensation is not at present what it should be, but I have a reasonable hope of preferment. In accepting a low situation here, I plead the excuse of the apothecary who sold poison to Romeo: "My poverty, not my will, consents." There is one man (a competent engineer) in our party, who is serving in the capacity of

rod-man, for the sorry compensation of one dollar. Surely, these are hard times with our profession.

I left home two weeks since. All was going on much as usual then. Joel was likely to be retained on the road some time longer, and was doing very well. He has contracted such a liking to railroads that I should not be surprised if he were to resolve on following the business of engineering. Mary was at a Latin school, translating Virgil. I did not visit our Thompson friends, and have not seen them since March. Wonder if they will excuse me? Maria Dunlap was quite unwell at Fall River, and was expected to return to Plainfield soon, on that account. The atmosphere and climate of Fall River have a bad reputation, and it is no wonder that such an inveterate teacher of "young ideas" should yield to their pernicious effects. Harriet, Elizabeth and Fanny were as they have been. You have heard that William is doing business on his own hook, and you also know that he is doing one other thing on that same account. He visits Walnut Hill three times a week, regularly. No doubt the bargain is almost struck, the Rubicon will soon have been past.

As I am now situated, I shall hardly think of coming to Middletown at commencement. I am really sorry it so happens, for many of my old classmates will be there, and that will probably be their last meeting. Besides, I would not, for a trifle, forego the pleasure of hearing your speech, and seeing the other dignified Seniors in their final effort. But the law of necessity is imperious, and cannot be disobeyed with impunity.

When I first came here I was struck with the prevalence of Dutch names, and I find that nearly all the inhabitants are

Dutch — good and true descendants of Hendrick Hudson. They are all farmers,— rich, lazy, smoking, drinking, bragging *Loco Focos*. Occasionally, however, you find among them a sober, industrious, moral man — a W——g. Most of them, however, smoke away their lives, and they have a standing custom of spending Saturday afternoon and most of Sunday at the village taverns. The general dissipation surpasses all belief.

The country is delightful almost to a charm. On this side of the Hudson it is very like New England, in appearance. Beyond the river the Catskills raise their blue hights far above the horizon. At one glance you see every variety of scenery, from the quiet beauty of grassy hills and sunny vales to the sublime majesty of cloud-capped mountains.

The weather, to-day, is oppressively warm; not a zephyr breathes. It is just one of those spiritless, dreamy, spell-fixing, sunny days which prevail in the neighborhood of Sleepy Hollow. In fact, I almost fancy myself in the confines of that enchanted region. By the way, this is the identical region in which Irving has laid most of the scenes of his old Dutch legends. And here are to be found, in real truth, all the material from which he manufactures his laughter-making tales. Here is Deric Van Vlat, the village justice, with his long pipe and big belly, sitting on the tavern piazza from morning till evening; and here is Walter Van Bumel, the schoolmaster; and here, too, you see whole bevies of ragged, round-faced, chubby, saucy children, growing up in ignorance and idleness.

But I must stop short. Respects to all.

Yours truly,

D. L. Harris.

TROY AND SCHENECTADY RAILROAD,
VALLEY OF THE MOHAWK, August 20, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER:—

Yours of the 17th ult. came to hand four days ago — a very satisfactory reason for not answering it before commencement. You perceive from my date that with me the "sky is changed." Mr. Laurie has given me a situation on this road far more honorable and profitable than the one I held on the West Stockbridge and Albany Road. I left Albany on Tuesday last, in a state of mind seventy-five per cent. more agreeable than I had enjoyed for two months previous. The prospect now is that I shall remain here some time, as the road is quite new and its construction will require a heavy expenditure. The country through which it passes is very beautiful. In the valley of the river the soil is in the highest degree fertile, and, when loaded with rich crops, as it is now, I have never seen anything more indicative of abundance and good cheer. The small fields which you are accustomed to see in New England will give one but a faint conception of the boundless expanse of grain which covers the "Flats" of the noble Mohawk. Broom-corn is the staple production, and you may look down upon thousands of acres, all uninclosed, except by the "eternal hills."

The lower end of our road, near Troy, is to be put in the course of execution immediately, but it is probable that I shall be unsettled and wandering along the line till old winter comes on again.

So you have done with college and its concerns, spoken your last speech, and once more shaken hands with the world.

Good! Hope both parties may be benefited by the alliance, and that it may hereafter be said that you "have done the world some service." I would have met you at Middletown, but I could not. Probably some of my classmates were there, for we had intended to meet each other. By the by, what is the complexion of those who are to come after you? I fear the institution is getting into a decline since the Doctor's demise. I had seen Professor Whedon's marriage announced in the city papers. A certain poet once said that "Love is wisdom with a sweeter name." If this be fact, and the one is a veritable measure of the other, I think that couple may ere long be set down as "wanting in wisdom." Conjugal felicity! I see the old drone now. There he lies, stretched across three chairs and a sofa, his feet at the door of a glowing "Olmsted," and a plate of toast on the stand beside him, all entranced in vacant delight with the songs of Horace, or lost in raptures at the endless variations of a Greek verb. In a far corner of the room sits his young wife, "sighing like a furnace" over her folly, and trembling in awful anticipation of the frowns which will rest upon the brow of her liege as he rolls over and wakes from his reverie.

I commenced this nearly a week since, and was prevented from finishing it at the time by the coming in of a companion whose organ of language is largely developed; and I have since had no leisure till this morning. In the meantime, I have returned to Troy.

Quite a sensation was produced here by the news of a terrible accident at Albany, last evening. The particulars will be found in the papers, and I will barely state that a large

crowd had collected on the draw of a bridge over the canal basin, when the chains suddenly gave way, and about two hundred people were precipitated into the water (twelve feet deep), accompanied by a coach and wagon-load of baggage. Most of them were saved, but I hear this morning that twenty-two dead bodies have been taken from the water, and it is expected that several others will be found under the carriages and fragments of the bridge. The crowd was occasioned by the resistance of two prisoners whom the sheriff was conveying in irons to the steam-boat. Of course the prisoners were drowned, and I believe the sheriff also lost his life. Probably some were killed before reaching the water, as the fall was nearly thirty feet, and several of the bodies are very much bruised. This is one of the most serious land accidents that ever happened in this part of the country.

In your next I hope you will say something of your prospects and intentions. Commend me to the good people of our town. I shall write again soon, to Joel or father.

Yours truly,

D. L. HARRIS.

TROY, N. Y., January 3, 1841.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM :—

I am pleased to hear that you are so agreeably situated in your new occupation, and if your success in archery — *alias* "teaching young ideas how to shoot" — equals the hopes and expectations of your friends — and I have no question but it does — you must indeed be a happy man. As for myself, the

world wags on very pleasantly with me, though as a general thing business taxes my time and attention rather more closely than would be desirable. I like Troy as a place of residence, and when I become a little more acquainted with the society I think my liking will grow into a decided attachment. The citizens of Troy are, as a general rule, intelligent, sagacious and enterprising; and if one will have the forbearance to put up with a lack of good manners *in some*, he will have no trouble in getting along pleasantly. The city is well supplied with institutions of learning and other means of improvement. There are two courses of lectures "going off," the present winter, besides great numbers of itinerant lectures. Both of the courses I shall attend. One course is confined exclusively to geology, by the celebrated Professor Eaton, and the other embraces general subjects, according to the tastes of different individuals selected from time to time to deliver them. Do you recollect the synopsis of one of J. Q. Adams's celebrated lectures delivered last fall, before some society in New York, in which he discoursed of mankind under the three distinctions of savage, shepherd and farmer, representing the former as the natural and original condition of our race? You do recollect it, and like every one else you set down the doctrine as quite obvious and plausible, forgetting that wise men may be wrong sometimes. At least, such was my case, and I was not a little surprised, last week, to hear one of our lecturers take up the subject and entirely subvert the ex-President's theory. He contended that a high state of civilization was the starting-point of man's progress, and that the two other conditions (pastoral and savage) were secondary, and resulted from

degeneracy and human accidents; and as a strong ground for this opinion he remarked that no instance could be found of a people emerging from barbarism to civilization without being directly acted upon by the influence of communities more enlightened than themselves, while among almost every ancient people we find proofs of deterioration from a once high state. Instance the antiquities of Greece and Rome. Think of the high state of civilization which called into existence the temples and pyramids, the obelisks, catacombs and statues of Egypt. And how else will you account for the antiquities of our own country than by supposing that the earliest inhabitants stood far higher in the scale of civilization than the present race of Indians?

I have just received a letter from William Paine, dated at Paris, in which he gives me some idea of what he has seen, done and suffered, the year past, but as usual does not go much into detail. He wrote me while at Alexandria, but the letter never reached me. He states that their present plan is to spend the winter in visiting the ports of Spain and Alhambra, and return to England in the spring, when they will embark at once for home. William complains bitterly of his correspondents, and says you have never answered his letter. This is really cruel on your part. You have been from home enough to know how strong is the bond of social attachment, and how much pleasure is to be derived from the letters of those we have left behind. You know how he has been situated, among strangers of whose language he knew not a syllable; how he has been compelled to drag out many long days and weeks of

quarantine; how fondly and faithfully he has remembered his friends, and how often he has longed in vain for some intelligence of their welfare. You know that a single letter, under such circumstances, may be productive of more pleasure than whole weeks of social intercourse in the ordinary tide of human affairs. How, then, could you neglect to write him? Ay, there's a question to be settled with your own conscience, and I fear you will have no easy task of it. Whenever the question comes up, let me caution you to remember that in the long run honesty is the best policy, and if you really find that you have been a defaulter on the score of friendship, the wiser way will be to acknowledge the error at once, and form good resolutions for the future.

I have now "blown you up," according to instructions from Cousin William, and most sincerely do I hope that the shock may result in your mending your ways, with respect to punctuality in letter-writing. In accomplishing my purpose I had intended to fire a random shot, not caring if it came so near as to frighten a certain other person to whom you will probably show this, and who has for several days had occasion to apprehend a warlike demonstration from this writer. I mean father, the date of whose last letter is not to be mentioned.

William would be remembered to you all, and especially to grandmother, of whom he always speaks in terms of the warmest affection.

Am surprised to hear that William Lester uses so much discretion in regard to his affair at Walnut Hill. One would have thought, from the intensity of his adoration last spring,

that all his hopes and purposes would have been consummated six months ago. But there is a reason for all things, and I have no doubt William has reasons for "putting the evil day afar off."

Yours, etc.,

D. L. HARRIS.

TROY, N. Y., May 30, 1841.

DEAR BROTHER:—

Your last letter came to hand in due time, and met a welcome reception. (I abhor dates, and always avoid mentioning them; they are at best but stiff and awkward things, and in one way or another are always reproaching us for neglect.)

Since I last wrote you there has been comparatively little variety in my varied life. I am living in the same city, boarding in the same house, eating at the same table, and sleeping in the same room and doing the same hard service upon the same Schenectady and Troy Railroad, all which except "the same hard service" is quite unusual in my experience. I am superintending eight miles of the heaviest character of work, and if nothing happens shall be engaged upon it for the next eighteen months.

Letters from father tell me you have found an agreeable situation in Boston. I heartily congratulate you upon the fact. Of a choice Boston would be my residence before any other city in the Union. Aside from its enterprise and facilities of business, Boston holds out to the young man advantages of a social and moral character which he will find altogether

unequaled in other large cities. Society there has a tone, an elevation, a character. Unlike New York and Philadelphia, it is not based upon wealth and birth, but looks for talent and learning in its members. I know little of the place except from the testimony of others, but all witnesses agree with me in representing it as the "Athens of America."

Joel has been in Troy for three weeks, attending the Rensselaer Institute, *alias* Professor Eaton's school. He is highly pleased with it, and I have no doubt but he is learning much faster than he has ever done before. He seems, however, to have an unconquerable passion for railroads, and for a time he had difficulty in mastering it sufficiently for reconciling himself to study. He finally compromised with himself by selecting those branches of study which would most tend to qualify him for his favorite pursuit.

I have all along been promising myself a visit home in the course of next month, but from present appearances I fear a disappointment. It strikes me that home must be rather lonesome to the old folks since all "the boys" are gone. The girls, however, will make it cheerful a dozen years to come, and by that time we can send them one or two grandchildren to fill our places in their affections.

William Paine has visited Troy since his return from Europe. I saw him a few moments only, for his time here was mostly spent with other cousins — equally dear to him, but infinitely removed from me in the scale of relationship. William is but slightly altered in appearance, though of course a lapse of two years has done something to confirm him in the stature of a

man. He says his next move in the world will be to read law one year more, and then enter upon its practice.

Excepting what you wrote, I have not heard a word from the University for more than a year. The little correspondence I had there, has long since died away; my friends have gone back to the busy world, and there is nothing to connect me with the institution save the memory of other times. Of Dr. Bangs I know little and think less, having nothing to judge him by save his "Essay against Phrenology." The institution is truly unfortunate in its selection of Presidents. Had Professor Smith chanced to unite the study of divinity to his other accomplishments, I believe a better man could not have been found to preside over it. Do you hear anything of the Professor's health, of late? He seems fated to a short life.

You inquire what are my abolition sentiments, and I freely confess I have none. The more I ponder the subject the more I am bewildered. I abhor slavery, but I cannot bear the radicalism of those who preach immediate emancipation.

William Lester has, I hear, retired to the farm and to the pleasures of married life. He married a fine girl. Will his attainments fit him for the enjoyment of so rich a prize? Is Elizabeth at home? and what are her prospects? (speaking after the manner of men).

William Paine told me that A. Storrs and the Misses Burgess of Hartford had made an assignment of all their property.

Write me of Boston and your prospects, and believe me

Yours truly,

D. L. Harris.

TROY, N. Y., April 18, 1842.

DEAR BROTHER :—

I hope you do not measure my brotherly love, or rate my attachment to yourself by the frequency of my letters. The truth is, I find, as I grow older, and the cares of business come pressing more heavily upon me, that it is quite impossible to command the time which I used to devote with so much profit and pleasure to the claims of social intercourse. I cannot for a moment admit, however, that my attachment to absent friends is growing less fervent, because it has become less ostentatious. My relatives, in particular, I know that I love with the affection of other days. Business may enter into and engross the mind; but it shall never steal away the affections of my heart. Whatever other changes may be wrought in me by absence and separation, I am resolved, that

> "When far, far from the friends that I love,
> And the spot where passed seasons of pleasure,
> Distance shall but the links of affection remove,
> Not sever fond emotion — Oh, never!"

About the middle of March I very deliberately made a visit to Plainfield, Thompson, etc. I had contemplated that same thing a year before, but stern circumstances prevented my accomplishing it. Our family were all quite well and in good spirits considering that father has no business and Joel has not yet succeeded in selecting an occupation. Joel has all along been clinging to the forlorn hope of civil engineering, but I think he has at last become convinced that almost anything else is better, in these times. He is now halting between

two opinions — whether to go clerking or learn some branch of mechanical trade.

Emma has become quite proficient in reading, and Mary talked of the singing-school just as she used to. I did not see Elizabeth L. or Maria Dunlap, as both of them were down East. Cousin Harriet is Harriet still — no older and as good-natured as ever. Called at Aunt Fanny's. She appears better than formerly. William Lester is as proud as a lord because — the old man is grandfather. I did not see Lydia. The down-town girls are vegetating much after the fashion of olden time. Few changes break the monotony of that village. Ellen Eaton is Ellen still. I called upon her cousins, Hannah and Mary, and took tea with them. They are ladies of good and well-trained minds. I have always cherished a high regard for the family. I saw Miss Witter, and she expressed herself under particular obligations to you for your attentions while in Boston. M. Gladding was to be married soon to — I forget who. She is a girl of good disposition.

Our cousins in Thompson were well as usual. Indeed, Rebecca did not appear to me half so badly as her case has been represented. She is able, now, to sit up most of the time, and occasionally goes down to preside for an hour or two over the kitchen cabinet, which is composed of Jane and the servant as principals, and Ellen and Mary as assistants. The girls hailed my visit with all that sincere, warm-hearted and affectionate tone of welcome for which they are justly distinguished. I love to visit our Thompson cousins. It does my heart good to meet them. Their manners are so natural, so full of feeling, and so destitute of that cold and repulsive spirit of false

delicacy which pervades the world, that I never leave them without its costing me a manly exertion to bid them farewell, and without having my mind impressed anew with a sense of those higher and purer and holier principles of our nature, which are the secret sources of friendship, and which, when fully expanded and developed and put in exercise, must become one of the chief sources of heavenly bliss.

They are highly pleased with Ellen's prospects. I suppose there is no doubt the match will be made. Rebecca told me that Mr. Sanford had been anxious to take her away this spring, but that she had insisted on his waiting till fall, to give Ellen an opportunity of taking another course of domestic lessons. Did not hear anything of Jane's prospects. Mr. Green, the teacher, is thinking favorably of one of the Misses Larned. Anything further in this line your deponent testifieth not.

This much of others — one word of myself. I am still engaged on the Schenectady and Troy Railroad, and probably shall be until fall. We hope to commence running cars over the road in August or September. A glance at the map will show you that our road will be a part of the great line from Boston to the West, being connected, as it will be, with the Western Railroad, by a short road from Troy to Greenbush (opposite Albany), which is to be built this summer. Of course we are expecting a great deal of travel over it. When the road shall have been completed I shall again be upon the wide world; unless, indeed, I take a fancy to accept some situation connected with the operation of the road. Our business is at present exceedingly dull. The railroad mania is passing away, and the country is waking up to a sense of its

past extravagance. Our "occupation" is gone. You may not have observed that the Empire State has resolved to put a period to the enlargement of the Erie Canal. This throws hundreds of engineers out of employment. Day before yesterday was guillotine day for the poor fellows, and I am told that so many were discharged as to make a difference of $60,000 in salaries. This may be fun for the people, but it is death to them.

Our cousins in Thompson had just received a mammoth epistle from you, in which you spoke of coming home by land and making it in your way to call at Troy. Good! I shall look forward with pleasure to seeing you, and though I could not think of going East at the season when you would be likely to come, yet I promise your visit shall be agreeable to yourself, if the attractions about Troy can render it so. My situation here is quite pleasant. I board in the city, have a responsible situation, and am furnished with a horse at the company's expense. Besides, I have an agreeable circle of acquaintance in the city, among the first people.

Your brother,

D. L. Harris.

HIS FIRST VISIT TO BOSTON.

BOSTON, as seen for the first time, is described in the following letters, written by Mr. Harris when he was twenty-two years old. He had returned from Western New York, and was waiting for employment. Desiring to learn something of Boston and its people, he improved this opportunity in making a visit to that city. These letters were first written to his father, and afterwards published in the columns of a newspaper:—

BOSTON, January 10, 1840.

DEAR C———:—

I reached Boston on Friday, by the morning cars from Worcester. You are aware the railroads, as well as other modes of conveyance, have been much interrupted by the recent storms. The Worcester track was, at that time, free from snow, but it was evident the company had incurred heavy charges in keeping it passable. The snow stood in deep drifts on either side, and I noticed several large companies engaged in its removal. Since the construction of the first railroad in New England, there has not been a winter in which the snow has occasioned so much trouble and expense to proprietors, or

so much annoyance to the public, as they have already experienced the present season. The Boston and Worcester Road has been impassable, at different times, four or five days; the Norwich Road about the same time; and the Western Road, leading across the country to Springfield, has experienced still more serious interruptions, the last storm, which happened on Friday, preventing the arrival of the cars at Worcester till the following Thursday. Passengers from Springfield represent the cuts through the hills as completely filled up, and describe the appearance of the road as "a canal, often ten, and in some places twelve feet in depth, and of a width insufficient to pass the cars without grazing their sides and blinding the windows." I noticed one of the cars with a breach in the side, made by an overhanging crust of snow, at the hight of ten feet from the rail.

I caught a glimpse of the State House before reaching the depot, and I knew the hotel I wished to take was in its vicinity; so, when the cars stopped, I set off at once, expecting to shape my course without difficulty through the winding streets, guided alone by that instinctive magnetic feeling which is apt to possess one in entering places with which he is unfamiliar. In this, however, I was disappointed, and my inherent polarity soon proved itself a false guide. I had wandered through courts, lanes and alleys, turned a multitude of corners, traveled seemingly twice the necessary distance, and had lost all patience with the pride which prevented me from inquiring the way, when the ludicrous anecdote of the country representative, who had been in the same predicament, suddenly flashed across my memory, and at once humbled pride and restored good humor.

The honest but unfortunate member appeared unexpectedly among his constituents, and was called on for a report of his mission. He replied that he had been three weeks in Boston, worn out his best boots, and had not yet found the State House. I now began to make ample amends for my folly in attempting a feat that had baffled the statesman's sagacity, and after inquiring of several persons, no one of whom would attempt to give directions further than he could see, I at length reached my lodgings.

Half an hour after I sallied out and fell into a current setting towards the State House, where the Legislature was in session. The State House is a magnificent brick edifice, fronting the Common, and occupying a capital site near the summit of Beacon Hill, on of the three gentle swells, from which comes the appelation Tremont. It measures about 175 feet by 60, and has a proportional hight. Its front is ornamented with beautiful granite pillars of massive architecture, and the roof is surmounted by a broad hemispherical dome, whose covering of polished metallic plate sparkles in the sunlight and makes it conspicuous at a great distance. A spacious avenue leads up to the building. On entering, the first object which engaged my attention was the figure of Washington, by Chantry. This noble piece of statuary occupies a recess on the first floor, opposite the principal entrance. It is wrought from the finest Italian marble, and has a most exquisite finish. It is elevated on a suitable pedestal, and stands in a graceful speaking posture, with a fold of the flowing toga hanging carelessly across the left arm, while the right arm, bearing a scroll of parchment, is slightly raised in a gesticulating posture.

The Hall of Representatives is fitted up in truly democratic style, the seats for the members being plain benches, arranged in semicircles on a floor sloping from all sides towards the Speaker's chair, which stands slightly raised at the center. In this way large numbers are seated in a comparatively small compass; but still, such is the plentitude of Massachusetts' delegation, that many of the representatives are compelled to sit in the galleries.

The "Upper House" is more neatly and conveniently arranged. The Senators occupy a circular row of desks and tables, and the chair is raised to a dignified and becoming elevation. In a conspicuous situation, over the door, hangs a memento of Revolutionary heroism, comprising a drum, sword, rusty firelock, and other equipments, all taken from the British in one of the hard-fought battles of New England. The walls are ornamented with paintings, including portraits of most of the ancient Governors and other distinguished personages of the Commonwealth, some of which are exquisitely beautiful.

I had letters of introduction to several gentlemen, and I hastened to make their acquaintance. Dr. F———, on whom I first called, treated me with great politeness, invited me to dine with him, the day following, and offered to be my companion in visiting interesting quarters of the city. Mr. B———, the engineer, for the pleasure of whose acquaintance I am under lasting obligations to you, received me with no less marked attention. I found him all you had represented him — a man of truly republican frankness of character — one of the few to whom the discerning world apply, without reserve, the epithet of finished gentleman. He kept me two hours, engaged

in conversation and listening to a train of remarks at once professional, pleasing and instructive. When I left, he enjoined me to call the next morning at ten, and proposed accompanying me to see the various public works of the city, in the execution of which himself and his family have been extensively engaged.

You shall hear further by the next mail.

BOSTON, January 11, 1880.

DEAR C——— :—

In my last I promised to write again by the mail of to-day, and I shall resume the old subject without preface or apology.

When I got back to the street, the evening was considerably advanced. Tremont Theater was open. I had read flaming handbills, at the corners of the streets, and was anxious to see the Boston stage. I have no passion for theatrical performances, particularly such as I saw that evening. The actors and actresses were all of the numerous class which Miss Fanny Kemble calls "miserable." The plays were familiarly old, and the rehearsals passed off with that drowsy tameness which always attends the consciousness of uttering stale jokes and thrice-told tales. The house was extremely, though not unusually, thin. I was told the current patronage falls much below the expenditures of the establishment, and in speaking on the subject a shrewd city friend predicted that the building would ere long be consecrated to other and more useful purposes. The friends of the "legitimate drama" and the advocates of its entire abolition must, I think, be united in viewing the present indications in a favorable light; for while

the latter refer them to the elevation of moral and religious sentiment, the former will tell you the dramatic taste of the age is too refined and discriminating to be pleased with the indifferent acting which the present managers support.

The next morning I called on our mutual friend, Mr. B———, and found him in readiness for the proposed walk. We set off without delay on an excursion to me full of interest. He took me through the principal streets, pointed out the residences of distinguished individuals, gave me sketches of the first settlements in various quarters, repeated several Revolutionary anecdotes connected with the scenes and localities which we passed, contrasted present appearances with his early recollections, and led the way through the most prominent public buildings. The Athenæum or City Library was the first object of our visit. This institution has contributed more than anything else to render Boston the literary emporium of the New World. It was founded in 1806, and numbers about 25,000 volumes. Any person may become a life member of the association, or a temporary proprietor, on the payment of certain sums to the Treasurer. The various classes of works, literary, scientific, historical and statistical, are placed in separate apartments, where subscribers are at liberty to retire and consult them at pleasure. It is not usual to take the books away, and in winter the rooms are kept sufficiently comfortable for study at all hours. I could not help remarking the extraordinary neatness of the collection, and the taste displayed in its arrangement.

Connected with the library is a reading-room, which contains a great variety of papers and periodicals, both foreign and

domestic. There is also a gallery of the fine arts attached to the same institution. This occupies a separate building in the rear of the main edifice ; but we did not visit it.

The Quincy Market deserves a passing notice. It is a massive granite building, two stories high, and five hundred feet long, occupying an entire square. Four immense pillars, of Egyptian architecture, support a projection of the roof at either end. Two ranges of stalls, about twenty feet square, with ample space for the multitude to pass between them, extend the whole length of the building. This is the principal market of the city. It was built by the corporation, and yields a handsome revenue. Its location is in the eastern part of the city, near Faneuil Hall — the far-famed "Cradle of Liberty," — and the site of the new Custom House, a magnificent building still in embryo. Its foundation walls, however, are completed to the hight of some twenty feet, and next season the superstructure will be raised. It is to be built of the hewn freestone from Quincy, a material of surpassing beauty and durability, withal quite common in Boston.

Old Faneuil presents a venerable and rusty exterior. The hall itself is a spacious room, with deep galleries on three sides, and contains several splendid paintings. It bears marks of long-continued and frequent usage, and, to speak frankly, its whole appearance is no very striking emblem of the pure and exalted principles to which it is dedicated.

We next crossed Warren bridge to Charlestown, and sought admission to the Navy Yard. This extensive inclosure is surrounded by a high wall, and has a great variety of shops and store-houses, together with a rope-walk and three large ship

buildings. It is said to be the most important yard in the United States. There is certainly much here to excite curiosity and stimulate an American's pride of country. Besides building ships and disciplining marines, the Government is extensively engaged in the manufacture of articles for the service. The rope-walk is more than a quarter of a mile in length, is constructed entirely of fire-proof and ball-proof materials, and has every facility for conducting business on the most enlarged scale. The process of carding and spinning the hemp used in this establishment, is effected by the aid of machines of ingenious construction, recently invented by a gentleman whose talents have procured him a fortune, but whose name I cannot at this moment recall.

There are now on the stocks two vessels of the first-class, and one forty-four gun ship, all of which can be got ready for sea at short notice. The receiving ship lay at the wharf, and I stepped on board. It was literally swarming with recruits, sentinels and officers. I had not before seen an armed vessel, and was curious in the economy of its discipline and arrangements. For some time I moved carelessly through the crowds of men, guns and ammunition, looking into all the dark corners, and scrutinizing every object, little dreaming of intrusion, when suddenly a sprig of the guard presented his "glimmering steel" and ordered me abaft the windlass, to gratify my passion for sight-seeing in a less hallowed part of the vessel. I knew enough of war to obey commands without stopping for the reasons, and immediately turned "right about face." The music was playing on deck at the time, and being under "marching orders" I felt, for a moment, a truly martial and pugnacious inspiration. More anon.

BOSTON, January 14, 1840.

DEAR C——— :—

My last epistle took leave of you on board the receiving ship, at the Charlestown Navy Yard. The object of crowning interest to be seen at this place is the celebrated dry dock, a structure which for solidity and splendor stands unsurpassed in the records of naval architecture. I remarked to my companion its costly and substantial appearance. "True," said he, "but you see the results of only a small part of the labor expended in making all secure. After the foundation pit had been excavated to the proper depth, rows of piles were driven, at short intervals, as deeply as possible, and covered with a heavy oak flooring; upon this came a layer of cement and a second floor, which rendered the bottom absolutely impervious to water, under the immense pressure incident to a head of thirty feet, its depth below tide." Upon the foundation the side walls were commenced; broad and approaching near each other at first, but falling back by successive offsets, as they rise, till at last a section through the coping has an area of eighty feet by two hundred and forty. The plan of the principal gate is similar to those of canal locks. To relieve the strain, and prevent accident to this gate, a floating guard of elliptical form and great strength, is stationed at the head of the short canal, leading to this dock. After a vessel has entered, the water is exhausted by means of a powerful steam-engine, working two pumps. This stupendous work, of which Colonel Loami Baldwin had the direction, was completed and received "Old Ironsides" in June, 1833.

Leaving the Navy Yard, the draw-bridges of the Lowell Railroad came next in our way. These admirable structures,

one on the Boston termination, and the other on the Charlestown branch of the road, are built with draws, upon an entirely new plan. Though materially different in construction, these draws are based upon the same general principle of rolling aside, instead of turning back on pivots, when a vessel is to be passed. The plan is simple, ingenious, and commends itself to all who feel curious in mechanics and civil engineering.

I seldom forget an engagement, under any circumstances, and my appointment for two o'clock was of a character to stand first and foremost in recollection. I was punctual, almost to a fault. After a social repast, richly spiced with a flow of frank and hospitable feeling on the part of the family, the Doctor ordered up his carriage and we rode away. Our route lay along the Mill-dam avenue. The mill-dam, as it is familiarly called, is a work of gigantic magnitude, and one which has contributed more to the convenience of the public than to the welfare of its proprietors. It extends across the bay, half a mile below the isthmus which unites Boston with the mainland. It is one of the five artificial ways leading to the city, and its cost was more than all the others united, being nearly three-fourths of a million. It consists of two parallel walls, of substantial dry masonry, one and a half miles long, and sixty feet apart, with a filling of earth between them. The top presents a carriage way of unrivaled splendor. The space inclosed above the dam is divided by a partition wall into two parts, termed the full and receiving basins. Each of these basins is provided with self-acting gates, so adjusted as alternately to fill the one and exhaust the other at every change of tide. By this arrangement, a head of water is maintained,

sufficient to propel a large amount of machinery. The privileges are mostly taken up in the manufacture of corn-meal and flour. The necessary buildings are, of course, situated on the partition dam.

From the west end of the avenue we passed round to the Highlands in Roxbury, one of the principal suburbs of the city. Owing almost entirely to the establishment of an hourly line of omnibuses, this place has honestly grown up, within a few years, with a rapidity almost unparalleled in history, and hardly to be equaled by the recent magic creations of paper towns and "water lot" cities among the marshes of the West. Many of the city merchants and other business men have their residences here, for the sake of retirement and country air. From the hights we had a splendid view of the city and harbor; a better view, perhaps, than is commanded by any other point. The Common, with its graveled walks and thousand stately elms, the Capitol, with its glittering dome, in short, Boston, with its crooked streets, its towering spires and magnificent churches, its railroads, its shipping, its hills and plains, studded with brick and granite dwellings, all is comprehended at a single glance; and that glance carries with it the association of a moral, enlightened, and enterprising population. I saw the naked city; her gardens, grass-plots, and ornamental trees wanted the verdure of June; but, in rating her beauties, I knew what allowances to make. And yet, perhaps I erred; for where art alone is so exquisitely splendid, it is difficult to conceive the embellishments which nature may add.

The afternoon was cold and blustering, but the constant excitement of new scenes, and the Doctor's cheerful vivacity,

backed by the generous supply of furs which his servant had provided us with, left us nothing to hope or fear from the elements.

In the evening I was at the Museum. I am not disposed to be critical, but there are occasions when the most forbearing cannot help it. The Museum was poorly warmed and darkly lighted; the apartments are badly arranged, and a large proportion of the curiosities have a neglected, rusty and questionable appearance. At seven o'clock there was to be a risible entertainment in the saloon, and I resolved to stay and be present, albeit disappointment had left me in no very ready humor for laughing. The object of the performer (Dr. Valentine) was to caricature, in his own person, several odd specimens of poor humanity to be met with in this mixed-up world. Were I to judge of his success by the effect produced on my own feelings at the time, you would have good reason to distrust my opinion, and I shall pass on, with the bare remark that he called forth bursts of applause while personating that class of single ladies who have reached

"The years
Which certain persons call a certain age."

More soon.

BOSTON, January 15, 1840.

DEAR C———:—

The week-day life and appearance of the Bostonians had impressed me favorably, and I could not resist the pleasure of spending a Sunday with them. Curiosity sent me abroad early. I saw few people stirring, the shops were closed, and all worldly

cares seemed forgotten; and as I strolled leisurely through the noiseless streets, the echo of my own footfalls went home to conscience and reproached me for intruding upon holy time. At nine o'clock "the church-going bells" sent forth their peals of matin melody; but the music ceased and silence yet reigned in the streets. Another hour passed, and all Boston was in motion, every one seeking his favorite place of worship. The scene was of moral grandeur,— such multitudes, with so much unity of purpose, such a diversity of sentiments, and yet so much harmony of feeling.

My professional friend had invited me to a seat at the morning services. It was our good fortune to hear Dr. Channing, a clergyman eminent for his simplicity of style, independence of thought, and cogency of reasoning. As a writer, he has distinguished himself by his eloquent plea against the admission of Texas, and several benevolent efforts in the cause of liberty, as well as in the publication of many discourses of a religious and doctrinal character. I had heard much of him, nor was I disappointed. In person he is a man of ordinary stature; dark complexion and intelligent features, with an extraordinary development of the moral and intellectual organs, and looks about fifty years old. The subject of his discourse was one of fundamental importance to the Unitarian church, of which he is at present the great champion. He aimed to show that the chief excellence of Christianity does not consist in anything peculiar to itself, but is to be found in its more perfect development of the principles of natural religion. He even went farther, and claimed that the adorable beauty of Jehovah's character does not lie so much in its exclusive attributes as in the ultimate

perfection of qualities which He holds in common with man. His arguments were presented with masterly ingenuity, and (without committing myself by subscribing to his doctrine, or dissenting from it) I am free to say I have rarely, if ever, listened to a discourse more pleasing, or an eloquence more persuasive.

In the afternoon I went to the Catholic church in Franklin street. I had seen much of the Catholics, but was not familiar with their worship.. I was struck with the scrupulous exactness which their faith prompts in the discharge of ceremonies. I stood by the vase of holy water and an hundred times witnessed the same unvarying operation of crossing, kneeling to the Virgin, and mechanical prayer, and as often traced the same emotion of superstitious awe and careless confidence, depicted in the countenances of the honest devotees. The services were of course in Latin, a language emphatically dead to me, notwithstanding the headaches, private reproofs and wasted midnight oil of my school-boy days. As there was little else to instruct me I soon yielded to the temptation which an open door near me presented. It was now too late to enter another church and I returned to my hotel.

Towards evening I took a stroll through the outskirts and by-places of the city, curious to know whether the strict observance of the Sabbath was general among the lower classes. I passed the fishing grounds, where I had seen numbers of people engaged the day before, but all was now silent and deserted; and I could see nothing in any quarter to mar the appearance of universal quiet. I will not draw the hasty conclusion that there are no bad people and no nurseries of vice in Boston; nor could I withhold my surprise at the extraordinary respect

which prevails for religious institutions. And yet this peculiarity does not excite so much wonder when we recollect the powerful moral causes which are silently but constantly acting to produce it. There are Christians of all denominations in the city, and most of them, as I was informed, support preaching at one or more free churches, in quarters where public worship would not otherwise be maintained. It is made the duty of the home missionaries, who officiate at these churches, to seek out the children of indigent and delinquent parents in their respective parishes, and when possible, procure their attendance on the Sabbath-schools, juvenile lectures and other means of improvement. In this way the greatest possible efficacy of moral power is secured over the present and rising generation, the effects of which are cheeringly manifest when we contrast Boston with other populous cities.

I had arranged to leave by the afternoon cars of Monday, and there remained two or three places which I was eager to visit. Early in the morning I crossed Charlestown bridge and after threading a labyrinth of streets found myself at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument, the very center of the stirring scenes of June 17th, 1775. Gladly would I have imbibed an inspiration suited to the spot. Fancy was faithful to its office and the events of the past came "rolling freely back on the heavy tide of memory," but all to no purpose; the declining patriotism and selfish spirit so rife in these modern times, were shadowed forth in the objects around me, with a vividness which effectually dampened every trace of enthusiastic feeling.

The corner-stone of the monument was laid with becoming ceremony on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. Lafayette, the nation's guest, the illustrious companion and friend of

Washington, was then on a visit to this country, and his presence contributed largely to the interest of the occasion. The work was commenced with great spirit and prosecuted to the hight of sixty or seventy feet, when a deficiency of funds led to its indefinite postponement. If completed according to its original design, it will present an appearance of eloquent simplicity and surpassing grandeur. The plan is an obelisk, of light colored freestone, 220 feet in hight and thirty feet square at the base. Various unsuccessful expedients have been devised for raising the funds requisite to its completion, and the work has stood for several years in half-finished rudeness, more a disgrace to the national character than a memento of revolutionary heroism. The cupidity or necessity of neighboring proprietors has also lead to encroachments upon the lands, which should have been consecrated to those fond memories and patriotic feelings that called for the erection of a monument. But I have neither time nor inclination for farther details, and will for the present take leave of you with a single remark. To be at home in Boston one must have an experimental knowledge of the geography and position of its different parts. The streets are numerous and short—laid out without regard to system—and their endless windings and crossings at first bid defiance to the largest development of locality. I was often at a loss which course to pursue, even when near my lodgings, and in my rambles to distant parts of the city never presumed to know where I was without referring to a second person. Attending this irregularity, however, I reckon two advantages; first, the frequent inquiries which the stranger is forced to make become a fine school to the citizens for the

cultivation of patience and politeness; second, their title to these virtues is readily established by the kind and satisfactory answers which he is sure to receive. Passing by the bad arrangement of its streets Boston is a well built city. The materials used in construction are principally brick and granite and the prevailing style of architecture is a happy combination of the massive, convenient and beautiful. But enough.

Yours truly,

D. L. HARRIS.

LETTERS TO HIS FATHER.

NO ONE could have had greater respect for his father than did Mr. Harris. From early youth to mature manhood he held him in high regard, and his advice and opinions were sought and greatly cherished. The letters which he wrote to him from the time he entered college to the beginning of his active business life, numbering nearly two hundred, were preserved, and they show that deference and filial affection which were prominent traits of his character. The following, though a small part of what he wrote, will serve to give a knowledge of his early life and some of his distinguishing characteristics, as well as make a fitting close to this volume:—

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, January 11, 1836.

DEAR FATHER:—

After the reception of such a kind and affectionate letter as yours of the 31st ult., I never can feel perfectly easy until after I have expressed my gratitude by dispatching a few lines in return to its author. The bundle containing the robbins, etc., arrived in good order, for which accept my sincere thanks. I have tried the flannel, and thus far like it very well.

William lately wrote me that Mr. Cutler had advised him to take up the study of surveying, after completing algebra. Now

I always dislike to intrude my opinion where it is unasked, but you must excuse me for saying a word on this subject. I consider it next to impossible for a person to become thoroughly acquainted with surveying without some previous knowledge of geometry and trigonometry. To be sure, he may learn a set of arbitrary rules, by which he will be able to compute the measure of a field; but he will not know an iota of the whys and wherefores. The illiterate mariner, who knows nothing of astronomy, with the help of directions recorded in his nautical almanac, finds his latitude and longitude; but if he understood the principles of the rules by which he proceeds, with how much greater facility, perspicuity and precision would he complete the task. Precisely similar is the case of the surveyor who has no knowledge of the ground-work upon which his art is founded. With the utmost deference to Mr. Cutler's opinion, I will venture to recommend the study of geometry and trigonometry, to some extent, before doing anything with surveying. Even if he never should pursue but one of these three branches, I think geometry would be preferable, unless he should have especial occasion to use the latter. You will recollect I studied surveying several weeks before coming here, and I thought then I understood it pretty well; but when I had read geometry and trigonometry I found I knew almost nothing of it. However, if Mr. Cutler can show any plausible reason for the course he has recommended, I would advise to pursue it. Certainly he ought to be, and undoubtedly is, better qualified than myself to judge.

I heard Dr. Fisk preach a temperance sermon, two or three weeks since, and I must say it was one of the most interesting

I ever heard. If I had time I would enumerate some of the principal facts that he stated respecting the temperance cause in England; but I must content myself with naming one or two which struck me as the most interesting. He said that gin was repeatedly offered to him, among the highest circles of religious society. When that was refused, wine was next presented, so little advance has the reform made in old England, among the highest classes of the community; and what, then, must be its progress among the lower orders? He visited many large manufacturing establishments, in various parts of the Kingdom, and found it to be the case almost universally that they could not be kept in operation more than five, and often no more than four days in the week, on account of the extreme licentiousness of the workmen. They are accustomed to get drunk on Saturday night or Sunday morning, and it is utterly impossible to get them back to their work until the earnings of the past week are all expended, which generally happens on Tuesday. Gin palaces, as they are termed, are numerous in every part of the country. These are large and commodious buildings, richly ornamented both within and without, where ardent spirits of all kinds are exposed for sale, under the most alluring circumstances. Placing himself near the entrance of one of them, on a Saturday evening, the Doctor counted seventy persons passing in, within five minutes; and he afterwards observed another door, on the opposite side, where as many more were constantly passing and repassing. London still contains 100,000 drunkards.

One anecdote, and I have done. It is customary among the Lords and Nobles to give each other dinner parties, almost

every day, so that it happens that a man rarely dines in his own mansion unless honored with the presence of some half-dozen friends of his own high standing. Many years ago, when the temperance scheme was not yet agitated, they had a habit of dismissing the females from the room, after the eating was over, locking the door, and sitting down with the express purpose of making themselves jovial with wine. Such was their attachment to this custom that it was deemed an insult to the master of the house to leave the room so long as they could walk straight. In order to hasten this crisis as much as possible, they had the bottles made with globular bottoms, so that they could not be set down without spilling the contents. The wine was thus kept in constant circulation, and the whole company were soon thrown into that peculiar state in which the rules of politeness and laws of honor would permit them to leave the table.

I have not yet called at the Custom House to inquire about the reports of the United States engineers, as I have had no time to devote to the subject.

The bell rings, and I have not another moment to spare. Health is good. Write soon as convenient.

Your son,

D. L. Harris.

Wesleyan University, January 25, 1836.

Dear Father:—

Our class commences mensuration this day. We have been rather longer finishing trigonometry than I had anticipated, owing to the fact that we reviewed some part of it. The

Professor remarked, a day or two since, that the class would complete mensuration of superfices and solids, navigation and surveying, the present year. The branches, you will observe, are not printed in the catalogue in the same order in which they are studied. Concerning geometry, I am resolved never to spend five or six months in acquiring it, with the Freshmen class. (They will commence it in about two weeks, and finish it in October or November next.) The tuition fees with which I should be charged would be $4 for this term, $4 for the next, and $4 for the fall term, making $12; and besides this, I should be under the necessity of falling behind in other studies, while I continued in that branch with the class, as the recitation would interfere. I have formed a connection with a young man in the same class, who is similarly situated, and we are to go on with it in regular order (meeting every evening for recitation), so that we shall be fully qualified to review it with the class. I have procured a geometry and have had two or three recitations in it. I like it very much, as I do everything else pertaining to mathematics. You may rest assured that this plan is by far the best that could be devised, all things considered. Our class is getting along as usual, with French. The Professor of this language is a native of Switzerland, where it is spoken. The Latin class progresses as usual. I have read nearly three-fourths of chemistry. It is a book containing six hundred pages.

I have received the first three numbers of the National. I have just glanced at them, and am inclined to think them abundantly superior to the Mirrors. My thanks for the exchange.

I saw the President's message on Tuesday last. From the present aspect I am led to conclude that war will soon follow, if the measures recommended shall be adopted.

About ten o'clock on Saturday evening I was aroused by cries of fire. On arriving at the spot I found that the flames proceeded from a small house owned by a respectable colored man, and situated about half a mile west of the University. The house was entirely consumed, together with a greater part of the furniture, which appeared to have been of considerable value. Two engines were present, but no water could be had to supply them, and the people were compelled to witness the ravages of the flames, without having the least power to arrest their progress. Two children that were in the house were with difficulty rescued before the fire reached them. The woman had gone to meeting, and left the children in bed. The man was absent from the city. The fire originated from a defect in a stove pipe, and as the house was a little out from the compact part of the city, it had made considerable progress before it was discovered. I was present, yesterday morning, and saw a gold watch taken out of the ruins, entirely destroyed.

I might write you many letters about the various rules of the University, the habits and manners of the students, and a hundred other things; but it would take more time than I can spare, and besides, I can relate all these things to you much more understandingly when we meet face to face. You would not wonder at much of the ill health of which some students complain, if you could but know the excess into which they plunge themselves. Frequently they are up until 12 o'clock at night, reading novels or other useless books. But I cannot

stop to point out their errors at this time. Let me conclude by requesting that you write as soon as convenient. I continue to enjoy good health. My respects to the family friends.

Your son,

D. L. HARRIS.

N. B.— Should like to have you state, in few words, your opinion of French affairs — how the railroad surveys are progressing, etc.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, February 25, 1836.

DEAR FATHER:—

Our Latin class will have progressed, by the close of this term, about half as far as it is customary to study Livy; that is, they will study it about five weeks next term, before they commence reviewing for examination. Now, if I leave it at the end of this term, it will only make a difference of forty pages, which could make no very material difference in my knowledge of the language. If I were to leave the class I should, of course, expect to review what I had been over, by myself, for examination, and possibly I might find time to read as far as the class will. My studies for the summer will be mathematics, French and natural science. The reason why I proposed leaving the Latin class was partly because I was fearful that if I attended that recitation it might debar me from attending one of the others, by having two of them come at the same time (which I consider as more important), and partly because I thought there was a possibility of my not

having time to do it, although I might have time to learn the lessons; but perhaps the class may be arranged in such a manner that I shall be able to attend that recitation, providing you think it best and I have time. It will make but little difference whether I attend the recitation or not, if I read the lesson. I have nearly finished reading chemistry, and if nothing happens Hopkins and myself will complete geometry before our class commences reviewing it; or, if I should remain here a few days in vacation, we could nearly finish it then. If the Sophomore class progress as far as they expect to, in mathematics, this year, there will only remain in that department spherical trigonometry, application of algebra to geometry, projections, nautical astronomy, calculus, natural philosophy and astronomy. Now I apprehend no difficulty in being able to pursue these with the Junior and Senior classes, next year, by having two mathematical recitations at the same time. Thus I shall have completed the entire mathematical course within two years from the time of entrance. .I also think I shall be able to pursue most of the branches in the department of moral science, before the close of that period, and the whole of the department of natural science, of course. Whenever any person asks me how long I expect to stay here, I answer him, one year from next fall. As I never have heard you say, of course I do not know for a certainty, but from the tenor of your remarks I have always thought that you intended to let me remain here until I had made the progress above specified.

When I wrote you with regard to coming home, or making some other visit during the vacation, I felt perfectly indifferent with respect to which you might think the most advisable, and

I have the same feeling now. If you think it best, after consideration, to have me come home and talk over matters and things, with respect to my studies, and see about my clothes, shoes, etc., I shall think so, too; but if you think it would be more profitable for me to visit New York, or some other place, why then it is all the same. As I intimated before, my mind is about equally divided between the two. If by not coming home I am going to put you to all the trouble and expense of coming here to visit me, perhaps I had better come home; but you know best. I shall be very much delighted to have you visit me, providing I do not come home. I shall need a new stock, and possibly a new hat, if I go to New York. I shall need the stock immediately. The one you bought me last fall was a poor thing.

The weather has been so cold that almost every student has been obliged to get one or two loads of wood more than he had calculated upon last fall — myself among the rest. We have already got one load, and expect to have to get another.

I have but a little money left; shall want a few dollars before the close of the term, whether I come home or not, as I have not enough to pay the stage fare. I will send you a transcript of my cash account, if you desire it.

I have had much to write in little time, and I must ask you to excuse its appearance.

I suppose you have written me before this time; if not, please write as soon as convenient. I enjoy good health.

Your son,

D. L. Harris.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, May 1, 1836.

DEAR FATHER:—

In my last letter I believe I told you we had commenced mineralogy, and that we expected soon to be out among the rocks and mountains, searching for and learning the names of minerals. Well, I can now say that we have been once, and had pretty good success. Last Saturday was the day fixed upon for our first expedition. Accordingly we made preparations for a visit to a mountain seven miles distant — which preparations were none other than a huge stone hammer, for breaking in pieces the rocks in which the minerals were contained, a strong bag for bringing them home, and sundry other things of minor importance to the immediate object of our undertaking, although not quite indispensable to the wants of nature, such as a bag of provisions, a tin cup, etc. I believe that was all. Thus equipped and prepared, we set off, about eight o'clock, looking, as I suppose, something like a tribe of wandering Arabs on a pilgrimage to Mecca. After a march of about two hours over the hills on the Middletown and Windham turnpike, we found ourselves at our destination. All hands immediately set to work with their hammers to tear asunder the solid rocks and pluck out their precious treasures. Many a poor fellow, after sweating and pecking for twenty minutes or half an hour over some adamantine stone, and seeing it riven into fragments by his toil, was at last compelled to turn away unpaid and half disgusted, to recommence his labors; and after going through with the same process again, is perhaps again disappointed. After toiling in this way for

about two hours, you may imagine a part of the class, with Professor Johnston, seated flat on the ground around a large, flat stone, which served as a table, and from which we ate our dinners with a farmer's appetite. The other part of the company had mineralized long enough, and had started for home before dinner. The first party renewed their exertions after dinner, and after obtaining specimens of all the minerals known to exist there, turned their faces homeward about three o'clock, where they arrived about two hours after. I shall not attempt to describe the appearance we made in traveling the streets with our hammers and bags of stone. Suffice it to say, that we all got back safe and sound, although many of us, perhaps, would rather never have seen another mineral than to have gone the same journey over again upon the same day. I cannot say that I was very tired. It was only a pleasant exercise for me. Several others were as little tired as myself. We expect to make several such excursions in the course of the term. We shall finish mineralogy and commence geology in the course of the present week. The mathematical class have completed surveying and commenced reviewing geometry.

The students have been warned to train to-morrow. They have not yet determined whether they will go or not. The faculty are inclined to think that the charter of the college will exempt them. Professor Smith will advise them what to do in the morning, and perhaps I will tell you the amount of his advice before mailing this letter.

I enjoy good health. Have you heard John Lester say anything about coming here next fall? When I was at home he talked as if there was a possibility of his doing so.

Professor Smith has advised the students to stay at home and be fined, and run the risk of getting clear of it. He thinks the law is unconstitutional. When I write again will tell you more about it, if you care to know.

Your son,

D. L. HARRIS.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, May 21, 1836.

DEAR FATHER:—

Yours of the 14th inst. has come to hand, and agreeable to your request I will now attempt to write again. We shall remain in No. 11, this term. We have a better room in the second story engaged for next term.

Two accidents occurred at the school kept by Mr. Chase, the present week. A boy having a quantity of powder in his pantaloons pocket, together with some powder crackers, another boy set fire to one of the crackers which happened to be sticking out, and an explosion of the whole followed. Probably the last-mentioned boy was not aware of the powder being in the former boy's pocket. The boy was considerably injured, but I believe he is now out of danger. Not so, however, with the other accident. It appears that a boy had told his fellows it was his birthday, and they were whipping him (as you have often seen children doing), when he, getting a little wrathy, seized a bit of board and threw it at one of them, hitting him upon the back of the head. He soon began to feel a pain in his head, grew dizzy, lost his senses, and in about three hours

expired. The boys were about fifteen years of age. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was death by accident.

I have of late felt some interest in the struggle which is going on in Texas, for the greatest of earthly blessings,—liberty. It seems to me that their cause is just, and that they merit the sympathy and assistance of our countrymen. The wanton cruelty of Santa Anna and his ruthless followers, the cold-blooded enormities which they have perpetrated upon the unfortunate Texans, the deliberate murder of those who have chanced to be taken prisoners, are enough to excite commiseration in the bosom of any person who can justly lay claim to the ordinary sensations of his species. The victory of Houston over this unfeeling tyrant is an event calculated to inspire fresh hope in the almost despairing Texans. It is reported that a court martial has sentenced him to death, and moreover, that the sentence has been executed. I think this exactly the fate he deserved; it is paying him in his own coin. It would appear, from recent movements, that this country is liable to be involved in a war with Mexico. An event of this kind is certainly to be detested; but if it should come, we can easily imagine the consequences. The defeat of Santa Anna, however, will probably give a new aspect to affairs on the frontier.

I have no interesting accounts of mineralizing excursions to give at present. Geology is a very interesting and useful study. We find many things laid down there which are truly astonishing. If the Bible had given us no account of a general deluge, geology would have furnished us with ample proof in confirmation of that fact. The geologist can even affirm, with entire confidence, the course which the current of that vast congregation

of waters swept over the earth. Many things, such as the removal of huge masses of rocks from their original beds, the deep furrows scooped out on the surfaces of ledges, by these masses, as they were dashed across them by the irresistible current, etc., concur in showing that the waters flowed towards the south and south-east. In East Lyme, Ct., one of these transported rocks may be seen, weighing, by estimate, nearly four hundred tons, which was moved from a hill about two miles distant. Surely, the power of water is very great.

Dr. Fisk will probably be at home about the last of August. His last letters are dated at Naples, Italy. I told you that some new buildings were to be erected here this summer. The trustees could not exactly agree upon some minor things, and they have concluded to wait until next year before commencing the work.

I think I promised to send you a tract containing the articles of faith of the new Presbyterian church, but I shall not be able to do so.

I hope you will not forget your promise to give me early information of the result of the meeting of railroad directors, and any other particulars in relation to that subject which you may consider interesting.

If you have not yet had time to copy my cash account, I would be pleased to have you send it on, and I will return it again, as I have procured a book and design to transcribe it, so that no part of the whole account may be lost.

In regard to military affairs, nothing has been done about fining the students. I believe the trustees took the matter into their hands, but I know nothing further about it.

Since I wrote to you last, I have visited a quarry in this town. I saw but little that was interesting except mica, and this was only interesting inasmuch as it existed in such large quantities.

I was gratified to learn that your business in the mill was going on well. Hope you will write again soon as convenient. Good health.

Your son,

D. L. HARRIS.

I send the inclosed pictures for Joel, knowing his taste for such things.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, December 10, 1837.

DEAR FATHER:—

College life, like all other lives, has its tediums and needs its relaxations. The mind is so constituted that it cannot well endure one continuous and unchanging scene of things always. By the perpetual recurrence of the same round of duties, it grows weary and longs for the novelty and diversion which other objects and other scenes afford. True, the tendency to become weary with monotonous and unvarying successions of any kind, does not exist with the same intensity in the bosoms of all; yet it is universal, it is in the mind, it is inseparable from it. No matter how humble may be the station of an individual, how degraded his intellect, how slavish his life, you will ever find him ready to fly from his present condition and seek recreation and pleasure from other sources. Truly, "variety is the spice of life." And it is the same principle, carried but a few steps

further, that leads every one to look upon the situations and employments of others as affording means of happiness superior to that which he enjoys — that makes him long for the period when a permanent change in his own circumstances shall take place, and when he shall attain to the experience of those joys which he fancies others possess. Nor can this be considered a defect in our mental constitutions. On the contrary, the very fact of its existence proves the wisdom and goodness of that Being who created the soul and established the intimate connection between it and the external world.

But I have already sailed wide of the harbor for which I was destined, and it becomes necessary to "'bout ship" and steer another course, lest my frail and inexperienced bark should be lost amidst the unbounded expanse of waters whose placid bosom is so invitingly spread out before her. When I began to write I had in view my last visit to my friend, Mr. Miller, in Middlefield. I went out for recreation on Saturday, accompanied by one of the students, named Bennet. We staid over night, and returned this morning, after having enjoyed many renewed tokens of his friendship, and being more deeply than ever impressed with the fact that the farmer may live a happy life. Mr. Miller affords good evidence of having recently experienced the "love of God shed abroad in his soul," and this makes his society all the more agreeable and interesting. I was not surprised to find this change had been wrought in his soul. Indeed, but few men can become such close observers of nature as he appears to be, and take such delight in tracing out the wisdom displayed in the structure and arrangement of creation, without having his thoughts elevated and his

affections placed upon that great First Cause who brought all things into being.

But I must have a word with you respecting my own spiritual affairs. I am convinced of the necessity there is of identifying myself with some church or body of Christians, if I would live an upright and godly life. I have been thinking, for a short time past, somewhat more seriously than usual on this subject, without being able, as yet, to make up my mind as to what system of rules and doctrines I can most consistently subscribe to as a follower. My mind is nearly equally divided between the Methodists and Congregationalists. So far as I understand the doctrines of the former, I am very well satisfied with them; but there are certain minor points in their discipline and customs (for instance, the practice of shouting during prayer, the holding of camp-meetings, and speaking, as their preachers frequently do, without previous preparation), which I cannot so readily acquiesce in. With the doctrines of the Congregationalists, as they are usually understood, I own I am not sufficiently acquainted to be able to form a just estimate of their coincidence with my own views; and the reason of my introducing the subject here is the desire of getting information and advice from you. I have now been before the branch of the Methodist church connected with the college for six months (the period which they term probation), and Professor Holdich informs me that my case was recently brought up before the "leaders' meeting," and the privilege granted me of becoming a member of the church whenever I might see fit. One of the considerations which weigh with me in deliberating this subject, is the probability that I shall not be at home long enough next

spring to enable me to become a member of the Congregational church in Plainfield, and the uncertainty as to when I may be settled in one place the length of time requisite to go through the steps preparatory to joining any other. I have also thought, sometimes, what a very fine thing it is to attend church and worship with friends. I am not one of those who believe that religion consists in the outward acknowledgment of any particular system of doctrines so much as in an upright walk before men, and a humble and sincere reverence for God. And it is for this reason that I shall not be over particular about what sect of Christians I may be classed with, so that I can feel sure of a final entrance into the kingdom of the blessed. At the same time, it is not best to be wholly indifferent in regard to these things; but on the contrary, prudence dictates that we should always associate ourselves with those who most nearly agree with us in opinion. A page or two of counsel and instruction from you will be thankfully received, and will, no doubt, help me along a good way towards a decision on this difficult subject. If the doctrines of the church are printed on a separate sheet, you can send one by mail, together with such comments and explanations as you may deem expedient.

I shall probably be at home about the first of March, and I suppose it will be necessary to leave for business about the first of April. Have you heard from the boxes of minerals? I shall not feel easy about the last one until I learn of its safe arrival.

I received a letter, one or two mails since, from James Monroe, whose writing pleases me much. The more I see of

that young man, the better I like him. In my opinion he is possessed of a genius that would fear but few rivals in an institution like this.

But my space is becoming limited, and I had best make sure of room to say I continue to enjoy first-rate health, and add my usual brief signature of

Your son,
D. L. HARRIS.

NEXT DOOR TO THE COMMON JAIL,
NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD OFFICE,
BATH, Steuben County, January 27, 1839.

DEAR FATHER:—

Immediately after I had deposited my last letter in the post-office, a friend handed me yours of December 23d, just as we were leaving Hornellsville for the Genesee River. From that time I heard nothing further from you till this morning, when yours of the 1st and 10th insts. were put into my hands. The reason of my not having written you in the meantime will appear sufficiently evident when I inform you that besides the ordinary duties of leveling, I have, during the present month, discharged the additional task of topographical sketching, our surveyor, Mr. C. Harris, having been sent to the office. We reached our destination on Monday last, and on the Wednesday following (having received no orders to proceed further) we set out for this place — distance fifty miles. On our arrival, Thursday evening, we found that Mr. Farnum had

gone to make us a visit, and to make arrangements for keeping us out some two or three weeks longer. It was thought best to await his return, which took place last evening. As the weather is somewhat unfavorable, and our distance from the place where our services are needed is such as to make it expensive getting there, he concludes to suspend field operations for the present. The other parties will come in a few days hence. There is a great deal of office work to be done between this and spring, and I think my prospect is fair for being retained in constant service.

I am led to entertain very favorable impressions of this place, from the little I have seen of it since my arrival. It is a village of about half or two-thirds the size of Norwich, Ct. It contains a goodly number of wealthy, intelligent and respectable citizens. I shall endeavor to cultivate such an acquaintance among them as will afford me an ample source of pleasure and improvement. There are some three or four good looking churches in the village, and everything seems to indicate a tolerably healthful tone of public morals.

The country along the Genesee River, so far as we traversed it, has a much more fertile appearance than the regions we had previously visited. It has been settled some thirty or forty years. The farmers along the valley manifested not a little unwillingness to have the surveys carried through their lands. One ignorant, heathenish, miserly old man met us at one of his gates, through which we were about to pass, and forbid our going further on his lands. He had his hand on the latch of the gate, holding it fast. We asked him to open it and let us through, and upon his refusal the whole party climbed over

within three feet of him, and passed on, giving him no attention. We have met only one or two similar cases on the whole route. This one very forcibly reminded me of a wealthy farmer who lives within half a mile of Central Village.

On my way home, last week, I saw the effects of a powerful whirlwind which passed over this part of the state last summer. The extent of its devastation was about forty miles in length and three-fourths of a mile in width. Our road lay directly across it. As far as I could see, on the right hand and on the left, there was not a whole tree standing. The ground was strewed with heavy timber, so as to be absolutely impassable. Previous to the tornado the land was very valuable for its timber; now it is a waste. Most of the trees were blown up by the roots, some were blown off near the ground, and others were broken in two near the middle. The diameter of the trees varied from one to three feet. But larger or smaller, old or young, the raging element made no distinction, showed no partiality. The stately pine, the sturdy oak, and the insignificant sapling alike prostrated themselves before the destroyer. Not a house within the range of the tempest was left standing. I saw the ruins of four or five.

William's letter came to hand at the same time with yours. I am pleased to learn that his health is in a great measure restored; and here he must excuse me for repeating the injunction which is so often given, and which is so all important for the student to observe, viz., EXERCISE! By neglecting this simple maxim, hundreds of students are every year laid on sick beds. I know not how it has been in his case, but I do

know it was nothing more than a want of exercise which caused my fever at the University, in the fall of 1837. In consequence of the urgency of my duties the previous term, particularly the latter part, I had neglected my usual precautions in this respect. The natural result was that my system became charged, as physicians would say, with "morbid secretions," so that it only needed a slight exposure to produce a fever. The only way of getting along is to have some standing regulations respecting the hours of service, and observe those regulations

> Through grief and through danger,
> Through rain and through shine.

I have many times turned out and walked a mile in the severest snow storms, and frequently have I taken my customary walks when I was compelled to wear a cloak and carry an umbrella.

I shall answer William's letter as soon as a favorable opportunity occurs. It gives me so much pleasure to hear from home, that I assure you I never fail of writing as often as convenient.

I am boarding at a public house here, for about $2.50 per week.

I learn from Mr. J. Adams that Mr. Laurie has gone to England, on account of the railroad company. What a noble opportunity is thus afforded for studying the public works of that country. I hope I may one day have a similar opportunity

My health remains as usual.

Your son,

DANIEL L. HARRIS.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD,
BATH, Steuben County, February 17, 1839.

DEAR FATHER:—

I engage that the present hour, at least, shall be devoted to you. I received your letter of February 3d, and forthwith dispatched a brief and hasty answer, promising, at the same time, to write more at length in a few days. I know you will not hesitate to excuse me for not having written you more frequently towards the latter part of our campaign, after reading the letter I wrote immediately on leaving the field. We are still very busy with office work,—making maps, profiles, etc. A portion of our force, however, were discharged last evening—two levelers and one surveyor. I expect others will follow, in the course of ten or twelve days, among whom I may have the honor to be classed. But the days of our leisure will probably be few, as winter is almost gone. There are seven of us now in the service, viz., the three who had the charge of the field parties, two surveyors, myself and one rod-man. You are aware, perhaps, that our Legislature is now considering the expediency of taking this road into their own hands. If they do, it is impossible to foretell precisely what may be the effect on us Steuben engineers. Should Mr. Farnum be retained, however, (and I think there is scarcely a doubt to the contrary) I shall be certain of an eligible situation under him. I think I have gained a good share of his confidence. We are all boarding at the principal public house in the village; price twenty shillings, (York currency) or $2.50.

I have as yet found no time to get acquainted with the villagers. I attended church to-day, at the house of the new

Congregational society, where I heard decidedly the smartest man I have listened to since I left Connecticut. Last Sabbath I heard the Methodist preacher, on rather a curious subject — the Millenium. He demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, that the end of the world is at hand; that "its concerns" are all to be wound up either next month, or one year from next month, or five years from next month, or forsooth some other time, but most probably at the period mentioned last but one.

The people of this place give the churches very good attendance. I had an introduction to the clergyman of the new Congregational church, and am so much pleased with his manner and appearance that I shall endeavor to cultivate his particular acquaintance. I have heard him spoken of as a man particularly characterized for liberality of sentiment.

You recollect we once thought of procuring Pool's patent protractor. I consider it highly fortunate that we did not, for I have recently seen an instrument far superior to it in point of simplicity, utility and convenience, and which only costs $5.

While we were up in the Highlands I went to see the most extraordinary specimen of natural scenery I have ever beheld. It was the same chasm which I mentioned in a former letter, when speaking of the difficult points which our road has to encounter. With some vague information as to its geographical position, my companion and myself set off, early in the morning to look for the object of our curiosity. Having wandered for a long time, in fruitless search, over an extensive plain, here and there interspersed with clumps of trees, we at length found ourselves, suddenly and unexpectedly, on the very brink of the chasm. For a moment we stood still, overwhelmed with

astonishment and admiration. Inadvertently I reached forth my hands and firmly grasped a small tree which stood beside me, fearing lest a single step forward should plunge me into the depths below. The sublimity of the scene which broke upon our view was unsurpassable; its magnificence (a feature borrowed from the season) was inexpressible. The sides of the chasm presented an almost perpendicular face of grayish ledge, with here and there a few stunted evergreens, which had obtained a precarious hold in crevices of the rock; while broad and swelling banks of ice, presenting the appearance of mighty torrents suddenly congealed in the very act of gushing from the solid mass, gave them in many places a wintry covering, and the thousands on thousands of long, massive icicles attached to the overhanging shelves and partially obscuring the dark background, seemed like so many gigantic pillars in front of some venerable and time-worn old edifice. But I have not time for description. It wears late, and I bid you good-night.

Monday evening, 10 o'clock.— Have been too busy all day to stop and seal this. Mr. Allen, the engineer, arrived this evening from Elmira, where he spends most of his time. He is very pleasant and gentlemanly in his appearance. I saw him in November last, when I was first introduced to him.

We have had good sleighing for nearly three months. I find there is much more snow here than at the East.

My respects to all who inquire after me. I look for letters from you frequently, and endeavor to be prompt in writing you.

Your son,

D. L. Harris.

N. B.— Mr. Allen thinks the operations will be resumed early in the spring.

Troy, N. Y., November 29, 1840.

Dear Father:—

At my last date we engineers were all very busy in preparing a division of the road for contract. Our hurry is now over, and the letting has almost become a matter of history. For ten days our office was thronged with contractors, of "all sorts and conditions"—men of property, men of poverty; men of experience and men without experience; responsible men, and men not to be trusted a shilling; farmers, mechanics, loafers, canal drivers, democrats and gentlemen. Every one of this motley congregation was anxious for "a job," and each took his turn of questioning us about the work, and listening to our oft-told tale. The whole affair might be regarded as a practical commentary on the "Book of Job," and I am of late strongly inclined to the opinion that patience and long-suffering should rank among the first qualities of a practical engineer. One hundred and fifty separate proposals for grading were received, and perhaps as many more have come in for masonry and timber. It would amuse you to see the different prices which are set upon the same work; one man, for instance, proposes to move earth at thirteen cents, and another will do it at fifty, when perhaps twenty-five is its just value. This one will quarry and tunnel slate rock for three dollars, and that one must have sixteen dollars for the same thing. Rash ignorance would furnish coping-stone for $1.25, while another man, equally ignorant but more cautious, thinks $32 would be a reasonable price. In short, the proposals differ as widely as the characters of the men who made them. From such a mass of bids, of course it requires some judgment to make a

selection. There is a certain price for which the work may be done, and the aim should be to select some responsible man whose price comes nearest the standard. If you take one who bids for work at half its value, there will certainly have to be a re-letting very soon after the contractor finds he is doing it at his own cost. No matter under what bonds you place him, he will most certainly devise the ways and means for getting rid of the contract. By this means works are often retarded for months, and the company find in the end that they have not only paid the just value for what they receive, but are subjected to additional and vexatious expense in the delay of getting the road into operation. This view of the matter is certainly very plausible, but unfortunately the directors of our road do not look upon it in the same light; and, as they have reserved to themselves the privilege of striking off the work, we begin to fear they will get themselves into trouble, and occasion the engineer department much vexation. Their decisions are not yet proclaimed, but it is understood that the work will be set down to the lowest bidders, sagely resolving to let the consequences take care of themselves. I promise you more light on this subject some six months hence.

I think I have already preached you one or two essays respecting the management of internal improvements in the Empire State. This is a fruitful subject, and you must indulge me in one more remark. The worst feature of the New York system is the practice which directors have of interfering in, and attempting themselves to manage, too many of the details of a road. The practice seems originally to have sprung from short-sighted economy, and the sin of "making haste to be

rich." The projectors of railroads usually think twice for the present and once for the future. Their aim is to make a road in the shortest time, and for the least money, with scarcely a thought for safety, utility or durability. Hence, they grow impatient with engineers who would pursue opposite plans, and most engineers have found it expedient to acquiesce in their views. Under this order of things it has become quite common for directors to dictate plans, while engineers have too often been content to serve as mere tools for putting them in execution. This is an evil which has grown up, with others, (some of which I have before spoken of) and which, in common with them, will soon have had its day and be forgotten.

Yours of the 15th inst. came to hand in due time, with its tale of woe. The family of Lesters are certainly hastening to the tomb with fearful rapidity. The death of Uncle Lester was an event quite unlooked for, and I think it ought to elicit from his friends the deepest sympathy for the family.

I was much pleased with the little memento which Emma inclosed in your letter. It is a striking emblem of youth, beauty and affection, and I cannot help complimenting the good taste of the person who suggested to her to send it. Besides, being arranged in the middle of your sheet, it gave the letter a somewhat questionable look, and at the first glance filled my bachelor heart with a swell of emotion such as poets tell of, and which of right belong only to candidates for denizenship in another sphere.

So much for Emma; one word for grandmother. And in the first place, I freely own a participation in the sentiment that "it is not good for man to be alone" always. Her

"suspicion," however, that I am already cherishing a secret flame, does me wrong, or at least, gives me credit for more fine feeling than I possess. I never yet had the wisdom to love or the good fortune to be loved. Whenever these things do happen, I probably shall, like most men, behave "very singularly under the circumstances." However desirable it may be to enjoy the largest liberty, yet I can never make up my mind to be permanently contented with the cold pleasures of single blessedness; and I have some time back been resolved to provide for myself, in due time, a helpmate, to lighten the sufferings and share the enjoyments of life.

Our friend, Horace Bacon, passed through town on Saturday. I saw him but a moment, as he was in much haste, being on his way to see some person in the country. He barely remarked that he took tea with you on Thursday evening, and promised to call on me as he returned. I look for him with some anxiety, as he will be able to tell me much about Plainfield and home.

Were it expedient, I should come around and make you a visit before the setting in of winter; but at present appearances indicate that I shall have to forego that pleasure till spring.

I enjoy most excellent health, and praying for the same blessing to all the family, I am

Yours most affectionately,

D. L. Harris.

443

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY